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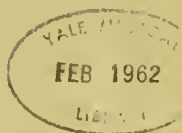
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# THE MYSTERIES OF BEDLAM:

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE IVIED ABSEY.

It was towards the twilight hour of a mid-summer evening, in the year 1812, that a young gentleman, in the first bloom of manhood, strolled into a little wood that, with a beauty of its own, as well as having the character of harmoniously grouping with other picturesque features, presented one of the most enchanting scenes on the banks of the Wye. Higher praise cannot rightfully be bestowed on any county in Great Britain, in proportion to its size, for fertility, for loveliness, and grandeur of landscape, than Monmouthshire; nor is there any portion of that district that surpasses in these respects the river Wye, with the adjacent parts—the peculiar charms of the far-famed stream being its lofty and diversified banks and its mazy course.

The little wood in which Herbert Hastings strolled on his route homewards, after paying a visit to Tintern Abbey, had more of the character of a pleasant copse than a plantation of forest trees. It was, in fact, but a tangled wilderness of hazels, mountain-ash, holly, and oak, under which the ground was absolutely enamelled with flowers, and where in spring the birds were wont to make the morning and evening vocal with their songs. The copse was situated on the side of a sweet glen, through which ran a bubbling brook; and the path the young gentleman took, almost every where concealed by the thickets of hazel-nut woodbine that hung over it, wound in a delightful natural meander through the spot. Herbert thought he never had beheld such an alluring scene. His soul seemed to drink in the spirit of the place with a congenial intensity; creating, how-

ever, instead of any visible ecstasy, rather such a sombre tone of mind as might have been expected to result from a visit to the abbey in its awful ruin.

“Why is it,” said Herbert within himself, “that I am not moved to a state of salient and exuberant joyfulness on viewing and traversing this paradise, unmarred by the hand of man? It must be because some shadowy form of a still higher nature than any that here meets my sight is needed to satisfy one’s longings when thinking even on the happiness that is in many instances realized and experienced on earth. Yes, there are visions that glide within the secret cell of one’s spirit which I find not here; there are longings for more melodious voices than any that the songsters of the grove ever utter, that my feelings at this moment respond to, as if I were moved by some neighbouring spell.”

These dreamy fancies had scarcely assumed the sort of definite shape which has now been given to them, when the young gentleman found that he was about to encroach upon a cultured garden of considerable dimensions, which terminated the little wood in the direction he had taken; while on its farther extremity there stood a neat dwelling, which gave manifest tokens of having been built by some one who aspired to taste in rustic architecture, and also of being preserved in its original condition with pains-taking attention.

“Here,” thought the youth, “is something that comes nearer to my spirit’s longings than the most beautiful landscape-scenery can ever furnish. The handiwork of ingenious men is before me. Perhaps the cottage is the abode of virtue and of merit; nor, methinks, would it require more than the appearance of one of the human race at yonder door, though in humblest

garb, to exalt my pleasure, this tranquil evening, and at this serene hour, to the highest possible pitch."

But even the enthusiastic and imaginative young man fell short in his mental soliloquy of naming the elevation to which his sentiments might be carried, and the admiration which he was destined to experience; for ere he had well allowed his cogitations to reach the point described, a female, apparently some year or two later sent into the world than himself, glided from a bower, which, he now observed, added character to the garden near to where he stood. So near to him, indeed, did she pass, that he obtained a perfect view of the features of her face, as well as of the symmetry and elegance of her form.

"She is faultlessly beautiful," ejaculated he; "this infinitely transcends all my recent dreamy fancies. The incident carries me beyond this world's sphere, transporting me to the regions inhabited by angelic beings."

What added not a little to Herbert's admiration and wonderment, was the modest blush which mingled with a mantling smile upon the cheeks of the lovely damsel, for she had evidently been startled by his approach; so that, with the book in hand, over which she must have been bending with rapt attention, perhaps, she sped hastily by him, as if the hedge which hemmed in the garden had not been a sufficient barrier between them—at first at a rapid walk, but which soon broke into a quicker pace.

"I would not on any account, if forewarned that I was sure to disturb the angelic creature," thought the youth, "have thus intruded. But now that I have in a measure trespassed, I would not for all the lands which have descended to me from my ancestors, barter the delightful wonder which now fills me, on account of the heavenly vision that has just vanished from my sight."

Herbert Hastings was assuredly by this time in a state of ecstasy; nor did he fail to foretell and to penetrate the future in his delirium of admiration.

"My destiny, it is borne in upon my soul at this moment by some inspiration," said he, "is to be linked with that of this peerless maiden. I faint hope that I shall not be for many days a stranger to her history or to her home. There is now something of import and of immediate consequence before me—something more pressing than the study of what the ancient sages have bequeathed to the world."

The young gentleman had to a certainty been pierced by the shaft of Love; and his life was henceforth to be coloured by such sentiments and incidents as would directly emanate from the sudden and first impressions which had been made upon his heart that charming summer eve, as he stood beside the bower where fled one of the loveliest daughters of her who for a brief period reigned queen of Paradise.

Herbert Hastings had returned to his paternal home, after having finished a continental tour of no mean extent, which, it was meant, should constitute the crowning circumstance and formality of an accomplished education, which had previously been rendered ripe at Oxford. His father's death had occurred when the young man happened to be in a remote part of Europe, six months before; and as he would have had to come to his birthplace, to associate with a stepmother and a half-brother, neither of whom was affectionately disposed towards him, he preferred remaining abroad until such arrangements had been completed as would prevent them from molesting his peace and comfort under the roof where he had drawn his first breath. When he did make his appearance at Howarth House—some four or five miles distant from the enchanting scene above described, where he in such an unlooked-for manner beheld the maiden of faultless beauty—he was, in a great measure, a stranger in his native district. Schools and colleges had kept him much from his birthplace. The hostility towards him, from his very early boyhood, manifested by his father's second wife, and at a later period by his brother Percival, were, however, still more serious obstacles to his familiarity with the neighbourhood. Accordingly, he had now to make himself acquainted with the localities and the people in the best way he could; his intellectual pursuits and meditative character not being the readiest passports to wide circles of people. In fact, many of those to whom he had accidentally or otherwise been introduced, set him down—erroneously, it is true—as a moody and melancholy young man, who would never make any figure as an active or pleasant country squire; the tale of his being tainted with hereditary insanity through his mother's side, having been industriously circulated, both by his father's second unscrupulous partner, and the son, her base-hearted progeny, who never could forgive Herbert for being his senior, and for standing in the way of the other's accession to the family estate.

Yes, the heir of Howarth House was, at



the time our story opens, but slightly acquainted with the scenery and the people on the borders of the Wye, in the vicinity of Monmouth, and Tintern Abbey—that noble ruin, which, with its appendages of landscape, is the most beautiful and picturesque feature on the river. The inhabitants of the district might be said rather to shun than to court his acquaintanceship.

“He is crazed, or sure to grow crazed,” was the general opinion. “His excessive love of study and solitude must some day end in madness, and self-murder, perhaps. What can be expected of one who strolls abroad chiefly towards nightfall, and who again and again has been found lingering about the old ruins which abound in the county? Most people shun the haunted spots; whereas this young squire repairs to them alone, and at witching hours, just as if by infernal appointment, and to meet with unearthly beings—with the ghosts of those whose names are identified with long-gone deeds of blood, or as moved by satanic agency.”

It would have been much wiser, however, had such credulous people sought the choice society of such an intelligent and cultured young gentleman as Herbert Hastings. He could much better dispense with their acquaintanceship than they with his. And yet, with the longings and the fine sympathies which dwelt within him—resolved too, as he was, to make his birth-place his constant residence for the future—he could not but feel vexed at the general distrust which seemed to be entertained of him.

“Had I but one companion, of like age with my own,” he would say to himself, “with whom I could daily associate, I should be a happier man than at present I am. But since no one seems willing to draw close to me, why then I must needs keep up an intimacy with my old familiar friends who figure on my library-shelves; or, when I get fatigued with their erudition and venerable qualities, I must repair to the teeming delights which our beautiful district so plentifully contains, trying to hold converse with exhaustless and ever-varying nature, and with the memories of the departed.”

Such had been the sentiment that swayed the young gentleman on the afternoon of that day, when he wandered from the threshold of his own door once more to visit Tintern Abbey, and which day terminated so unexpectedly with a sight of the loveliest maiden in Monmouthshire.

“I shall direct my course, day after day,

towards the venerable ruin which brings me so near to the angelic creature,” said Herbert, “who so suddenly has enraptured my heart. Surely we cannot long remain strangers to each other. It falls in well, indeed, with the romance of my nature, to think that, by some touching incident, we shall be made mutually acquainted. Yes, I foresee it! We are both extraordinarily fated; and nothing short of an absorbing love is appointed for us—my heart of hearts to be shared with none but the peerless maiden who arrested my sight as if she had been a visitant from the skies to bless me, and hers to be given to me with an equally sincere and complete abandonment.”

The enthusiastic Herbert was as good as his word with respect to his regular journey towards Tintern Abbey. Day after day, however, he was doomed to be disappointed, till at last a fortnight had elapsed without his ever obtaining a sight of the maiden who now engrossed his thoughts.

“She certainly can have no taste for such beautiful scenery and striking objects as are identified with the sacred ruin,” he would observe to himself, “otherwise I should, in the course of my many and regular visits to the matchless scenery, have been some one time or other transported with the sight of her. Indeed, there seems nothing left for me to do in this my despair, but again to traverse the meandering path in the copse which screens the dwelling which she adorns, and to trust to some fortunate incident for an introduction to the matchless beauty.”

Once more, therefore, on the wings of roseate hope, away sped the young squire of Howarth House towards the far-famed ruin we have named so often, more buoyant than usual, on account of the resolution he had at last taken to force himself upon the maiden’s notice. But who is this that, like a celestial, shines within the magnificent fane, enrapturing the eyes of the heart-smitten heir of Howarth House with a still deeper sentiment than when first they alighted upon her loveliness and graceful beauty? It is none other than Alice Arundel, lending some measure of support to a man of gray hairs and war-worn aspect.

“Happiest of mortals!” inwardly ejaculated Herbert; “at last I am within the radiance of the peerless maiden, and where, with no presumptuous step, I may approach her.”

“Still, the young gentleman could not at once bring himself to obtrude his presence at the very spot where she stood on the floor of the venerable abbey, or where

she threaded with her companion the several passages of the vast pile; here beholding her gliding along a lengthened vista, with its almost numberless pillars, as it at first seems to the wondering eye; there, disappearing behind clustered columns, again as if to emerge from some intricate labyrinth to gladden and illumine the sombre scene. At length, as the enchanted youth passed into the remnant of a shattered cloister—a cavern loftily vaulted between two ruined walls—he stood in the immediate presence of her who had been the theme of his waking and midnight dreams ever since first her blushes melted his heart.

“See, father!” said the damsel, “how the walls stream with various-coloured stains and unwholesome dews. Let us pass into a free breathing place, where the elements of air and earth are the only covering and pavement. And yet this was once, as is said, the monks’ library-room.”

The first accents of Alice Arundel’s speech smote upon the soul of Herbert with unimagined power; for her voice was musical, her tones admirably modulated, and the terms used appropriate and happy.

“Her countenance and mien,” thought the young gentleman, “are but the fitting indexes of a lovely and noble mind. I already have her imaged to me according to the most precious as well as exquisite colouring. Hers is an inward treasure that would shed an ineffable lustre upon the plainest visage. Assuredly, she is altogether matchless.”

Whilst Herbert Hastings was indulging in these extravagant and exaggerated thoughts, the gentleman whom the lovely maiden addressed as father, began to scan their neighbour with some degree of attention, having observed, perhaps, the deep admiration with which the young gallant bent his eyes towards the maiden.

“This is the first time,” said Captain Arundel, for such was the name of the damsel’s father, “that I have visited this celebrated ruin. The case is the same with my daughter here; for we have not long been residents in this quarter. Perhaps, sir, you have a more particular knowledge of the abbey than we can have; and if so, we shall take it kind if you will act for a few minutes the part of a guide to us within its walls. Alice seems to have heard of the monks’ library, at any rate, or to have made a guess. Your information, sir, in all probability, is more exact and correct.”

“I must confess,” answered the heir of Howarth House, “that although I have of

late paid repeated visits to this place, and although, besides, I am a native of the neighbourhood, I am almost as poorly informed as you can be, relative to its divisions and compartments. In reparing to a scene of this kind, however, I rather prefer allowing my imagination to travel through it at will; perhaps peopling it with stranger and more romantic things than ever were associated in reality with it. I am an indolent sort of sight-hunter.”

“Well, I rather think that I am not unlike yourself,” observed the captain, “in respect of the manner I pursue when I am in search of the picturesque. No doubt one is apt to figure to himself much that never did happen when he gives free and willing license to a romantic fancy; but probably he will keep as near to the truth as the traditions which enter into a guide-book, or the account which some old keeper or another may have been repeating for a score of years to every stranger who may listen to the tale.”

“There are some general facts and principles which belong to such ruins as are frequent in Monmouthshire,” said Herbert, “which it pleases me to contemplate, and which are forcibly enough elucidated by Tintern Abbey. Castles and religious houses of this kind have different local situations, agreeably to their respective uses. The castle, meant for defence, stands boldly on an eminence; while the abbey, intended for meditation, is hid in the sequestered vale—a circumstance which the poet has beautifully noticed in these lines:

‘Ah! happy thou, if one superior rock  
Bear on its brow the shiver’d fragment huge  
Of some old Norman fortress; happier far,  
Ah! then most happy, if thy vale below  
Wash, with the crystal coolness of its rills,  
Some mould’ring abbey’s ivy-vested wall.’

The ruin in which we now stand,” continued the young squire, “is an illustration of the difference alluded to. It stands in the middle of a circular valley, beautifully screened on all sides by woody hills, through which the Wye winds its course. The hills, closing on its entrance and on its exit, leave no room for inclement blasts to enter. What a pleasing retreat! What an enchanting piece of scenery! Every thing breathes an air calm and tranquil, so that it is easy to conceive how a man of warm imagination might be allured to spend his days in such a spot, encountering many of those self-denials, in other respects, to which the monkish orders have been generally exposed.”



"Nature has made the ruin her own," remarked the lovely Alice; "for while time has been wearing off all traces of the chisel, and has broken the regularity of the opposing parts, such ornaments as mosses of various hues, lichens and many an humble plant, hang from every joint and crevice, giving those tints which add the richest finishing to a ruin. Sec, how some of the windows are almost entirely hid by large masses of ivy, the tendrils twining round the rugged stones, creeping along the walls, encircling the columns, forming wreaths upon the capitals, and letting pendulous tufts drop down from the summits. Such, especially, is the cause of the wild rudeness that prevails on the outside of the ruin; while upon the grassy and closely-shorn floor within, which at one time consisted of enamelled and figured tiles, are scattered in various directions, ornamented fragments of the once elegantly-groined roof, mutilated statues, and sepulchral stones, sacred to the memory of heroes and ecclesiastics whose ashes have been deposited within the walls."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE WOOING.

THE dewy shades of evening were softly falling before Captain Arundel and his daughter, accompanied by the heir of Howarth House, quitted the vicinity of the magnificent abbey. Much did they admire the fane in its old and venerable age, and happily enough did they point out to one another how its features contrasted with the objects of nature; and anon as they slowly walked through the woods and glades which are so strikingly intermingled on the banks of the Wye, directly for the captain's cottage, sweet was the converse of the three, as if theirs had been a long intimacy. The sincere and ingenuous heart requires but little time to manifest its warmth and confidence; naturally drawing from a like disposition and purity of soul immediate responses of a like character, which carry with them in return an influence which is also unquestioned and unquestionable. They had become severally and mutually friends almost on the instant; nor did Herbert Hastings part from the captain's cottage before he felt assured of having at last secured a friend who would in a certain sense be as a parent unto him; and, also, of having been taken into favour

by one nearly of the same age with himself; one endowed with kindred tastes and temperament with those which had grown up within himself.

"I had been longing with an ever-increasing impatience," said the young gentleman to himself, as he sped him homewards, after bidding the Arundels good night, and promising them a visit on the following day, "for the companionship of some, one of my favourite college chums, or of some new acquaintance of congenial mind, in this rural retreat so remote from the great world's bustle, and so destitute of neighbours, having some similarity of tastes and habits to my own. Little did I contemplate the acquisition, at best, of other than some country squire or provincial professional gentleman. The fact was, that I was making an approach to no one so nearly as the surgeon who figures in my native parish; an ignorant, self-conceited man, who has a much deeper liking for my wine than for myself, and who would at any time prefer the society of my bitter-hearted step-mother to mine. By-the-by, he has of late manifested an extraordinary interest in regard to my health, or rather my pursuits, especially in my study. What are the books which I ponder? What my sentiments on solitude? What my views relative to matrimony? These are the kind of questions which he presses upon me, whether with the purpose of displaying his wisdom and profundity in discussion, or for some other end, I cannot say. But my surgical acquaintance shall be discarded. When I wish to have his pills I will send for them. No, I shall neither have an old college chum, nor a rural squire, for my confidant. It is one of a tenderer nature whom I must court. It shall be as pure and disinterested a wooing as ever characterized the loves of any virtuous pair; and when we are united in wedlock—which I trust will be no very remote event—it will be one of my most anxious cares to see that Alice Arundel's exemplary parents shall fully share in our happiness and good fortune, amply provided as I am with the means for rendering them as independent as myself."

Such were the sanguine and enthusiastic cogitations, the generous and tender thoughts, with which Herbert Hastings gladdened himself as he strode homewards, after spending several hours of unmingled happiness, in the sweet cottage which the Arundels had hired for their summer residence, on the banks of the Wye. The gallant captain had seen a great deal of service as a cavalry officer; having, from the com-

menacement of the French revolutionary war, been in active service in foreign parts, down to the close of 1811; when, on account of a disabling wound, he had to retire on half-pay, which, along with the allowance granted for the serious bodily injury he had received, was the only source of support which he possessed. A residence in Monmouthshire had been recommended to him, both on the score of cheap living and of a healthful climate; so that but for this turn of his fortunes, the probability would have been that to their dying days Alice Arundel and Herbert Hastings would have remained as unknown to each other as if they had been born on opposite sides of the globe.

How inscrutable and strange are the fortunes of individuals! How deeply is the fate of one mortal affected by the condition and the vicissitudes of another! Had the heir of Howarth House not strolled through the copse that sheltered the garden and cottage which Captain Arundel rented, on a sweet summer evening, as narrated above, probably no single event which has afterwards to be described in the lives of the beautiful Alice and the susceptible Herbert, would have occurred in their histories; so that the world would have been deprived of the romantic, moving, and instructive tale which is to follow.

Herbert sped him homeward, as already told, from the captain's cottage, more highly elated than he had ever been in all his lifetime, carried aloft on the wings of hope, and filled with anticipations of happiness to come, more bright than those long experienced in the world would have felt that he had good grounds for cherishing. Every idea that occurred to him, every object which arrested his slightest attention as he strode along, were suggestive of unmingled and unmeasured joys, throughout his lease of life. The zephyrs of the midsummer night, the whispering murmurs of the brooks, the rays of the moon trembling through the leafy shades, and the orb herself leaning her breast against the eastern mount, ere she ascended through the gray ether, bright, round, and cold—all spoke pleasantly and encouragingly to him. Even the owl with dusky wing, as it flapped between him and the clear sky, was to his fancy the herald of happiness unsurpassed on earth.

Next morning Herbert arose, carried away by not less ecstatic fancies and hopes. He was heart-stricken with the shafts of love. Few persons, however, could have read what was passing within him. Others might think, on noting him

in his usual composed and thoughtful condition, that he was moody and melancholy; while it was the serenity of his nature that gave to his speech and manner the prevailing sombre cast. Even now, when the brightest sunshine filled and warmed his soul, his bearing and words were tranquil. He was carried, to be sure, to a higher sphere of enjoyment than he had ever before experienced, and he laid hold of larger promises for the future than he had ever done: but still this extraordinary amount of apprehended happiness did not disturb his wonted equanimity to outward manifestation; so that, although hope revelled within him, and all was gilded and glorious around, he gave not way to any extravagant expression to his feelings and experience, however romantic and exaggerated were really the visions of his mind. It was to this command over himself, even when his soul was put to its most intense stretchings, that we shall afterwards have occasion to attribute not a few of the extraordinary things which marked his history. Susceptible and sanguine, enthusiastic and trustful, he yet had much of that resoluteness, self-reliance, and energetic activity which was calculated to carry him through mighty difficulties with triumph. But we must hasten forward to incident and adventure—to romantic character and astounding event, after having accompanied our hero in his forenoon's stroll towards the cottage where dwelt the Arundels, which invited him with such an alluring power.

"I discover no emblem in you," said Herbert to himself, as he sped through some woodlands where the axe with ringing stroke was bringing down with unsparing havoc the noblest forest trees. "The giant oak that has so long swung with august pomp, may come with crasping weight to the ground. The beech with spreading arms, the towering pine, and wavy birch, may all with their verdant tresses sweep the earth, and have their glorious heads and lofty pride levelled to the dust; but there is in this heart of mine, I am persuaded, a principle of life and of endurance—ay, and even in the nature of the tender Alice Arundel, which cannot find any semblance, in the visible world; and therefore I shall rejoice in my persuasion, and by every hope-inspiring and spirit-strengthening argument and aid, strive to fortify myself and her with whom I trust that my fortunes are to be linked, against all the so loudly proclaimed dangers, difficulties, and disasters of life."

Herbert Hastings successfully wooed



Captain Arundel's charming daughter. It required but a few weeks of courtship to obtain the consent of her parents, as well as of herself, to the match, which was every way enviable, even although the young lady's condition and prospects had been much higher and more hopeful than they were, but for the seldom-equalled admiration and the sudden fancy of the squire of Howarth House. All went promisingly on as a summer's dream. Dresses and ornaments were unsparingly provided. Rich equipages were purchased. The cottage in which the captain resided, and where the lover had first beheld the matchless Alice, was bought, and gifted over to her gallant father. The neighbourhood rang with the exaggerated accounts which were given of the young squire's wealth and liberality. The district was about to acquire new celebrity on account of his determination to live constantly at his family seat, with the view of benefiting his poorer neighbours, as well as of affording himself the greatest comforts that his means could command. Nay, he even endeavoured to propitiate his bitter-hearted stepmother and his ill-principled half-brother, by handsome presents in anticipation of his felicitous marriage, and also by the offer of an entire oblivion of all that had previously transpired between them. He invited them to be guests at his wedding; and in order that there might be no want of respect manifested to them, he employed the medical practitioner, already spoken of—Mr. Roberts—to convey his sentiments and his gifts to the undeserving pair. Pity, surely it will be, if so much of generous purpose and beneficence is to be marred by evil plotters and utter falsehoods. Can it be that in the nineteenth century, and in enlightened, protected, and law-obeying Britain, that the good and the eminent shall suffer wrong and outrage, such as would be a disgrace among the wild African tribes, or those who hunt the buffalo in the far American west? White-souled Herbert Hastings!—thou whose inward peace and happiness are so predominant and exalted that a serene smile ever dwells on thy countenance, and an unruffled manliness ever marks thy demeanour! art thou to be sacrificed on the very eve of thy intended earthly glorification, and when thou art about to set thyself to a mission of wide-extended beneficence until thy dying hour? Ye will not believe it, ye that have faith in the doctrine that human nature is not wholly vitiated, and who maintain that even in the most depraved there are tender

chords to be touched, and noble impulses to be aroused. Ye will not believe! Listen, while we a tale unfold of unsurpassed cruelty perpetrated in accordance with the law of the land, and under its sanction and authority; perpetrated widely and monstrously in these latter days. Herbert Hastings will have to illustrate the subject. Without further preamble, however, we enter upon details. Listen!

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE ENORMITY.

THE mission of Roberts, the surgeon, to the step-mother, by greetings and handsome gifts from him, according to the character of his heart—so oblivious of wrong and misrepresentation, and so generous, was fraught with consequences of extreme moment to sundry persons and parties. The lady, with her son Percival, had taken up their residence not twenty miles distant from Herbert's seat, being sufficiently far removed, as they thought, to prevent them from being suspected of maintaining any vile *surveillance* over the actions and movements of their intended victim; yet near enough to enable them readily to obtain such reports as they were most eager to listen to, concerning the young gentleman, against whom they entertained the most implacable hatred and the fellest purposes. Roberts was the principal go-between the conspirators and the conspired against—the vigilant tell-tale—the hired tool. He was always on the alert, and inordinately uplifted when he fancied that, either by the exaggerations of trivial facts, or by lying fiction, he could take with him to the greedy ears of the step-mother and her envious son, such a story as would transport them with hope, lend encouragement to their heinous design, and filch money from their pockets. But never had Roberts sped with greater glee to the residence of the pair with whom he so wickedly plotted, than when intrusted with handsome gifts and magnanimous assurances, he had also to communicate that the wedding day of Herbert Hastings had been fixed; and that, while there never had been, so there never should again arrive, such an opportunity for carrying out the contemplated measure, which would remove the object of their envy and hate utterly, not only from their sight, but, in all likelihood, from ever standing in the way of the realization of a most villainous scheme long cherished in their bosoms.



"Herbert Hastings," says Roberts to himself, "if not insane, might at this juncture, to a certainty, be made mad. Indeed, I more than suspect that he is actually deranged already; for he neither conducts himself like other people, nor seems to have the feelings of one who is in his sound senses. I think that I should know more of the physiology, ay, and the philosophy too, of man, than most people; and I decidedly shall set him down as having crossed the border land, between a healthy and a diseased state of mind. I shall, trust me!"

If the surgeon thus strove the reason himself into a most atrocious crime—that of lending his professional authority to the deprivation of a fellow creature of his liberty—to the fixing a dreadful stigma upon his history—to the perpetration of the most merciless outrage that it is possible to commit against both body and mind—we may be sure, that with all the energy, subtlety, and pressure of which he was capable, his arguments and views would be put forward in the hearing of the black-hearted step-mother and the son who inherited so fully the diabolical wickedness of her nature.

"Let me once get Herbert removed into a sure keeping," said the surgeon within himself, "and his step-mother and brother reinstated at Howarth House, and then will come my harvestings. It is not, trust me, my professional visits alone that shall be handsomely remunerated, but I will hold them, from the hour of their reinstatement, in terrible bondage to me; for they shall be made to feel, that on any day it will be within my power to spring a mine beneath their feet that would send them to instant perdition."

The surgeon hied him, as commissioned by Herbert Hastings, with the expectant bridegroom's gifts and greetings, to the step-mother and half brother, extraordinarily elated and resolute on hurrying on the plot, which had already been sufficiently matured by the conspiring parties to enable them to have it put into execution at any time, if forwarned but a few days. It would only be necessary to have certain medical certificates to the intent that the appointed victim was of unsound mind, and unfit to be left without the complete control of his person, in order to have him removed to a madhouse, public or private, as might be afterwards arranged.

"We have only to be prepared," Roberts would declare to the step-mother and Percival, "with a sufficient array of statements, testified by servants and others, in proof of

the insane eccentricities of the young man, and to have him examined by certain accommodating doctors, in order to have him forthwith and forcibly put under safe and secure keeping."

Such had been the general tenor of the surgeon's doctrine and counsel to the flagitious pair from whom he expected such golden rewards if the plot succeeded. True, there had considerable doubts and dangers beset the scheme hitherto. Intense fears had deterred the conspirators lest their plans might miscarry, not only from the want of pliant doctors, but from the difficulty of affording the medical examiners an opportunity of passing judgment upon the sanity of the young squire, without awakening his suspicions, and instantly leading to a thorough discovery of the entire enormity as contemplated and concocted.

"Now, however," cried Roberts, the moment he was closeted with the lady and her son, "the young man is with eagerness throwing himself unreservedly within your power. In fact, his conduct on this occasion—his proffered presents—his kind messages—his wish to court your friendship and favour, after all that has passed in bygone years, and after his utter estrangement and mistrust, cannot be otherwise than set down as one of the decided symptoms of progress made in that mental disease which is hereditary in his blood, by his mother's side, as you assure me, and to which in his boyhood, you also aver, he seemed predisposed."

"I entirely agree with you, Mr. Roberts," exclaimed the lady, "that my step-son is not merely lending us unexpected facilities, in order to have him cared for in proper time, without occasioning any very great stir; but that also his present bearing to us is altogether unaccountable, except on the grounds of fatuity or some species of mania."

She paused, and with bent brow seemed to be occupied with deep cogitations for a few seconds. So profound and abstracted did her mental exercise appear, that neither the surgeon nor her son felt that they durst break in upon her with observation or question. Indeed, she was an imperious as well as an unprincipled woman, who had scarcely ever failed to inspire fear and awe, on the part of those who were brought within her sphere. At length she spoke.

"My step-son," cried she, with a smile of bitter sarcasm, "has triumphed over me by this show of generosity, and of Christian forgetfulness of our past misunderstand-

ings and enmities. I must endeavour, however, to keep abreast of him, if not to go ahead. Take back this to him, Mr. Roberts, which I shall instantly put into a more formal and courteous shape, in order to flatter his vanity. Tell him that he has melted my heart with his unexpected manifestation of sentiments which are as magnanimous as they are tenderly affectionate. Say also, that while I rejoice to think that the auspicious day of his marriage is so close at hand, I feel more than ever the difficulty of making lamends for my former austerity towards him; and that, unless he crowns his noble sentiments with deigning to repeat them, in person, I shall be more and more humbled than ever, and forced to find that never shall I be able to lift up my head in his presence."

"Why, this will take him captive by storm," exclaimed the surgeon; "Herbert will fly to you almost with as much eagerness as he daily repairs to Captain Arundel's cottage."

"Let there be no hasty flight by my step-son hither," authoritatively interjected the lady. "It must be a week at least hence—as near, indeed, as possible to his appointed wedding-day. I shall invite him to dinner; to which entertainment you must also urge him, Mr. Roberts. Perhaps something may be forwarded on that occasion."

"The surgeon smiled, and so did Percival Hastings; for they fully comprehended the scheme of the lady.

"The doctors will be guests at the same table with the doomed Herbert," said Roberts within himself; "nor will a movement, a word, or a look of his be let pass without note. He must and shall be sacrificed, trust me!—and then for the mastery of the step-dame and her hopeful son will my net be spread out."

The confiding and noble-hearted Herbert accepted of his step-mother's invitation with eagerness. He was moved by her humiliation; he began to charge himself with want of due respect to one who stood in place of her who gave him birth, and to imagine that he should yet cling to Percival as if he were a twin-brother. The moment he reached the lady's residence, his behaviour and discourse were in entire accordance with what passed within him, which his step-mother, with well-feigned eagerness, adroitly seized upon, so as to draw him out to still greater manifestations of happiness. A pair of doctors, entire strangers to the young and gladdened squire, were of the party, who scarcely ever withdrew their eyes from him.

"What a region of joy and beauty," whispered one of them to the other, "doth that being at present dwell within! Mark! what a smile, coming as it assuredly does from supernatural contemplation, dwells upon his brow. He speaks in plainest terms, but yet his words are full of fire."

"Observe his eye," said the other; "it has in its abstracted expression the unfailing indexes of a suicidal tendency, whatever may be his present feelings."

At the very moment that these words were uttered, Herbert, having been engaged in listening to some complimentary speech or another of the lady at whose table he was seated, could not but give an honest reply to her congratulations.

"Yes!" said he, without any apparent movement of a muscle of the countenance, or even the twinkle of an eye, to disturb the placed gladness which reigned within him. "I live in a world of sunshine! it is, dear mother, a world of sunshine!"

These were amongst the last words spoken by Herbert Hastings, of which the doctors took eager note. The party broke up, and he who so candidly and simply testified the gladness and joy of his heart, once more bent his face towards his paternal halls. It was an evening of early autumn, such as would have inspired a duller fancy and a poorer mind than Herbert's. His soul was bathed in all the soft soothing and rich influences of the hour and season. To-morrow, at the exhilarating time of morning, Alice Arundel would be leaning upon his arm, as they traversed their accustomed paths through the intermingling glades and woodlands on the banks of the Wye.

"Another morning more," ejaculated Herbert, as he neared the threshold of his house, "will witness our being made one in the bonds of holy wedlock, never more to be separated, I trust, till death do us part; thereafter to be re-united in immortal life!"

What vision is this that greets the eye among the lovely labyrinths of the scenery which skirts the Wye, not far distant from Tintern Abbey? It is that of the peerless Alice Arundel, as she listens to the outpourings of the pure and beatified soul of Herbert Hastings, her betrothed. Then, but what prowling ruffians are these, who track the steps of the lovers, and fix upon them eyes keen and malign, as if they had been lighted in the regions below? They are a pair of the *familiars* of Bedlam, who are at the bidding of other skulking conspirators, for the purpose of tearing asun-

der the betrothed ones, and consigning the devoted Herbert to the tender mercies practised in a madhouse. Horrible! The ravishers pounce upon him, while, speechless from utter consternation and unresisting from sudden deprivation of power, he allows himself to be manacled.

And Alice! Lovely Alice Arundel! What of thee? Oh! thou strugglest with the ruffians, and bravely strivest to succour and save thy affianced! Thou hast the strength and the courageousness of many women; and couldst thou but hold on and continue to perform miracles, the *familiars* of Bedlam would be vanquished, and home in triumph thou wouldst carry thy Herbert! But thou art but a woman, after all. Thou wieldest not the strength of a giant; and thy heart faints—thy brain reels—powerless thine arms drop, and thou sinkest into insensibility!

"Alice! Alice, my bride! screams Herbert, beginning to recover his presence of mind, as he beholds her fall to the ground; "haste, my love, for help! It is to worse than a prison's dungeon that they drag me!"

But, alas! the maiden's ear was sealed even against that awakening voice; and sound in the sleep of a fearful swoon she lay, without one tender heart or helping hand to minister to her needs.

"Away with the madman!" cried one of the strong-built and iron-hearted men, within whose grip, Herbert was as helpless as an infant would have been in his. "We must speed from this spot and neighbourhood! Into yonder thicket with him! And, hark ye, young gentleman, if you struggle for escape, we will cord you, every limb; or if you bawl, we shall gag you: so take warning in time. We are upon duty, according to the proper authority; and are as loath to be needlessly harsh as we are resolved to master you. To others you must look for release!"

Herbert was by this time sensible of how unavailing it would be at the moment to contend with the fellows; and soon satisfied himself that his release would have to be effected by other means than the use of muscular effort, or the cries for succour and protection. Indeed, before he had been fairly carried out of sight of the spot where poor Alice lay stretched, by far his greatest concern was on her account. But for her, his guiltless and fine spirit—his noble thoughts—would have completely triumphed over what he considered must only prove an inconvenience to him, of brief endurance.

"I shall, on my release," thought he, "make this strange outrage the theme for contrasting my happiness with its short continuance; thereby deriving new strains of gladness and gratitude. I have no wish, certainly to be the hero in a desperate romantic adventure. But still I shall cherish the strong hope that the enormous wrong to which I am at this moment subjected, is yet to find some adequate balance on the side of justice, and the world's hearty sympathy. Yes, Alice Arundel! let me but hear of thy welfare, and I shall not doubt of our yet enjoying the pleasure of finding our united happiness exalted and refined, by the recollections of the monstrous violence we have sustained in being this day torn from one another."

While Herbert's most inward thoughts were thus occupied, he was urged through thicket after thicket, till at length they came to a public road, where stood a chaise, into which he was forced, immediately to be placed between the pair of persons who had so unceremoniously abridged his liberty. Ere the blinds of the carriage were pulled down, he observed that a third individual took his seat beside the driver, and that his dress bespoke something more than the condition and functions of those who had masterfully seized him. He could not but feel assured that this person also was concerned in the plot, whatever it might be.

"It will require all my wits, and my most unremitting watchfulness," thought Herbert, "to enable me to contend with the evil that has overtaken me. I have read, and I have heard of the foulest conspiracies being hatched and carried through to terrible issues, even in this country of liberty, and at recent times, against the sane, on the ground alleged madness. Some have died from the brutal usage to which they were exposed in the cells of a Bedlam. Others, of sensitive and delicate spirit have, been driven to that very state of fatuity and mental derangement which was at first falsely certified to be their condition. While others, again, have come out and recovered their rights, and with broken constitutions, never to meet with those who, in their earlier and happier days, were dear to them as their own soul. Am I to be one or other of these? To which class am I to belong? But, wherefore? Wherefore, I would ask? Ha! my step-mother! and thou, my brother!—yet only by half a bound of blood—it is my inheritance ye covet. I discover it all, all!"



## CHAPTER IV.

## THE MANACLED SUPPLIANT.

It was but still the forenoon when Herbert Hastings was forced to take his seat between his captors, in the chaise—a forenoon such as might have been expected to succeed the serene and inspiring evening when he—his heart gushing with happiness, and his hopes careering beyond mortal bliss—bent his steps towards his ancestral halls shall we say for the last time? Yet, of what avail was teeming autumn and glorious sunshine, or the fact of myriads of people contemplating the beauties of heaven, and the glories of the sky, to him whose limbs were fettered, and against whom the aspect of the fields was shut out, and even the light of day obscured? While, however, the inner peace is not disturbed by the consciousness of guilt; while the throne of reason is not overturned, and the heart is trustful and filled with the love of life, no contumely from the tongue of others, no vile aspersion, no mockery of right can deprive the soul wholly of happiness. It is the wounded spirit which no man can bear. Now, Herbert had no such self-accuser and inward foe to prostrate him, or to make him quail before a human tribunal. Nay, there swelled within him such noble and pious impulses, as the carriage whirled along at a furious rate—in order, no doubt, to leave far behind, as quickly as possible, the scene and vicinity where the terrible outrage had been perpetrated upon his personal liberty—that there was not one among all those who had conspired against him, or of those who were the ministers of his persecutors, that would not have trembled, if made to confront him, or to abide the rebuke which even his look and his unruffled demeanour would have conveyed. Then how would they have borne themselves had they beheld him addressing himself to Heaven, supplicating succour; and heard him, with unshaken faith, praying for strength, not only to vanquish his enemies, but to turn his present troubles to a lasting and a widespread good?

The chaise continued its furious course; the anxiety of the director of the affair, to fly from that immediate neighbourhood, being extreme. Whilst they were thus hurrying along, the heat within the carriage became excessive, on account of its closeness; so that, however regardless the pair of keepers might be of the comfort of Mr.

Hastings, for their own sakes they felt obliged to admit a current of air. For this purpose they pulled up the front blinds of the chaise, and let down the glasses, and consequently a view was obtained of many objects at a distance, by the parties inside, as they drove along. Now and then they would meet or pass a pedestrian; and on these occasions Herbert would feel strongly tempted to shout for assistance, or to give such an alarm as might lead to his rescue. But the looks of his captors on those occasions were such as would have alarmed any man similarly situated to their victim. Nay, they went beyond lending significant hints by the expression of their eyes; for they not only distinctly warned him, that if he spoke to a single soul except themselves, or raised his voice above the usual pitch of conversation, they would, without the slightest ceremony, effectually curb his tongue; at the same moment one of them taking from his pocket a sort of bandage or strap that could readily be buckled so as completely to shut his mouth, and prevent him from freely breathing.

As they sped along, Herbert began to discover the precise part of the country they were crossing. In fact they were, at the very time when their vision was allowed to travel beyond the confinement of the chaise, passing through a part of his own domains, and actually at every step nearing Howarth House—the place of his birth, and his ancestral seat.

“Very sure,” said Herbert to himself, “I shall obtain a glimpse of my own house, but whether again ever to receive me beneath its roof, is doubtful.”

It was but a few minutes after having thus inwardly spoken, that he observed a vehicle drawn by one horse, speeding in the opposite direction to the chaise, so as to be sure of directly meeting and passing them.

“There are two persons in the gig, a lady and gentleman,” Herbert breathed in a sort of whisper. “It is of the same colour with Captain Arundel’s. What, if they be my Alice and her father?”

Nearer and nearer the vehicles approached one another; and with keener and keener gaze did the manacled young gentleman strain his eyes in order to ascertain whether his conjectures were correct.

“I am right!” at length he cried; “it is my betrothed and her father!”

“You would not take warning,” angrily said both the keepers at the same moment.

“Alice A——,” shouted her lover as the gig drove past.

But the voice did not reach the ear of those for whom it was intended, drowned partly by the noise of the carriages, and partly by the grasp of the speaker's throat which the keepers quickly applied, preventing him from uttering in full the endeared name, and half choking the crier.

While there was commotion within the carriage—caused by the extraordinary efforts which were there taking place, the rate at which it whirled along increased, for the director of the whole affair had given command thus to haste forward; afraid, no doubt, lest their victim should be forcibly released by some of his friends. Herbert's cry, when Alice and her father passed the chaise, had not escaped the hearing of Hughes—for this was the name of the individual who directed the actual proceedings, in the seizure and abduction of the young gentleman, and it had put him still more upon his mettle. Accordingly, on and away rattled the vehicle at a break-neck fury; the swinging of the body of the chaise from side to side, indicating that there was struggling on the part of those who occupied its inside. Was it strange, then, that at a quick turn of the road, which happened just as they were about to commence a steep descent, the chaise should come down with a crash, one of the hind wheels having flown off the axle-tree, so as to put a sudden stop to the flight of the party. A volley of oaths and curses accompanied this mishap; at the same time that the keepers, with Herbert, were obliged to crawl out of the chaise in the best way they could, and to take their station, as well as Hughes, upon the road, and afoot. Astounded, and grievously vexed as were the three who were engaged in the desperate service of carrying off a gentleman of rank, with a strong hand, to the cells of a mad-house, they lost not sight for a moment of their victim, but stood like guards over him, lest he might slip from them; being prepared to fight to the death, rather than lose the great reward to be received, should they succeed in having him put under effectual restraint, without awakening immediate clamour, or leading to any sort of violent disturbance. But how was it that the manacled gentleman conducted himself at this juncture? Did he strive to escape, or to tear the bandage from his mouth, or to scream for succour? No! his appeal was not to man, but to Heaven. He threw himself upon his knees; he stretched his fettered arms aloft; and with an indescribable fervency of aspect, preserved that attitude for several minutes. It was an impres-

sive and awe striking sight, which even the hardened wretches who with ruffian grasp had seized and bound him, could not view without shrinking and trembling; for their consciences smote them; while they must have felt at that moment that there was a reckoning and a hereafter, when their victim would be their accuser and the witness against every one who had taken part in the foul plot of his persecutors.

Herbert arose and again stood erect; calm and benign was his countenance, as if he had drawn consolation from heaven during the moments that he had fervently held communion with the Omnipotent. His look was now withdrawn from the ethereal vault, to traverse the landscape before him. And, lo! in the distance—forming a striking feature of the beautiful landscape—appeared Howarth House, his ancestral halls, towards which his eyes maintained a steady gaze, only not so intense as had been that which he addressed to the skies. It was an affecting thing to witness; nor could the persons around him, at first, well account for the eagerness of his manner, till one of them said it must be his home that he so ardently contemplated.

"To the chaise again with him," was the hurried command of Hughes, the driver having replaced the wheel by this time, and otherwise so fastened the shattered pieces as would enable them to proceed at a gentle pace to the first stage on the great road towards London. "To the chaise instantly with the young gentleman," Hughes repeated; "and when once securely seated there, let the bandage be unbuckled from his mouth. Perhaps, the lesson will have been sufficient; but if not, apply it instantly again, taking care that he shall wear it without removal, so long as we are upon the road."

It was somewhat remarkable, that all this while Hughes never directly addressed himself to Mr. Hastings; but still more so, that the terribly outraged young gentleman never once, when within the chaise, or as they figured upon the road-side, seemed to acknowledge the presence of those who guarded him, and who were ready to fasten their talons upon him with the quickness of a bird of prey, should he attempt to escape.

The chaise was again in motion, and forward it pressed as fleetly as was considered safe, till at length they reached a stage where another vehicle and fresh horses were obtained. Not a little anxiety, of course, was manifested by Hughes and his people lest Mr. Hastings should, with pas-

sionate appeals and powerful protestations, secure the strong-armed assistance of those who might come within reach of his voice. However, although he had at one time meditated throwing himself upon the sympathies of the first strangers that could be made to hear him, he, on further consideration, resolved to postpone the effort till they should reach a town of municipal importance, where he might hope to secure the authoritative aid of the magistracy of the place.

It was night before they arrived at Cheltenham, where, as Herbert had previously gathered from what dropped from his keepers, it was intended they should stop till next morning.

"How will they dispose of me throughout the interval, should it prove impossible to effect my liberation?" was a question which the manacled young gentleman often mentally put to himself. "Perhaps they will stop my mouth, as they already did, and also add to my fetters. Hard condition! but I will put my trust in Heaven. One thing has been mercifully afforded to me hours ago, much beyond my expectation. Alice has recovered from her sudden illness, and is safe under the protecting arm of her father; ay, and they are on the alert in my behalf, I know. They must have been returning from Howarth House, where, no doubt, they have given the alarm. Yet, they seem entirely in the dark with regard to the route which my captors have taken; and therefore I am still sorely beset."

Herbert Hastings had been pursuing this sort of thought and reasoning at the very moment that he discovered they were entering the suburbs of Cheltenham. Studying to maintain the utmost composure of manner, he was yet resolutely urging himself to that mental vigour that would suffice and enable him, as he trusted, to arouse a multitude in his favour, and to bring to his presence such authority as would effectually interfere for his deliverance. The chaise stops—they are in front of an inn—Hughes alights, and opens the carriage door, letting down the steps.

"You will come this way, Mr. Hastings," says he, "and you will act wisely if you do not put us to any trouble either to stop your tongue, or to master any vain efforts you may make to break loose from us."

"Release me this instant," said Herbert in a loud and energetic tone; "such a foul outrage as you have perpetrated upon me this day, is not to be endured. Good people," addressing himself to a few such bystanders as are generally to be seen loiter-

ing about the doors of an inn, especially when there is a fresh arrival, "although entire strangers to me, you will surely not allow me to be dragged like a criminal—I who am innocent, and who never harmed a fellow-creature—to a dungeon."

Before half of these words had been spoken, the two keepers had fastened upon him, and were violently pulling him, in order to enter the inn. Two or three waiting in the doorway, and several of the loiterers interrupting the passage, caused a delay very inconvenient for Hughes and his servants; nor did these astonished people show an alacrity to open a clear avenue for the men of violence.

"Make way," said Hughes, with all the tranquillity he was master of; "we have been duly appointed to take care of this poor gentleman, who is of unsound mind, and must not be left loose, because of the danger in which his own life is from himself, as well as the lives of those most nearly related to him by the ties of blood."

"It is false, and a most foul conspiracy, good people," again cried the manacled young gentleman. "It is the conspiracy of a step-mother and half-brother, no doubt, in order to rob me of my inheritance. Rescue me in the mean while, but keep me still fettered; and you shall have it proved to you before to-morrow's sun goes down, that I am of as sane a mind as any man amongst you; and also that I shall be as forward as I am richly able to recompense you for your succour."

Some of the bystanders were moved by the earnestness and eloquent coherence of the young gentleman's speech, and were ready to remonstrate with Hughes, or at least to interrogate him concerning some of the particulars which they had just heard.

"Bless you, kind-hearted folks," answered Hughes, "nothing is more common than for the insane to talk coherently on any subject, except some one point relative to which they are absolutely crazy and outrageously mad. But the thing for me to attend to at present is, obedience to the forms prescribed by law, in order to secure the lunatic and the mentally deranged. If any of you have doubts of the authority by which we act towards this unhappy patient, I shall, the moment that he is housed, satisfy you to the full that, at the instance of his affectionate and near relatives, and according to the certificates of two eminent medical practitioners, who have had much experience in the treatment of the insane, he has been put under our care."

Several of the persons that had been ob-



structing the way, now partially moved aside, with commiseration in their looks, and "Poor young gentleman!" upon their lips.

"Not one of you will ever forgive himself, after he comes to learn the real particulars of the outrage committed upon me," cried Herbert, "if he stretches not out his arm to save me this night. Another day over, if not previously rescued, and I shall be lodged in the cell of a madhouse, whence my pleadings will never be heard but by the ministers of a horrid conspiracy. Save me—save me! this instant; and I, the descendant of an honourable race, the peaceable and bountiful proprietor of Howarth House and its domains, in Monmouthshire, will recompense you beyond your hopes; for, besides pecuniary reward to you individually, I shall make it the study of my life to bring to light the abuses and enormities practised in the establishments throughout the land, private as well as public, where the insane are immured and tortured."

"These are not the words of a madman," exclaimed some; "let us inform the authorities of the town of what we have just heard and witnessed, and see that a terrible wrong be not perpetrated under our very eye."

"Sensibly spoken," said Hughes; "that is the right way to go to work. Taking the execution of the law into your own hand is not the safest mode of procedure."

By this time the ruffians had their victim fairly within the lobby of the hotel, and were making ready, he plainly perceived, to again plant upon his mouth the smothering bandage.

"I am a doomed man if another minute elapse without a friendly arm being extended to me," cried Mr. Hastings.

The only result which this last appeal had, was, that while he was rudely driven forward, the people who crowded around the street-door of the inn, spoke sympathizingly of his condition.

"What an elegant young gentleman!" said one.—"Poor youth!" cried another; while several remarked, that it would be a monstrous thing, if, after all, he was of sound mind, and the victim of a foul conspiracy; for that "such things had been, being enough to bring a judgment down upon the country where they were perpetrated."

Herbert Hastings was by this time beyond the reach of the vision and the voices of the people who felt so honestly and tenderly for him. But to what treatment he had immediately to submit, must be told in another chapter.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE CONSPIRACY.

LEAVING Mr. Hastings at Cheltenham in the mean while, it is necessary to return to his step-mother and half-brother, in order to carry them forward with the current of our story, and disclose the monstrous cruelties which they concocted against one who was in every sense amiable and worthy of love. From the moment of her son Percival's birth, some two years later than that of Herbert, the imperious dame had set her heart on procuring the abandonment, if not the destruction, of the true heir of the family. She had a husband of a mild and pliant nature to deal with—in a short time after their marriage acquiring such a despotic sway over him, as to lead him a life of humiliation and submissive fear that was painful to contemplate. She went the length of assailing the memory and character of the deceased wife—Herbert's excellent mother—and of impeaching his legitimacy. In the course of a few years, however, the striking resemblance of personal feature between father and son, forced her to lay aside the foul accusation; after which it became her study how most successfully and surely she might alienate the parental feelings of the sire from his first-born.

"Could I get him to repudiate the brat altogether," she would say within herself, "or even merely to put him on a scanty allowance after his death, to be doled out by me, or my Percival, either case would be nearly as satisfactory as the creature's decease or entire repudiation."

But the father, pliant and submissive on most points, was immovable in his love for his eldest boy; and more than once, when the virago forgot herself so far as plainly to dictate terms of unnatural cruelty towards the boy, to be observed by his doting father, that father had the firmness and dignity not only to reprove her in terms of strong denouncement, but to administer to her a warning that was still bitterer to her pride and tyrannical spirit.

"You would have me to be a monster" he calmly said, on the last occasion when she ventured to insinuate her vile wish.

"I have yielded to you in most things, rather than to lead a life of unceasing conflict; but mark me, and take the warning that follows the decided and distinct declaration of my sentiments. You have, by every effort wickedly made to alienate my heart

from Herbert, only caused it to cling closer and more yearningly towards him. You would sever me, too, from his society, by leaving him exiled from his birth-place. Now, it is a measure not very remote from my thoughts, that you shall not continue to be pained by the sight of that sweet boy. But, be assured, where he is, I shall be; and you, madam, are not the authority that is ever to drive me from the house of my fathers."

"Cruel man," cried the step-dame; "you would abandon and exile your wife, rather than send the boy to a fitting school. Is this what you mean, sir?"

"I mean nothing less," composedly answered Mr. Hastings. "You have taken care to render him the dearest of all on earth to me."

"And you would, unnatural as you are," again exclaimed his imperious partner, "deny to Percival that which you lavish on the other."

"Percival is my child, and I bear to him the affection due from a father," said Mr. Hastings. "But were he motherless, and I had brought another to stand in the place of her who had given him birth, that was daily studying to misuse him, be assured, my affections towards the boy would assume the same tenderness I evince for my Herbert; that is to say, if he manifested such a lovely disposition as my eldest has ever done."

Having so spoken, Mr. Hastings quietly quitted the apartment where this serious dialogue had been held; satisfied with himself for having on that occasion, at least, acquitted him with a becoming authority.

From that day his lady entertained a deeper, although a more disguised and covert hostility and hate towards her step-son than ever. Indeed, had it not been for another sort of dread than that of committing a deadly crime, she would not have refrained from compassing the destruction of his life. Now, whether it arose from some suspicion of such a feeling, or chiefly on account of a clearer conviction than before, that Herbert's interests required that he should have his education remote from the parental roof, Mr. Hastings at length determined on sending him to school, and of seldom allowing him to appear at Howarth House. Not that many weeks ever elapsed without father and son being found together. But it was the former who travelled. Herbert was not withdrawn from his studies, nor exposed to the scowl that would have met him under the roof where he first beheld the light.

From what has been mentioned above, no very profound love could ever have subsisted between Mr. Hastings and his imperious grasping spouse; and the longer they lived together, even that degree of mutual regard which had at first grown up, so as in a measure to unite their hearts, gradually cooled, and finally seemed to be utterly extinct. Accordingly, when he died, it will not be belying the lady to say, that there was more of the semblance than the reality of sorrow about her. Indeed, the design and prospect of living in a better condition than during her husband's life, for carrying out a fell purpose against her step-son, which she had long meditated upon, made her regard the event that rendered her a widow, as a desirable dispensation. Accordingly, she immediately set her mind to work how she might best accomplish the atrocity; believing that, by the influence of gold, which, during her avaricious life she had hoarded up, she should win over accomplices to the most flagitious design, as meditated against her deceased husband's darling.

Surgeon Roberts was, in a very short time after Herbert's return from the continent, in her pay; for through him she not only hoped to concoct matters so as to collect as well as fabricate an array of circumstances which would go to prove to the credulous and the ignorant that the young gentleman had been long tainted with insanity, and that its growth was gradual, but to procure such servile and unprincipled medical men as would grant any sort of certificate that she chose to pay handsomely for. We have already stated that a pair of such worthless practitioners as the step-dame wanted, made their appearance at the dinner table to which she had invited Herbert. They were from the metropolis, where, belonging to each of the learned professions, are to be met with the vilest as well as the most admirable characters. As members of the former of these classes, most assuredly, Doctors Andrews and Mason, two notorious quacks, although regularly enough educated, were the most infamous; both of them, for reasons best known to themselves, pretending to the profoundest skill in the treatment of mental maladies. Hughes, who long kept a private madhouse in the vicinity of Hoxton, had been for a series of years on the most intimate footing with Andrews and Mason. In fact, they worked wonderfully well to one another's hands; for as Hughes was at extreme pains to have his establishment famed as a receptacle for the deranged



among the upper classes, he liberally shared his profits with the other scoundrels named, whenever they procured him a new inmate. Thus was the conspiracy formed, which was to withdraw with a cruel and murderous violence, one of the most estimable of young gentlemen from the world of activity and enjoyments—from that of life itself, it may be added; consigning him to a place which, in the most necessary cases, was looked upon by its proprietor as being a prison only, rather than fitted for advancing the cure of the patient.

For a moment contemplate the array of conspirators that were plotting against the unsuspecting Herbert Hastings, viewing them as assembled at his step-mother's residence, at a very early hour of the morning of that terrible day when he was pounced upon by the pair of ruffian keepers, who instantly manacled his hands, and tore him from his betrothed. Look at the devilish group on the one hand; then turn to the other, and think of him who is to be sacrificed. The stepdame, with malignant purpose, is awake by times on that morn, her countenance wreathed in smiles, as if it were to be a bridal day. Apt pupil and copyist have been her son, who already feels himself lord of Howarth House, being ready to wade through his brother's blood, if that be needed, in order to supplant him. The hired and bribed doctors manifest the utmost alacrity to certify any thing; for it is to the handsome fee they have an eye. While Hughes, the master of the madhouse, in consideration of an annual sum of one hundred pounds, for boarding and immuring Herbert Hastings, declares to the lady that, if once he has got the gentleman into his custody, he will not readily be let out again: and that, if he is not sufficiently crazed already, as to be incurable, that condition will be soon be his; so that she is to take heart, and fear not of ever again being molested by him. Roberts, the local surgeon, has a larger range for action than any one of the other conspirators; but is equally eager to have the doomed young gentleman speedily seized upon and carried off. He warmly countenances and counsels the measure, without committing himself by any palpable and overt acts; and therefore he is in a position at any time to disclose the criminality of the lady, and the atrocious plot to which she had given birth, to his knowledge, months and months before the period at which we have arrived. To heat and hearten Mr. Hughes's two servants with ardent spirits, in order that they might execute

their desperate mission fearlessly and with promptitude, was amongst the last of the lady's active measures taken towards the perpetration of the diabolical outrage—a completion of the conspiracy against her doomed step-son.

"To-morrow is the creature's appointed wedding-day," said the vile woman; "and, as Mr. Roberts will more particularly inform you and your men, Mr. Hughes, you are sure to find, in the course of the forenoon in all probability, at least in the course of the day, the toying pair, parading some of their accustomed walks in the vicinity of Arundel's cottage. But if you should still be balked by some untoward circumstance or another, you cannot, if properly vigilant, miss waylaying him as he returns to Howarth House in the evening. I swear that wedded he shall not be, to breed up brats, crazed as himself, to the pollution of his family's blood with fatuous taint. You know my will, and my terms; and now begone before the sun ascends higher. Roberts will instruct you as you proceed."

The surgeon was a minute and painstaking pilot, in as far as description and verbal direction could go. He even accompanied Hughes and the two keepers to the banks of the Wyc, and to the vicinity of Tintern Abbey, where the betrothed lovers, he well knew, had almost every day recently, when the weather was favourable, spent a great deal of their time.

"Ha! yonder they are," exclaimed he, as he described them from the covert of a thicket, nearly a mile off; "I cannot mistake them, though they were at twice the distance. Neither can you; for such a pair is not to be met with in this country side. The handsomest and most elegant of young gentlemen is Herbert Hastings. But it is the benign cast of his countenance—the untroubled expression of his eye—the manifest tokens in his looks—the proofs in all he says and does, which tells that a perfect sunshine of soul reigns within him. These are the things that will arrest the most superficial observer, and must especially address themselves to persons of your experience in the study of physiognomy."

"You have been sufficiently explicit, Mr. Roberts," said Hughes, "in your delineation of the gentleman; what have you to state concerning the lady? for, I dare say, you have had opportunities of studying the peculiarities of her beauty. It will afford me pleasure if you favour us with her portraiture."

"Now, there, Hughes, you put me to my mettle, and exact from me more than I can



well perform," said the vain, talkative, and, after all, heinous villain. "I have often gazed upon Alice Arundel's charms with a passionate admiration—so wrapt and passionate, indeed, that after she was withdrawn from mine eyes, I felt entirely at a loss to say what was the particular feature or circumstance that most entranced me, or whether it was the unparalleled combination of exquisitely beautiful traits that baffled me."

"Another time, Mr. Roberts," cried Hughes, interrupting the surgeon, treacherous and dastardly fellow that he was, "I may listen to you at greater length, when affairs of less moment are on my hand than at this instant. I must not allow the gentleman to get out of my sight. So, farewell for the mean while, unless you have a mind to assist us in securing and overmastering him."

"No, not I, trust me," hurriedly answered Roberts. "I shall keep myself clear of the matter. Good morning, Mr. Hughes. I wish you success, with all my heart. Good morning, sir!"

"Cowardly plotter!" ejaculated the mad-house proprietor; "I should be sorry to be in the power of such a mercenary wretch. A low cunning is his forte; and much it will surprise me if a certain step-mother find not cause, ere long, to repent employing the fellow, either as professional attendant or conspiring agent. But it is her business to look to these points; mine is of a more immediate and matter-of-fact character; and towards it I and my men must now unscrupulously proceed."

While, therefore, Roberts strode at an impatient rate away from the scene and vicinity of the intended outrage, to the perpetration of which he had so sedulously urged the other parties, Hughes and his *familiar*s dashed forward through copse and thicket, in order to get as near as possible to the unwary prey.

"The lovers are about to retrace their steps," whispered Hughes to his men; "conceal yourselves behind these bushes; and as they will pass within half-a-dozen yards of you, bound out upon the young man, and fetter his arms before you utter a syllable. I shall observe every movement, and will reward your dexterity and tact according to your merits."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE DISTRACTED.

In a preceding chapter, an account has been given of the first act of the monstrous

outrage perpetrated upon Herbert Hastings on the day immediately preceding that which had been named for his bridal with the adored of his heart, the peerless Alice Arundel. But of the condition and fortunes of the maiden, or of the alarm and distraction of her and her family, the moment that they came to obtain any distinct ideas of the enormity, the reader has yet to be informed.

How long poor Alice continued in a state of insensibility at the spot where Herbert had been torn away from her, she could not precisely tell; nay, nor how many ways she ran, calling aloud his name, in the hope of obtaining some response that would guide her to him, or convey to her intelligence of the spot to which he had been violently carried.

"They have murdered him," she at length cried, woefully wringing her hands; and with distracted wailings of this sort, she sped in the best way she could to her father's cottage.

"Murdered him?" exclaimed Captain Arundel, "and wherefore? Pray, Alice, let me have the particulars, and I shall then be better able to judge of the source, motives, and results of the outrage. I have had more experience in the history of grievous wrong and terrible violence than either your mother or you can have, Alice. So, compose yourself as well as you can, and tell me all."

The maiden, with greater clearness and coherence than might have been expected in the given circumstances, described all she had witnessed in the hurry of the outrage, but could add nothing more than conjecture relative to what occurred after she sank insensible to the ground.

"Had the ruffians the appearance of seafaring men?" inquired the captain.

"They certainly were not in the attire of sailors, but yet they were rough and brawny fellows," was the reply.

"Should you know them again readily, if they stood before you, Alice?" inquired the maiden's father.

"Oh, yes among ten thousand, and for many years to come, if some extraordinary change did not come over the expression of their visages," was the response.

"Have you ever heard from the lips of Mr. Hastings, an allusion to any dreaded enemy, or that he ever gave offence, so as to have exposed himself to a cowardly revenge?" asked the captain.

"Offence! dear father—Herbert Hastings is incapable of wantonly offending or injuring any one," cried Alice, with a pos-

tion of that courageousness with which she had so recently endeavoured to rescue her affianced. "With regard to dreaded enemy, I never heard him allude to such a thing further than you have yourselves, my beloved parents, more than once listened to. His step-mother and half-brother, you know, would do him evil were it in their power. This is all."

"Depend upon it," cried Captain Arundel, after a short pause, "Mr. Hastings is either the victim of some horrid conspiracy on the part of his envious relations, or he has been carried down the river by a press-gang, in order to have him put on board the *tender* in the British channel. In either case, the stepdame and her covetous son must be at the bottom of the outrage."

To the cries about what was to be done, and the distractions that filled the minds of Alice and her mother, the captain could not offer any very satisfactory answer. Like a man of action, however, he immediately addressed himself to deeds, rather than to unavailing lament and despair.

"We shall first drive to Howarth House," said he; "you and I, Alice, must hasten thither to give the alarm, and to institute certain inquiries."

Not a moment was now lost towards the fulfilment of this step. Consternation and sorrow, however, were the only things met with at the young squire's residence; so that the captain could only direct certain of the servants to sound an alarm throughout the neighbourhood, and to invoke the aid of the magistrates and country gentlemen, in order that the captured might be speedily released.

Having given commands to this effect, Captain Arundel and his daughter returned homewards, resolved on hurrying down the Wye, in the hopes of obtaining some tidings of their beloved friend, should he have been the victim of a treacherously-instructed press-gang. It was while they were thus retracing their course, that the gig passed the chaise in which, under cruel restraint, Herbert Hastings was held—not a suspicion or idea at the moment entering their minds that he after whom they were so eagerly in search, was almost within arm's length of them. Had not Hughes commanded that a very circuitous route should at the first starting be taken by the vehicle which carried him, his men, and the outraged Herbert, the captain's gig could not by any means have shared the king's high-way at the same place with the chaise on that extraordinary occasion. But yet, as we have already learnt, what

good? The cry of the manacled victim was smothered by the ruffian keepers; it reached not the ears of those who were dearest on earth to him! and swiftly in opposite directions sped parties who, a short while before, contemplated nothing but early continuous union, never to be severed but by death.

The captain, with his fair daughter, made all possible speed homewards from Howarth House, in order to direct their course and inquiries along the banks of the Wye, supposing that Herbert might have fallen into the hands of a press-gang, who would probably force him into some one of the small craft that plied upon the river, until they reached the Severn, and, in due time, Bristol channel. While they were pressing forward to gain the cottage, in the first place, Alice directed her father's attention to an individual upon the road before them, whom they were about to meet, saying:

"It is Roberts, the surgeon. You know, father, that Mr. Hastings did not entertain any very high opinion of this man, believing him to be too deep in the interests of his step-mother to wish him the utmost prosperity. However, he employed him the other day, when seeking to propitiate her and his half-brother. A thought strikes me, that the surgeon may have some knowledge of the evil which has befallen our dear friend. At any rate, it may not be amiss to advertise Roberts of the circumstances, were it merely the more quickly to spread the alarm, and put the neighbours upon an eager search and examination."

By this time the captain with his daughter was within a few yards of the pedestrian. He therefore pulled up, and the moment that Roberts came alongside of the gig, he commenced a conversation with the party.

"I believe I am in the right," said the maiden's father, "in taking you, sir, to be Mr. Roberts, surgeon, a practitioner of the neighbourhood?"

A movement affecting to be of the most courteous kind, and expressive of affirmation, was the only sort of answer that was returned to the address.

"Have you seen Mr. Hastings—Herbert Hastings, of Howarth House—to-day, Mr. Roberts?" was the question which was next put: the captain, with the direct and pertinent manner of a disciplined soldier, looking the party addressed keenly in the face, forcing even the audacious and self-conceited surgeon to feel that it would be impossible to evade the question, or to prevaricate without being detected. The thing asked, indeed was so home-coming, yet so



unexpected, that the villain, in spite of all his hardihood and heartlessness, could not disguise that he felt, as it were, suddenly smitten with a severe blow. He therefore looked embarrassed before he opened his lips to make a reply; and, when he did speak, it was in contradictory terms.

"Yes—no; I have not seen Mr. Hastings to-day, sir," replied the surgeon. "I do not see him every day. I am not the young gentleman's keeper."

These last words were uttered with some degree of apparently offended feeling, which, however, made the captain understand that he had the advantage over the party he was questioning.

"How am I to understand your 'yes' and your 'no,' Mr. Roberts, spoken at one breath?" the captain asked. "I have important reasons for instituting this inquiry of you. Pray, have you seen Mr. Hastings to-day? and, if so, when, where, and in what circumstances?"

"If I have seen the squire to-day, it was when he was at a distance from me, and when I could not very positively declare that he was the individual," said the surgeon. "Still, I do not see what right you have for questioning me thus abruptly and closely. Business of a serious nature at this moment requires that I do not halt on the road, and therefore I must bid you good-day, Captain Arundel."

"Then you will not afford any information which it may be in your power to give, when the object aimed at by me is one of the most extraordinary, as well as important nature?" observed the captain.

"I can say nothing about the nature of the object you contemplate, sir," answered Roberts. "I find my own affairs to be numerous and pressing enough to occupy my entire time and thoughts. Again, I bid you and your daughter good-day, sir." And with these words hardly passed from his lips, he strode away in an opposite direction from that which the Arundels were pursuing.

"That fellow, Alice, is in the plot which has torn your Herbert from us," said the captain, as soon as Roberts left them. "I go not only by his confused and contradictory replies, and by his reluctance to return direct answers, but by his manifest knowledge of the outrage. How, otherwise, could he have allowed my assertion to pass unnoticed, when I said, directly pointing to Mr. Hastings, that my aim was at an object of the most extraordinary and important nature? The fellow did not even pretend to be curious or anxious to learn what

was the character of the object. Yes, Alice, the surgeon is in the plot, whatever that object may be. The discovery must quicken our exertions."

Very shortly after reaching their cottage, the captain and Alice were again on the alert, in order to pursue their eager investigation in the immediate vicinity where the outrage had been committed, and afterwards along the borders of the Wye, it might be, until they advanced many miles seaward. Nothing, however, was on that occasion learnt from any of the inhabitants in the neighbourhood of the spot where Herbert had been so violently laid hold of, and carried away, that could enlighten or assist the Arundels. However, as they proceeded along with the descent of the river, certain confused statements and loose conjectures for a time tended to convey an impression that the object of their eager inquiries had been impressed by a gang; for that, although not in the ordinary dress of sailors, several strangers, with weather-beaten complexions, had recently been seen in the vicinity of the Wye, whose movements were such as might naturally be expected on the part of persons who were intent upon some secret and dangerous enterprise. It is needless, however, to detain the reader with the speculations indulged in upon this score, seeing that, after having spent nearly two days, making the most urgent and diligent inquiries which could be instituted in the circumstances of the case, relative to the conjectures which had been thrown out about impressment, Captain Arundel and his lovely daughter retraced their steps, persuaded that they were on a wrong scent altogether, and wasting precious time, during which the outraged Herbert Hastings might be enduring ever-increased and unmitigated tortures. In fact, some recollection of his once having vaguely alluded, in the hearing of his beloved Alice, to his step-mother's anxiety to have it believed that he was tainted with insanity, was no sooner mentioned by the maiden, than it set her father upon a train of reflection which terminated in the thorough persuasion that he had been dragged away, in order to consume his days and his life in the cell of a madhouse. To minds framed such as were those of Captain Arundel and Alice, especially when the subject of meditation and anxiety was the endeared Herbert Hastings, what a terrible thing it was to behold him, in imagination, chained, manacled, and perhaps wantonly tortured, in order to overturn the throne of reason, and drive to utter and irremediable madness;



all which appalling consequences, the captain was fully aware, had been experienced by individuals who were of sound mind, but who might have the misfortune to become the objects of the vilest machination and plotting villany.

It was in the neighbourhood of the spot where Mr. Hastings had been outrageously seized and mastered, that Captain Arundel again addressed his most anxious inquiries; persuaded that some one must have observed the ruffians either before or after they had laid their hands upon their victim. Could he get hold even of such a slender thread, he might be enabled to trace the route of the parties, and to arrive at the place of confinement to which the ill-fated young gentleman had been forced. Accompanied uniformly by his daughter, the gallant veteran, for many a weary hour, might be seen threading the mazes on the river's side, in search of every dwelling and inhabitant of the locality, and eagerly examining every circumstance which could be supposed likely to bear upon the enormity. All such inquiry, however, was nearly unavailing; the utmost that he could discover at that period, being the testimony of an old man, to the effect that he had seen Roberts, the surgeon, in the neighbourhood on the particular day of the outrage, without being aware of any professional service that he could be upon, and also that he observed three men, closely linked together, soon after noticing the surgeon, who hurried through some wooded ground with a strange impatience. But as regards the direction they took, after dashing over a considerable space where he observed them, the old man had not an idea.

"It is to Surgeon Roberts that we must again resort," said the captain; "something more, I fancy, may be got out of him. After that, I shall address myself to the step-mother; and surely it will go hard with us, if no tidings of dear Herbert reach our ears before we return."

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CONFESSED.

THE captain was not a man to fix upon a procedure, and to tarry over its performance. No sooner had he thought of paying the surgeon a visit, than he ordered Alice to prepare herself for the journey, to be immediately extended to the residence of Her-

berts step-mother. The veteran could go nowhere without his daughter; besides, he deemed it necessary that she, the only witness of the actual outrage known to him, should be present during any inquiries he might have to institute into the flagrant affair. Away then they drove for the house of Roberts, and in a short time was at his door. "The doctor is not within," said the lad. "He started an hour ago, and will not return before night. He is on a visit to Mrs. Hastings."

"Mrs. Hastings, the step-mother of Herbert Hastings, of Howarth House, do you mean, my boy?" inquired the captain.

"The same, sir. My master often visits Mrs. Hastings, although she be not sick," observed the lad. "I fancy she is coming to live nearer us, and then the doctor will not be so often and to long at a time absent from his business."

The captain had half a mind to draw out of the garrulous boy all he knew, or fancied he knew, of the surgeon's proceedings and interests. But his honourable nature would not allow him to stoop to such a course, determined as he was to address himself boldly to those whom he believed to be the arch-conspirators against the young squire; and, if possible, to bring to an early and formidable account, all who had taken part in the monstrous plot. Away then for the residence of the imperious dame he drove, in due time arriving in the vicinity of her dwelling, and thence proceeding directly on foot, along with Alice, to the house. It was so far fortunate that the Arundels were not instantly introduced to the presence of the step-mother, but were ushered into a room adjoining another apartment, where parties loud in conversation, and in angry tones, were engaged, so as it seemed, to render them insensible to the proximity of strangers.

"I tell you Mr. Roberts," said one, manifestly a female, "that it would be more to your credit and advancement, as a medical practitioner, if you devoted yourself to your profession, and intrigued less in people's business and family affairs of a general kind, than you do. You know you put yourself forward, often unasked and unwished for, in the late transaction; and now you would extort from me an exorbitant sum for your gratuitous agency. I will not endure it, sir, and defy you and your treacherous design of turning witness against Percival and myself. You know how deep in the plot you are yourself, and that you were the prime mover of the scheme, after all."

"I am not to be deterred by your wrath, madam," cried a masculine voice—it was that of Roberts—"nor by your perversion of facts. I hold you to your promise and to our bargain. Write me an order for one hundred pounds; the same sum with which you bribed each of the foresworn doctors, and I shall be silent. Say *no* to my demand, and forthwith I shall post off to Captain Arundel, and disclose the whole. I will, trust me."

"Do you hear the miscreants, Alice?" whispered the captain. "This journey of ours promises to prove lucky. I would fain confront the pair of conspirators, introducing myself, to their utter surprise. The servant does not seem to have given notice that we were in the house."

On saying this the captain made for the room-door, with the view of presenting himself suddenly to the pair of colloquists in the adjoining apartment, but was stopped by the servant outside, who came to inform him that he had not yet had an opportunity of announcing the names of the new visitors to his mistress, because she had told him that she was not to be disturbed on any account, until she rang the bell for him.

"Then I shall introduce myself," said the captain; "this will not be disobedience on your part, my good man," addressing the servant.

At this moment the door of the apartment was thrown open, where the parties stood who a minute before had been so loud and heated in conversation; when out stepped Roberts, followed by a lady well advanced in years, and a young gentleman, who bore some resemblance to Herbert. The three were in a highly excited state, the angry emotion of speech, however, giving place instantly to consternation and dismay, on being so unexpectedly confronted.

"Captain Arundel!" exclaimed the surgeon, holding up his two hands, and retreating a step or two, as if he had met the piercing point of a spear.

"Yes, I am Captain Arundel, the father of this damsel beside me," said the veteran—"she who is the betrothed of the outraged Herbert Hastings. While stationed in the next room to that in which you three have been closeted, I heard you, Mr. Roberts, mention my name, and as if desirous that I were at hand. I was nearer, I imagine, than you either suspected or seriously wished. However, the particulars which reached the hearing of my daughter and myself, since crossing the threshold of this house, will help to expedite pro-

ceedings, and shorten any painful anxieties which my Alice and I may entertain relative to the object of the foul conspiracy that has been hatched against him, and also the uncertainties under which you at present labour with regard to the punishment that is to follow the discovery of your atrocious plot."

"You speak as if you had the power as well as the will to do Mr. Roberts, my son, and myself an injury, Captain Arundel; for such is your name, I learn," said the step-mother. "Let me inform you, however, that I hurl defiance in your face; and although I cannot but sympathize with you and your daughter on the loss to you of one who would have been like a helpless child in your hands, I yet must congratulate you that you have escaped the terrible evil of becoming allied to an insane person, whose hand would one day, in all likelihood, have been raised against the wife of his bosom, and also himself, if not forcibly restrained."

"Then Herbert Hastings is under restraint at your instance, madam?" cried the captain, "and you seem to glory in the heinous deed. How can you answer to your conscience for being a party to such a gross outrage and such wanton cruelty?—how appear, when cited before Heaven, after this life is over?—how, before the human tribunals that shall shortly judge of the enormity?"

"You speak of human tribunals, sir," said the stepdame, with withering scorn, "as if I had, in whatever I have done in this matter, not been guided by the law of the land and the appointed forms. You must impugn the doctors—medical gentlemen of high standing in their profession and society—who granted the certificates relative to my step-son's unsound state of mind, and leave me alone."

"Yes, the doctors who were bribed by you, inadam, to the extent of one hundred pounds to each, for signing such false documents!" coolly observed the captain. "It would have been for your nefarious interest had you shut your coadjutor's mouth with another like sum—I mean Mr. Roberts."

Both the step-mother and the surgeon started on hearing these words, interchanging significant looks. Percival, however, who had already made great progress in his parent's school, adroitly gave a turn to the bitter and angry conversation, by drily observing that Captain Arundel, though an eager listener to family matters with which he had nothing whatever to do, had greatly

misunderstood what he overheard ; for that the discourse regarded subjects quite foreign to those he fancied having alighted on so opportunely.

"Is it not so, Mr. Roberts?" Percival asked, with an air of triumph, knowing well the character of the person to whom he addressed himself. "Has the gallant captain interpreted any one thing aright in our present hearing?"

"Not any one thing, trust me," said the treacherous surgeon. "He is altogether astray in his conjectures."

"Having heard this assurance," cried Mrs. Hastings, "I presume that the captain has got all he wanted, and that he will henceforth allow me and my friendly visitors to converse on any subject we choose, without his supposing that it is necessary for him to act the part of eavesdropper."

"I heed not your sarcasm, madam," said the veteran, "nor shall I be turned aside from my course by the falsehoods to which you and the other conspirators may betake yourselves. Ere quitting your house, however, I shall put the questions with which I came hither charged; and which if you do not answer honestly, it will but render your everlasting doom, if the crime be not repented of, the more woful. Know you, madam, where your step-son is at this moment concealed, imprisoned, and in fetters? and know you to what establishment—to what cell he is destined by the infamous plotters in this terrible machination?"

"I know where the poor creature, Herbert Hastings, is at this moment; and I also know where he is to be found at any future day, until he may be cured of his mental malady! You have my explicit answers; and now I desire to be left alone with my family and my friend, Mr. Roberts." Such was the black-hearted mother's response.

"I need scarcely urge the question to a woman with your nature and purposes," said the veteran, "by again asking to what horrid dungeon has he been doomed?—where situated, and by whom superintended, is the bedlam to which you and your coadjutors have consigned him?"

"I had hardly expected, from a gentleman of your experience and years, any thing so simple and young as this," said the dame. "You but a moment ago took me for a fiend—now you talk to me as if I were a fool."

Captain Arundel turned to take his departure, disgusted and horrified; but had scarcely made the movement, when he found that Alice was about to sink to the

floor of the lobby where they had been standing during the preceding scene.

"You must not drop down here, dear Alice," said her father; "they will but sneer at your illness. Arouse thee, and trust that we shall yet triumph over the wicked who have had a share in doing thy affianced the monstrous wrong that has caused us to travel this day so far from our home."

Alice did make the effort, so that by the time they reached the fresh air, she had nearly recovered her ordinary strength.

"I would not," said the maiden, "show my weakness—nay, nor the tenderness of my feelings—before that fiendish woman, on any terms. Let us haste from her abode; I cannot otherwise breathe freely."

The captain and his daughter bent their course in as straight a direction as possible for their cottage, avoiding the circuitous way by which they came, on account of the large elbow caused by the call at surgeon Roberts's. The weather was still serene and inviting—the scenery of the Wye in all its autumnal attractiveness: Had circumstances been otherwise and less disheartening, how would Herbert and his Alice have expatiated on the peculiar characteristics of the river in its sinuous course—the uniformity of its breadth, and the variegated scenery of its banks! It is indeed a singular stream, as either of the lovers would have well described it—presenting, had they visited and scanned it on the evening of which we speak, according to its special features and the felicities of their own minds. Observe, one of them might have said, its serpentine character, producing numerous, diversified, and striking effects, principally arising from two circumstances—the mazy course of the water, and the loftiness of its banks. From these two circumstances, the views it exhibits are of the most picturesque kind of perspective, because destitute of linear formality. From the shifting of the foreground and side-screens, the same objects present themselves, suddenly disappear, are lost, and recovered with new accompaniments, according to the different points. Thus the ruins of a castle, the spire of a church, starting into view from some distant wood—hamlets embossed with trees—aspiring promontories, or impending masses of rock, fringed with herbage, are now sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other, alternately forming the fore or background of the picture. The river at one time stretches for a considerable reach in curvilinear directions, between gentle



slopes and fertile meads; then suddenly again becomes concealed in deep abysses beneath the covert shade of dense unabraguous plantations.

All this would have been expatiated upon by the romantic lovers; the charms of external nature—the inviting and soul filling influences of the autumnal time would have been made the vehicle and imagery for the sweetest expressions of harmonious life. But behold the contrast. They must pass into scenes where, instead of the winning and serene aspects of untarnished landscapes, they shall find troubled passions—shipwrecked hopes—terrible persecutions—horrid revenge—rampant madness. It is of the storms and desolations of the human soul that we must speak. The delicious and the rural must yield to the delirious and the raging; so that, before many chapters have been run over, the reader will find himself amid whirlwinds and tornadoes of the inner being, comparable with which, in their terrors, devastations, and endurance, the hurricane of the tropics can present no parallel, and the earthquake has no equal groan.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE FEVER OF THE BRAIN.

ALICE and her father were approaching near to their sweet cottage, on their return from Herbert's step-mother's residence, and not far from that precise part of the road where the chaise broke down, when Hughes and his ruffians carried off their manacled victim, on the day of his violent seizure. As they drove forward to the precise same spot, their attention was in some degree arrested by the circumstances of a carriage having halted on the wayside, while the postilion appeared to be eagerly searching for something in the ditch. The captain pulled up, and naturally inquired what was amiss, and if the man had lost any thing? The driver did not very readily answer to the question, being too deeply occupied about the object of which he was in search. At length, however, he left off, and explained so far as to say, that last time he had been that way, his chaise broke down at the very same place, when he had been going at a tremendous rate, having a madman and his two keepers inside, while there was on the seat with himself (the driver) the director of the whole affair.

"I fancied that one of the fellows," said

the postilion, "silly tossed something from him, when he supposed all the rest of us were so busily engaged as not to observe what he did. However, I have either been mistaken, or some other body has been before me; so that I shall trouble myself no longer about the matter."

It was from this incident that the Arundels learnt in what direction Mr. Hastings had been forcibly carried, being also greatly moved by discovering that the carriage and the driver now before them were identically the same as those that they recollected to have met on the very day that Herbert was at first outraged, as they were coming back from Howarth House.

"I remember having fancied I heard a cry as we passed the chaise," said Alice, with great emotion. "I even thought that my name was sounded; but having set these impressions and fancies down in the troubled state of my mind, rather than to any real cause, I did not mention the particulars to you, father. But it was Herbert's cry after all! The last sounds, I fear, that I shall ever listen to from his coherent tongue."

Little time was lost before Captain Arundel and Alice were on their way for Cheltenham. Let us at once forward with them to the Spread Eagle of that celebrated watering-place—the hotel to which the outraged Mr. Hastings had been carried, and where he spent the first night of barbarous confinement, to which he had been masterfully subjected by an atrocious conspiracy. Widow Lethbridge, the landlady of the inn, readily proffered all the information she could lend them concerning the condition and fate of the "poor young gentleman," as she sympathizingly named the heir and rightful owner of Howarth House.

"Some of the good-hearted people," said Mrs. Lethbridge, "who had seen the condition in which the poor young gentleman was when the keepers brought him to my house, and having heard his touching appeals, communicated the particulars to our chief magistrate, Mr. Barker. This they did, it would appear, almost immediately after the poor young gentleman was taken up-stairs. Mr. Barker promised to look into the matter next morning, and was as good as his word. But woe is me! In what a state was Mr. Hastings—for such you assure me is the young gentleman's name—when the magistrate arrived! The poor youth was stark staring mad, the very straps that bound him down in the bed being burst by him at one time, until they applied other and stronger ones; and his violence being

almost too much for the powerful keepers who held his arms and pressed down his head. He had the strength, ye would have said, of half-a-dozen ordinary people; and his screams—oh! how he shrieked and foamed at the mouth, until he seemed fairly choked!"

Mrs. Lethbridge had to pause, for she said she had not yet told the worst, and that it took her some time to fortify herself whenever she spoke of what she had to tell.

"My dear," continued she, after a little while, "it was when Dr. Nicholson arrived, who had been sent for by Mr. Barker's order, and who is the most celebrated physician in this place, that I got into the room where the poor young gentleman was kept. Mr. Hastings was at that instant perfectly composed, and, indeed, motionless. I thought him dead, or dying. We all bent over him—the magistrate, the doctor, and myself, besides the two keepers, who had hold of his shoulders, and their master, who stood behind them with straps and chains, and awful-looking fetters. But it was not the patient's dissolution; it was only the deep exhaustion after his terrible struggles—nature, the vigour of youth, again returning. His strength was recruited, and more ferocious did he grow than before, as his keepers said. He roared and bellowed. They were most unearthly howlings. He gnashed his teeth, hit at the keepers, endeavoured to tear his own flesh, and actually clenched at his eyes to pluck them out. By and by he began to pronounce names. 'Alice, mine own Alice Arundel!' he shouted, while big tears rolled down his cheeks. 'They have slain her, and her spirit has flown far away from me, because I did not shield her from the ruffians! There! there! is her sheeted corse. She beckons me to come to her, and, smilingly, says she will forgive me if I will join her!'

"It was upon saying this that he once again threw the two powerful men who had been holding him down by the shoulders, clean away from him, and again burst the belts that were strapped across his body. His very arms seemed to swell with rage, as well as with new power. 'I will avenge my Alice!' he shouted, 'in spite of all the fiends;' and upon this he bolted out of bed, and clanked among us his fettered arms, endeavouring to smite us. 'It is the delirium of a raging fever,' said Doctor Nicholson, 'that carries the patient to this terrible extent. It is the fever of the brain, as I at present judge, rather than any mental malady of a constitutional or settled kind.'

"It was now that Mr. Barker spoke:

'Perhaps,' said he, very feelingly, 'the measures to which the keepers have had recourse since the young gentleman came within their hands, have induced the very violence which they now have such difficulty in restraining. Had I myself been manacled as it appears Mr. Hastings has been throughout the night, and as tightly strapped down while laid upon my back, I fancy that a most violent fever would have been the issue. although I might not have had the strength of body which the young gentleman possesses.'

"The doctor seemed to acquiesce in this view," continued Mrs. Lethbridge, "while Mr. Hughes and his men expressed quite an opposite sentiment. 'We know our duty too well,' said they, 'to misuse any patient that is intrusted to our care; and have had too much experience in the treatment of the insane not to know the difference between the delirium of fever and hereditary or sudden madness. We act, besides, in accordance with the directions and certificates of two of the most eminent metropolitan practitioners, whose attention has been for many years directed to cases of the present kind, and, therefore, we cannot allow of any interference either by magistrate or medical volunteer, so long as we are following the regulations sanctioned by law and by such distinguished physicians.'

"Now," continued Mrs. Lethbridge, while unable longer to repress her tears—"now it was that the most touching scene of all occurred; for while at the moment the sort of altercation took place, as I have described it, and a strait jacket at the same time being applied to him, Mr. Hastings dropped upon his knees, and implored that the merciful ones present would protect him, or at least slay him, rather than that he should longer be kept in the hands of the torturers. Indeed, one would have thought that he had all at once recovered his reason. But whether it was a gleam of intelligence, or only the random speech and sudden turn of madness, I know not. This at least was the fact, that the poor young gentleman again fell senseless, and was lifted, as one quite gone, into the bed once more, to be watched, guarded, and tended by the horrid-looking keepers as they had done previously. Mr. Barker and Dr. Nicholson soon took their departure, much dissatisfied, I could see; and I also withdrew, it being out of my power to be of any service to Mr. Hastings in the circumstances of the case; although I thought, had he been put under my care, I should neither have put fetters, straps, nor strait-jacket upon him."

Having thus spoken and explained, Mrs. Lethbridge, good kind-hearted soul, gave way to a flood of tears. Alice Arundel, the reader may be sure, did not manifest less tenderness and sympathy. Even the veteran captain would hardly have been proof against the emotions that were overwhelming the two before him, had it not been that his daughter's distress began to create alarm in his bosom; her overwrought feelings suddenly carrying away all her sensibility, and reducing her to as helpless a condition, for the time, as if she had been bound by a thousand cords.

"I shall lose my child also," cried Captain Arundel, "if we are to encounter more of these distresses."

"Are you in any way related to the poor young gentleman?" affectionately inquired Mrs. Lethbridge, while she ministered in the tenderest and most considerate manner to the young lady, in order to have her restored to consciousness.

"Yes," answered the captain; "we are very nearly related to Herbert Hastings. This poor damsel, my daughter, is Alice Arundel: she is the betrothed of the wronged and outraged young gentleman whose woful condition, while he was kept within your house, you have so tenderly described."

But it was the Arundels who had the most anxious inquiries to make; each answer serving to increase their distress and fears. Mr. Hastings had been for several days an inmate of Mrs. Lethbridge's hotel, having, after the first paroxysms of delirious fever, and the terrific strugglings to which he had unconsciously put himself, gradually lost his strength, apparently, at length, becoming altogether forgetful of the wrongs he had sustained, and insensible to the situation in which he was placed.

"He was completely prostrated before he was carried from my house," said the landlady; "nor do I think it was other than cruel to remove him in the state he appeared to be; for how was he to endure the journey—and such a journey, too! Rely upon it, they are taking him to London, if he lives so long; but I can hardly think they can have yet proceeded much further than Oxford, seeing it was only the morning of this very day, when I am communicating to you these harrowing particulars, that they left this. My heart was like to burst when I saw the poor young gentleman lifted into the chaise, pale, and with drooping head, which rested upon the shoulder of one of the keepers."

Captain Arundel held up his finger, thereby beseeching the landlady to spare their

feelings by any further recital of such woful circumstances, saying it would be as much as he could bear to journey after his dear young friend, for that he could scarcely expect to find him alive. Besides, he entertained the deepest solicitude concerning his daughter, being very doubtful of her ability to accompany him; and, in case of her illness, what was he to do but to abide by her, and have her taken home?

"I shall accompany you, father," said the maiden, having by this time recovered her senses, and in some way her personal energy. "I would fain behold him once more, although it should be but his mortal part, or, still worse, the living sufferer bereft of his intelligence. It will then be for me to die, or go beside myself. Let us fly to Oxford, dear father, and even to London. A moment must not be lost!"

It could hardly be possible to conceive a more distressful condition than that to which Captain Arundel and his daughter were now brought. It could perhaps only be exceeded by one in the circumstances to which Herbert Hastings was with such monstrous and wanton cruelty reduced, before his senses were so awfully disturbed, and he became the prey of a raging fever's delirium. What a revolution in a few brief days had been wrought in his mental frame! How fitted to render one utterly miserable and sick of this world when made to contemplate the havoc caused within him; and the loveliest disposition at one time changed into what seemed the ferocity of the tiger, and at another of a total darkening of the intellectual faculties—memory obscured, and the judgment wholly unhinged!

On their way towards Oxford, Alice and her father received no certain tidings of the manner in which Mr. Hastings either fared or bore the fatigue, although they had little difficulty in tracking the ruffian party that had him so firmly in their clutches from stage to stage. Forward the captain rapidly posted, pressing on the more eagerly the nearer he found he was to the parties after whom he made chase, persuaded that he would overtake them before they had fairly reached the suburbs of that famous city where Herbert had spent some of his happy and most promising years, in the cultivation of learning and polite arts. The comparatively slow rate at which it was at length discovered that Hughes travelled, if it did not indicate any tender consideration for the patient, showed that it was not deemed safe to hurry on, and, therefore, marked that Herbert was still most seriously indisposed.

"They must be in dread of killing him



at once," thought the captain; "for then they would be too plainly guilty of murder, and would have to abide by the dreadful consequences of the deep-dyed crime."

Every thing seemed to portend a darker and darker catastrophe, and to fill the veteran's soul with a deeper conviction of the terrible things that might be perpetrated, even in England, with the countenance of the laws.

"Alas! I quake with fear!" ejaculated the captain, "lest the time which had been appointed for the bridal of Alice and the worthiest of men, shall have to be remembered for one of the most moving tragedies that ever belonged to real life. It may end in a double death—the killing of them both—nay, worse, the dethroning of the reason of both; consigning my child to a receptacle for the insane, when I and her mother are no more; Herbert being as insensible to her desolate condition as he may be to his own."

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE AWAKENING.

It was a moment of dreadful suspense to them, when the captain and Alice found that they were instantly to overtake the chaise in which Mr Hastings was placed; that, in fact, by driving past the slow travelling vehicle, they might obtain a view of the terribly outraged young gentleman. With intense eagerness did father and daughter desire to obtain a glimpse of the victim of the fell conspiracy; who, if he survived, they had by this time become persuaded, might for an indefinite period be consigned to a madhouse, kept, it might also be, by the most savage and relentless of persons. All this would probably occur without any public or authentic knowledge being obtained of the terrible extremities to which he might be subjected, in the very vicinity, too, of multitudes of his fellow-creatures that were in the enjoyment of health and freedom. How heedless or ignorant is the majority of people as they breathe the fresh air, and pace the paths of the suburbs of the great metropolis, of the wretchedness of others, whose cries of distress are, in their agony, sounded within a few yards of the public way! Truly, if one's acquaintance with the facts was complete, and reflections commensurate, it would be impossible to dwell within or near to the crowded city, and to endure life; so deeply does the very earth groan with

man's inhumanities, and with man's unappeased wretchedness. Even in passing the most ordinary vehicle, on the much-frequented road, there may be carried along, and within the reach of a helping hand, a load of sorrow and suffering, but of which no person takes note. On the occasion in question, however, there was neither ignorance nor insensibility on the part of the captain and his daughter, with regard to the terribly-wronged Herbert Hastings; for even their looks told such a tale of anxiety and commiseration, as would have awakened deep curiosity, and moved the sternest heart.

"I had a glimpse of him, dear father," whispered Alice, as soon as they had shot a few yards ahead of the chaise, and she could find breath for the intense exclamation. "He is supported, like the most helpless of beings, by the ferocious keepers, the same that tore Herbert and me asunder at the fearful moment when I last before this saw him. He is pale and wasted; and his eyelids seem to be too heavy for his lifting them. What, alas! shall we do?"

It was obviously the best policy of the captain not to be sudden or violent in his interference; to delay even the expression of extreme solicitude in behalf of his sorely-beset young friend, until he should have obtained for himself and daughter an entrance to the very chamber in the inn to which Herbert should be carried; for it was now verging close towards evening, and surely they would never think of carrying him further without halting for the night. To the Oxford Arms they saw him conveyed. The same was the hotel to which they themselves immediately after repaired; and now for the ulterior steps of their procedure, and the issue of their efforts, in order to rescue and succour, if possible, the victim of one of the vilest plots that ever characterized the history of cruelty, or the horrors connected with the annals of Bedlam.

Captain Arundel immediately made it his business to secure the services of an attorney, and the attendance of magistrate and doctor. But it would be of little interest to detail the efforts that were thus made in behalf of the outraged heir and owner of Howarth House, seeing that they were as unavailing as those which had been used at Cheltenham, in the face, not only of the certificates granted by Drs. Andrews and Mason, but of the deplorable state to which the young gentleman had by foulest misusage and cruellest torture, both of body and mind, been reduced. True, it was not now the delirious rage of a fevered brain that had

to be witnessed, but the vacant look of one whose intelligence for the time, at least, had been darkened, and the sensibility to physical wrong greatly deadened.

"He is certainly at the present time," observed the physician, "not in a condition of mental health, however the malady may have been induced. To the constant and watchful care of some one he must be given over; and since in regular course he has been consigned to the people in whose hands we now find him, it is not for me to interfere, further than to say his life is in fearful danger, should he be hurried forward to London in this his low state; and that should he die on the road, or from the effects of the lengthened journey, I should pronounce the directors and perpetrators of the cruelty to be guilty of murder, after solemn forewarnings."

"It is we who have to abide by the consequences of any such misusage of the patient as you may fancy we are intent on," said Hughes. "He is in the keeping of me and my men there; and I shall take care that we exercise our office with discretion and the proper degree of tenderness."

"Tenderness!" cried Captain Arundel. "Where was your humanity when you burst upon him when he was in the enjoyment of as robust health, and of as clear and tranquil a mind as ever man was blessed with; when my daughter hung upon his arm as was becoming his affianced bride?"

The sound of the veteran's voice, so familiar to the ear of Mr. Hastings, reached him once more with some effect—impulsive, it seemed, of certain inward feelings, though these were slight and evanescent. He was stretched upon a couch, and unfettered by this time, and was not restrained from moving his limbs, or raising his eyelids.

"There are tokens of returning intelligence and sensibility in what I behold," said the physician. "That familiar and loved voice might awaken him from the sleep of mind which has overtaken him."

Herbert again relapsed into his dormant—almost torpid—state, from which the captain's voice, now unlike its usual tones, being tremulous, and uttered without that firm precision and tension habitual to him, failed to bestir the young gentleman.

"It is probable that my daughter's accents," observed Captain Arundel, "may reach the slumbering memory of Mr. Hastings. Let her speak of Tintern Abbey, or of any of those subjects which, in his buoyant health and happy hours, he was partial to. It surely cannot do him any injury, an experiment of the kind."

The last sentence of the veteran was occasioned by the impatience of Hughes and his men, who, had they foreseen what was to take place at the time, would not, without strong and stern measures, have permitted any of the *meddlery*, as they named the parties who were inclined to side with the patient, to have been admitted to the apartment in which he was so sadly prostrated.

"It will, in all likelihood," do him an injury," cried Hughes; "for if the painful result be that he is again aroused to violence, we have nothing for it but to apply that sort of coercion of which you would unjustly complain the instant we resorted to the means."

"Let the experiment be made," said the magistrate, authoritatively, "provided the doctor recommends the same. I shall take care that he be obeyed."

Upon this Alice Arundel seated herself beside her betrothed—clasped his brow with her delicate hand—spoke softly in his ear, and fondled his arms, her tears the while bathing his temples and cheeks, as she endearingly hung over him. Again Herbert lifted his eyelids—looked for a few seconds intently upon her; and although he shut them again, it was to experience some strong emotion within him, as if striving to collect his thoughts, and to brace himself for speech.

"Dear lady, renew and continue your healing experiment," said the physician. "I have hopes that this sort of remedy is more efficacious than barbarous punishment, whatever be the disease of the mind—that of real insanity, the delirium resulting from a fevered brain, or the havoc that has been wrought by horrid cruelty. Proceed, fair one."

Alice was all obedient to the directions of the good physician; and although it was with a maidenly modesty that she proceeded, yet the exigency of the case, the approved of all those present, for whom she could entertain any respect, gave her courage, so that she acquitted herself to their admiration.

Mr. Hastings again manifested some share of consciousness. He strove to raise himself upon his elbow; and when Alice lent her tender aid, he seemed to accept of her help with satisfaction. It was a long and steady stare that he now fixed upon her; his breast began to heave violently—his eyes to dilate—his very frame to expand—and at last he breathed her name, it seemed to her eager listening, interrogatively.



"Yes, I am Alice Arundel," she softly answered. "Do you find yourself better, Herbert? Is there any thing that I or my father can do for you, that you can name?"

"Shield me from the conspirators, or arm me with some deadly weapon for my self-defence, and I will be your slave for ever after," was his not very satisfactory reply.

"You see and hear to what a pitch of raving you are forcing him," cried Hughes. "We shall be obliged to relieve him, as well as ourselves, of your ill-judged interference, and your inconvenient presence."

The sound of the hardened man's voice smote piercingly upon the outraged young gentleman's hearing, and quickly he turned his vision in the direction whence the words came; his brows became knit, his teeth were set on edge, and he clenched his fists with a nervous effort. Alice started on perceiving these changes on the part of one who was, when in sound health, and before his nature had undergone any terrible revolution, gentleness, with true dignity of temper and bearing itself. She had a little before thought, with deepest anguish, of the desolation which had been brought upon him, when he responded neither sensible speech nor intelligent looks to those who addressed him. But now she felt that the wronged spirit of the meek and amiable man grow terrible, and that, when light and liberty have been driven from man's thoughts, the vacancy, when other and new things are to fill it up, will readily adopt revengeful and malign passions. Herbert was obviously about to be the prey of another paroxysm. His attempted words were inarticulate from the violence with which he made the utterances. They were howls and infuriated shrieks, rather than modulated syllables coming from a clear and well-balanced tongue; and when he sprang upon Hughes, with ferocious talons, as he did, with a bound that might be compared to the leap of a tiger, there was not one present of those who so tenderly sympathized with him, but thought it better that he should be forcibly mastered again, than allowed to endanger his own life, as well as the lives of others, in the maddened condition to which he had carried himself.

"You are witnesses of the frightful effects of your own irrational doings," said Hughes, with a bitter sneer. "Of course you regard not the safety either of my men or of me. But still you might have had some consideration for the unhappy young gentleman himself, whom we must now coerce and wholly master, otherwise you will have to

answer for more dreadful consequences than I choose at present to name."

"If you have not already wholly destroyed the mind of this excellent young gentleman," exclaimed Captain Arundel, while Hughes and his men were again applying the straight-waistcoat, and taking other coercive measures, "you will assuredly accomplish the sad ruin, if he remains much longer in your hands. As to you, Mr. Hughes, I shall see if a more powerful arm than any that can now be here lifted, do not reach you for the part you take in the vile conspiracy which is sacrificing my friend. No doubt, should he live so long as to become an inmate of your establishment, you will find means of inflicting chastisement upon your victim, in return for the remembered trouble you have been put to by us this day. But have a care, sir: there is an eye above that winketh not, however darkly removed you may think yourself from man's scrutiny. But even that scrutiny you shall not evade, I trust."

Mr. Hastings was again utterly mastered, not merely by the measures which his keepers applied to control his personal violence, but by that exhaustion of spirit which had previously left him a state of unconsciousness and helpless weakness. Captain Arundel would have, no doubt, persisted with remonstrance and threatenings, had his attention and thoughts not been too urgently required in another direction, to permit him to linger longer in that chamber.

"Look to your daughter, sir," said the physician; "for her own condition may soon be deplorable also, judging from the symptoms which I have been watching, while the young gentleman was the subject of the dreadful paroxysm which we have all just now witnessed. It will not at all be unaccountable should some melancholy mental conflict overtake her."

These words had hardly escaped the physician's lips, when the lovely maiden began to be convulsively affected, in a degree resembling the paroxysm which had seized her betrothed, requiring such prompt advice and remedial efforts as would have been unavailingly offered in behalf of Herbert, and fortunately receiving at the moment as much medical assistance as could be serviceable to one so suddenly attacked and so alarmingly convulsed.

Weeks elapsed, and Alice was a patient at home, although she seemed to have recovered her bodily health, and to be free from any painful thoughts, or heart-rending anxieties. Was it that she had in father and mother the kindest of nurses and the best



of protectors? or that her Herbert was her constant associate and encouraging friend? Alas! her betrothed was the inmate of a bedlam, and could minister no comfort or happiness to her; and alas! again, although she looked as if unaffected by care or pain of any sort, it was because she seemed as one whose immortal part was in a still deeper slumber than her Herbert's, when she first took a searching notice of him at Oxford. She complained of nothing—remembered almost nothing—thought not as one with any remnant of sound intellectual powers would have done—nay, scarcely did she ever utter a word, her vocabulary becoming the most restricted, making use only, and this very rarely, of monosyllables. It was also remarked with distressing solicitude by her parents, that a tear never suffused her eye. The fountain of grief and love appeared to be wholly dried up; so that she wandered about the cottage on the banks of the Wye, a beautiful but soulbereft creature—an object of deeper sympathy than if she had been racked with acute pains, or had mourned without ceasing the absence and the fate of him whose wrongs and delirium had been the cause of her own mental oblivion.

Captain Arundel and his spouse had now doubled sorrows to wring their hearts. But would their anguish have been more tolerable, had it been merely the lamentable condition either of Herbert Hastings, or their own child, over which they wept? Perhaps they would have borne with less resignation the single distress, absorbing all their thoughts, than the repeated grievous calamity which had filled them with divided anxieties and sorrows. Nay, in this division there seemed to be a sort of relief—a cause and occasion for an exercise—for travelling from the one victim to the other, a thing more healthful than continual and unalleviated brooding over one particular disaster.

The veteran captain was not the selfish being to forget Herbert Hastings, even when report and general opinion held out that he was irrevocably insane and incurable. The affections and the exertions of the gallant veteran were as earnestly directed towards the terribly outraged young gentleman, as if he had been assured of yet obtaining a wealthy and highly-honoured son-in-law, in the heir and owner of Howarth House. No! poor Alice's father did not neglect giving such instructions—observing the utmost caution, in order not to create unnecessary suspicion on the part of Hughes—with the view of obtaining a profes-

sional, competent, and impartial account of Herbert's state; for to the institution kept by the party named, situated in the vicinity of Hoxton, the young gentleman had been carried—nearly heedless, as his ruffian captors appeared to be, whether he lived or survived on the road. Yes, he had been taken thither, where for many weeks his bodily health was so affected, that it was doubtful whether he ever should recover; whilst, with regard to his mental condition, his fine and noble spirit had encountered such sudden, violent and protracted shocks, that a person of skill and discernment would have entertained deep fears of his ever being his former self again, under even the most favourable circumstances. As it was, poor Alice was sooner convalescent than her betrothed, having the advantage of the fresh air to strengthen her frame; while he, the outraged young man, was closely imprisoned. But there was this difference, on the other hand—while the maiden's mind was away from her, or nearly to blank, Herbert's recovered its perfect tone and wonted vigour. Now, the news of this happy result filled Captain Arundel with transports of joy; once more he began strongly to hope, and to picture a felicitous future.

"Herbert must be delivered, and the persecutors who conspired against him brought to judgment," cried the veteran. "But there is more to hope for and to have realized. The delivered and righted young gentleman will, I fondly trust, be the blessed agent in the restoration of my child to the empire of reason and intellectual light."

## CHAPTER X.

### THE DISCHARGED OFFICER.

I, the *Discharged*, after twenty years' services as a person holding official situations in one or other of two large establishments for the reception of the insane—the one a private speculation, the other supported by the public and voluntary contributions, in a great measure—have now to introduce myself. After having so stepped forward, and with fitting courtesy, I trust, it will be my business to detail a great number of cases which have come under my own immediate observation, or with which I am well acquainted; presenting a series and an array of persons, who have been the inmates of the madhouse, each differing from all the others, not only as respects the condition of

the party prior to becoming a patient in such an institution, but also as concerns the species of malady, the treatment to which he or she was subjected, and the results with regard to cure or confirmed derangement. There will be a vast deal of mystery in these Annals of Bedlam—mystery, not merely as developed relative to the secrecy and the horrid cruelties inflicted in certain places upon persons who of all classes of human beings are the objects claiming the deepest sympathy and the tenderest management; but also the wonders witnessed in the restoration of many to a sane and happy state of mind, again to benefit and adorn society; at the same time being living proofs of admirable system and regulated humanity. In the inscrutable providence of the Allwise and Omnipotent, they had been temporarily removed from the community, but were again returned to teach, by their experience and testimony, how many of the most melancholy ills to which our race is subject may be averted, or checked, or healed, and rendered an awakening lesson.

Born and bred in the vicinity of Hoxton, and at an early period of my life made familiar with some of the officers and servants belonging to the establishment then kept by Mr. Hughes, I at length began to experience a deep interest in the histories of the insane who from time to time were inmates in the house. Bangor Lodge, the name bestowed on the establishment, was looked forward to by me with an earnestness as if I felt, while yet a boy at school, that it was one day to become the field of my own service. But more than this—call the feeling morbid or healthy, as you please—I longed to hold converse with the different patients within the walls of the institution, partly with the romantic object of chronicling their histories individually. It is with regret that I have now to add and confess it was not with the view to ameliorate the system of treatment pursued in Bangor Lodge, or to comfort and benefit the unhappy individuals to whom I might obtain access, so much as to be excited by their startling sentiments and behaviour—to get a hold of the tale of their lives, and to produce a volume filled with incidents that, while real, would be stranger than romantic fiction. Nay, so far was I at that period (going back to 1812) from entertaining any more enlightened and practically benevolent views, that, although not naturally of an inhuman disposition, or devoid of reflection, I readily lent my assistance to any act of coercion or chastisement which

might be proposed for the punishment and correction of the poor demented inmate; never supposing, as was the case with nineteen-twentieths of the community, that a madhouse was a place for the cure, but only for the imprisonment and restraint of the deranged inmates. I looked upon the stripes with which they were inflicted—the bands, fetters, and chains with which they were bound and tortured—to be requisite for subduing them, and preventing the diseases from gaining greater ascendancy. Perhaps I was about to become a convert to a doctrine which was prevalent amongst the hardened keepers of the establishment—that the insane have not generally the sensibilities to bodily pain with which persons of sound mind are endowed; and that therefore the lacerations of the thong—the cuttings by the whip—the piercings and squeezings of the obdurate iron—were not so severe to the flesh of the maniac as the thought of these cruelties is to those who have no knowledge of such beings. What need to pain one's self about the exposure to freezing cold of the naked person of the raving madman, who tears the clothes from his back; or about his being chained by the ankles upon a mass of wetted and filthy straw, in a cell where the fresh air never enters and the light of day is not seen? Much less would a man, who has a multitude of lunatics to look after, concern himself about the speechless idiot who knows nothing of the calls of nature, and is only a senseless burden in the world. With the lash put sense into the insane pauper, or, if that fail, let him be got rid of as a nuisance. If, however, the patient be of a higher rank, and a handsome sum is paid for his board and keeping, why the longer he remains uncured the better, and therefore it would be folly to trouble one's self with the application of sanatory measures. The relatives and next of kin do not want to be pestered with him again at their firesides; so let him remain with us to the end of the chapter!

Sentiments similar to these were beginning to gain an influence over me, and to chase away such natural humanity as I had previously been in some measure swayed by, when Mr. Hastings was brought to Bangor Lodge. I was at the period in my seventeenth year, strongly built, of ready action, and of dauntless courage. Besides, I had obtained from Mr. Hughes and his underlings considerable credit for keeping certain of the patients quiet when I was in converse with them; and as it was the stories of such unfortunates as had at one

time moved in the more distinguished and marked circles, I chiefly cultivated their confidence and goodwill. I looked upon Mr. Hughes as a prince among the masters of madhouses—admiring his resources, his stratagems, and his generous sentiments whenever he talked of such public grievances as excited society at the time; while he, on the other hand, was pleased to find that I was an apt as well as an admiring pupil, and might, ere many years elapsed, become his substitute, easing him of anxiety and toil, and yet keeping up the character of the establishment.

There were two circumstances which helped to sustain the celebrity of Bangor Lodge, although neither of them ought really to have any permanent weight. The first of these was the inviting exterior of the institution, the handsome yet antique architecture of the building, and its presumed extraordinary spaciousness, from the range which its frontage and wings took. Then there were such inviting grounds round the lodge, such beautiful shrubberies and shaded walks, such a well-kept garden, as were most pleasing to contemplate.

The other circumstance referred to was the tact with which the inside was exhibited to those who obtained admission. If the taste of the visitor—a gratuity to the guide being always expected, such donations, in the course of the year, amounting to a sum so considerable as paid the wages of the servants, keepers, and guides—was that of a greedy sight-hunter, Mr. Hughes did not at all think it on inhuman practice to expose the greatest misery with which our nature is afflicted, to any idler who could afford to pay the expected fee. Accordingly, the dismal mansions of those who were in the most horrid state of incurable madness were opened, in order to astonish such persons as could listen to the wildest and most shocking impressions, and witness the clanking of chains. The thing was done in the manner that is adopted by those who keep wild beasts for show.

If, however, the visitor expressed a wish to view the patients who were not dangerous to themselves or others, Mr. Hughes had a quarter where he considered amusement and entertaining circumstances would predominate; so that such patients would be shown, as the man who made pendulums with a bit of thread and little balls of clay—who would delineate the segment of a circle on the wall with chalk, and mark their different vibrations by intersecting it with cross lines. Having painted out

such a poor creature, the stranger would be told that the crazed person had once been a very celebrated mathematician, and that he fell a sacrifice to the theory of comets; that having with infinite labour formed a table on the theories of Sir Isaac Newton, but that having been disappointed in the return of one of the luminaries, he was very soon after obliged to be placed in the Bangor Lodge by his friends. Or, again, would be pointed out as such an unfortunate person as was continually scrawling a variety of figures on a piece of slate, consisting of different columns, on the top of which would be marked "India Stock" and "Three per Cent. Annuities Consol." The explanation would follow, that this individual was once a gentleman very well known in Change alley; that he was once worth fifty thousand pounds, and had actually agreed for the purchase of an estate, but that having quarrelled with the seller relative to some preliminary repairs, he returned to his old trade of stock-jobbing a little longer, when an unlucky fluctuation of stock, in which he was engaged to an immense extent, reduced him at once to poverty and madness.

If the purpose of the visitant was to judge for himself concerning the system of treatment pursued at Bangor Lodge, then it was the convalescent that were exhibited—the clean and tidy—and such, especially, as happened to be favourites with the master of the institution, and who would speak well of him. But most sedulous caution was observed not to let any of the more revolting scenes and terrible horrors be seen, much less the specimens of cruelty and vengeful barbarity that were daily and hourly perpetrated. In fact, it was a long time before I myself, the *Discharged*, had access at all to the worst kinds of cells and dormitories of the establishment; and it will also, in the course of these revelations, appear that for some of the pauper inmates, who were paid for niggardly enough by their respective parishes, there was only a damp, dark, and nauseous vault, that, but for a mere accident, never would have been known to exist by the visiting authorities, who were, at best, only superficial scrutinizers and careless censors. The vault was unfit for swine, or the most filthy and loathsome creature that crawls.

Such were some of the reasons why the establishment at Bangor Lodge was regarded with extraordinary favour. It was often cited by the respectable persons who had



paid it a visit—the politeness and humane manner of Mr. Hughes being a very general subject of praise—as a model for a lunatic asylum. Drs. Andrews and Mason kept puffing it to the skies from time to time, in the newspapers and periodicals, frequently describing miraculous cures said to have been effected by means of the extraordinary skill and kindness of Mr. Hughes, and the peculiar system adopted by him; and often, also, comparing the Lodge with others most flatteringly; even confessing that during the superintendence of the said Mr. Hughes, the establishment and its methods had undergone continual and vast improvements, science and profound study, as well as a most enlightened humanity, having ever been his guides.

I had been for several months almost a daily visiter at Bangor Lodge, when Mr. Hastings was brought and made one of its inmates. I remember the precise day, well, because of the ill-fated young gentleman; for although there usually was a great deal of secrecy observed by Mr. Hughes and his servants, and very much of mystery at first with regard to the rank, condition, and personal circumstances of a new-comer, when the individual belonged to the upper classes of society; yet I had acquired such a familiarity with the under-keepers—thanks to my over-indulgent widowed mother, who was lavish in furnishing me with pocket-money—and also such favour with the head of the house, that on the poor young gentleman's arrival I was immediately made acquainted with the fact, and, through the two men who had been directly employed in the seizure of him, with many of the particulars of his history. With regard to his illness and behaviour on the road they were more minute, and in their speculations about the likelihood of his cure; but still more especially concerning the efforts which might be used for his deliverance, did the fellows manifest an extraordinary interest and anxiety.

“Mr. Hughes will have to look well to it,” said one of them, when rendered rather too communicative to me by his use of his glass; “for should Roberts, the country surgeon, blab, and turn King's evidence against us and the lady who has been most eager in the business, there will be a pretty ado. However, they can never touch Bill, my fellow-servant, nor me, for we did merely what we were commanded to perform, expecting to be paid accordingly.”

I had not become so callous as the keepers to the wrongs and the cruelties perpetrated upon maniacs, although—viewing

the ends and modes of treatment to be observed towards such unfortunates as being chiefly for the purpose of subduing their violence, and obtaining an early authority over them, so as to beget a pervading fear—I did not shudder, as now I do, at the thoughts of the monstrous misusage to which many of the inmates of Bangor Lodge were at that period constantly subjected. Besides, the interest which I took in the patients arose at the time more from the particulars and incidents to be gleaned of their former history, than from any idea that I could alleviate their condition, or be of any service to them. But when I found that the keepers could talk coolly of kidnapping a gentleman whom they did not pronounce to have been at the moment, nor previously, in an unsound state of mind, my suspicions were at once awakened, my indignation could not but be aroused; and, from that moment, I set my mind earnestly to work, with the view of discovering how I might deliver Mr. Hastings, should I find that he was in no respect insane, unless through the barbarities of which he had been the martyr. It also, from that instant, entered strongly into my design to labour for the discovery of any other individuals within the establishment, who might have been the victims of foul conspiracy, and immured merely to serve some base intent. Over and above all this, ere long I contemplated, the possibility of introducing mildness and tender humanity, instead of torture and coercion, as means of recovery, even in apparently the most desperate cases. At the same time, along with all my sudden and changed enthusiasm in behalf of Herbert Hastings and the insane of whatever degree, I clearly perceived the difficulties that stood in my way, and the necessity for caution, leisurely procedure, and concealment of motive.

“Arouse but once the suspicion of Mr. Hughes, or of his underlings,” said I to myself, “that either I entertain feelings towards the confined inmates of the Lodge different from theirs, or that I disapprove of the system of treatment pursued in any one case, and the moment they make the discovery of my disposition or my opinion will be the last that I ever shall be permitted to approach a patient in the establishment, so as to be of the slightest service to the poor creatures.”

Mr. Hastings arrived, having been brought from Oxford without being allowed to repose at that stage above one night. They had travelled thence at a rapid rate, to the imminent peril of his life. He was still in

such a state of excitement and delirium, that, although much emaciated and enfeebled—having, besides his mental and bodily sufferings, been unable to swallow any considerable nutriment—he alternately gave way to paroxysms of rage and to utter exhaustion.

“He is at times,” said one of the keepers, “as tame and gentle as a lamb; but at others he is like a mad dog, biting and howling in a way not to be put up with.”

“We must have the tantrums taken out of him,” said the other. “It is of no manner of use beating or binding him. I wonder where a gentleman like him can have learnt such vulgar violence as he shows the will to commit. In fact, there will be no sleep or rest got near him, so long as he is not mastered within, as well as in respect of teeth and limbs. He must be brought to a proper understanding, and then, I dare say, he will prove as quiet and agreeable as the reverend gentleman who has been these six years with us.”

“True!” cried the previous speaker; “I well recollect how the parson was got under; and he, at first, resembled very much this young man. I have an idea that master intends the same system the next time that Hastings is obstreperous.”

“What system is that?” inquired the man who was so communicative to me when in his cups.

“It is the application of the pump,” answered the other, chuckling with laughter. “It is an excellent remedy. The more freezing cold the weather is, the better. How it makes them gasp!”

The reverend gentleman’s disorder was that of febrile delirium, occasioned by the conspiracy of relatives against his liberty, and the cruelty inflicted by the keepers of a private madhouse. He had already been six years at Bangor Lodge; but towards his liberation I was at length instrumental.

The difficulty here was to find any attorney who would take up such a cause. It was refused over and over again, by different legal practitioners, on account of the uncertainty of payment; nor was it undertaken at last, but through the charitable and benevolent feeling of a professional gentleman, procured through my representation, who accomplished the liberation of the unfortunate clergyman by a trick.

How callous, in general, did I find the relatives of patients in a madhouse about visiting the poor creatures, even though they might have had no base aim in sending the insane thither. Surely duty, if not feeling, should urge former friends to attend

to, and watch over, such unhappy persons. They are perfectly dead to all the intercourse of social life; and worse than dead, with respect to the impression their fate leaves on the minds of those with whom they at one time most closely and affectionately associated. When a man loses a friend, the first burst of grief being at an end, he fosters and encourages every idea that leads his mind to the recollection of the departed dear one; whereas, every thought connected with insanity, is so degrading to our nature, and so humbling to our pride, that the majority make a point of keeping it from their minds.

The trick by which the clergyman came to be liberated was this. The attorney laid a plan for the unfortunate gentleman to go to an oculist, where he was sent in a hackney coach with a keeper. The clergyman asked the keeper to let him drive to the house of a friend, and he meant to the house of the attorney, who took him in, and shut the door upon the keeper.

During the time of the clergyman’s confinement, he had constantly and reiteratedly applied to the commissioners appointed, according to the law, by the College of Physicians, for his liberation. But the only terms upon which they would allow him to go out, were those of acknowledging himself to have been insane.

But the reverend gentleman was not so easily to get off; Mr. Hughes applying by a writ of *habeas corpus* against the attorney to bring him up to the Court of King’s Bench, which was answered by the clergyman, who was set by the side of his counsel, to be dealt with as the court might direct. The chief justice said, in the first instance, that the unfortunate gentleman must return to the place from which he had escaped.

“But I must not take him in,” said Hughes, “without a certificate;” and he applied to his lordship to sign such a document.

“This I must not do,” answered the chief justice; “for the act of parliament directs that none but a medical man can sign a certificate of the kind. I will call upon the clergyman’s attorney, that he find a certificate of his client’s insanity.”

“I stand here,” exclaimed the attorney, “to show and demonstrate that my client has never been of unsound mind; and, therefore, I cannot be a party to a certificate that he is otherwise.”

The clergyman was obliged to go from one term to the next into another private madhouse, when he again appeared before the Court of King’s Bench, with affidavits

from his last keeper, and various physicians, of his being perfectly sane. Amongst the physicians who signed such affidavits was one who, amongst others, had been a visiting commissioner, and had frequently refused his liberation when applied to. The result, however, now was, that the outraged gentleman was set at liberty, when he returned to his living in the country.

## CHAPTER XI.

### FEBRILE DELIRIUM AND MANIA.

I HAD not much difficulty in obtaining admission to the apartment into which Mr. Hastings had been carried. He was labouring under febrile delirium, as my studies have since made clear to me. Now, such delirium is not mania. True, the functions of the brain are disturbed in each; but they differ so widely in their causes, progress, and determination, that the propriety of distinguishing them from each other is of the greatest importance.

Delirium may occur suddenly, but generally comes on gradually; the mental disorder becoming more intense, and the intervals between its returns of shorter duration. The patient lies on his back; his eyes, if open, presenting a dull and listless look, and is almost constantly talking to himself in a muttering tone. Regardless of persons or things around him, and scarcely capable of recognizing them when aroused, by his attendants, his mind retires within itself to dwell upon the scenes and events of the by-gone times which pass before it in wild and disorderly array. In some cases, as in that of Mr. Hastings, delirium is attended with a greater degree of excitement; the eyes being open, dry, and bloodshot, intently gazing into vacancy, as if fixed upon some object which is really present to the mind of the patient. He talks loudly, occasionally breaking out into vociferations, tossing about in bed, and frequently endeavouring to get up. It was when Mr. Hastings was now in this state that Mr. Hughes and his keepers resolved on calming him by horrible measures.

So closely does delirium resemble mania to the casual observer, and so important is it that they should be distinguished from each other, that it may be well to indicate some of the most common and prominent features of each. In mania, the patient recognizes persons, and things, and is per-

fectly conscious of, and remembers what is passing around him. In delirium, when it has made great advances, he can seldom distinguish one person or thing from another; and, as if fully occupied with the images that crowd upon his memory, gives little or no attention to those that are presented from without. It sometimes revives the impressions of the past which had seemed long before to have been consigned to utter oblivion, in a manner unknown in a state of health.

I remember the case of one patient, where his delirium had been taken for mania, who, when he was convalescent after an injury of the head, spoke a language which no one who came near him could understand, but which was at last ascertained to be Welch. It then was discovered that he was from the Principality, but had been absent from his native country about thirty years, during which period he had entirely forgotten his mother tongue, and acquired the English language. But when he had completely recovered, he had forgotten the words of speech he had been so long and recently in the habit of employing, and acquired that which he had originally learned and lost. Dr. Rush mentions, among many other similar instances, that the old Swedes of Philadelphia, when on their deathbeds, would always pray in their native tongue, though they had not spoken it for fifty or sixty years, and had probably forgotten it before they were sick.

In delirium, there is an entire abolition of the reasoning power. There is no attempt at reasoning at all; the ideas are all equally insane; no single train of thought escapes the morbid influence, nor does a single operation of the mind reveal a glimpse of its natural vigor, its wonted acuteness, or its original feelings and passions. In mania, however false and absurd the idea may be, you are never at a loss to discover patches of coherence, and some semblance of logical sequence in the discourse. The patient still reasons, although he reasons incorrectly. In mania, sensation is not necessarily impaired, and, in most cases, the patient hears, sees, and feels with all his natural acuteness. In delirium, sensation is greatly impaired, and this avenue to the understanding seems to be closed. In mania, many of the bodily functions are undisturbed, and the appearance of the patient might not, at first sight, convey the impression of disease. Mania exists alone and independent of any other disorder, while delirium is only an unsentential symptom of some other disease.



Being a symptom only, the latter maintains certain relations with the disease on which it depends; it is relieved when that is relieved, and is aggravated when that increases in severity. Mania, though it undoubtedly tends to shorten life, is not immediately dangerous; whereas, the disease on which delirium depends, speedily terminates in death, or restoration to health. Mania never occurs till after the age of puberty; delirium attacks all periods alike, from early childhood to extreme old age.

A word more, as it is the purpose of the Discharged Officer to convey instruction for ordinary life, and sterling moral lessons, as well as to expose the horrors of madhouses, with their mysteries, and also to record the ameliorations of late years, with their beautiful and beneficent results. The law requires that, in febrile delirium, as in mania, the occurrence of lucid intervals should be proved beyond a reasonable doubt; but, as the former affection is merely an adventitious symptom, and not, like mania, the habitual state of the patient, it will be satisfied with much less proof in the one than in the other. An eminent judge has said that: "In cases of permanent proper insanity, the proof of a lucid interval is matter of extreme difficulty, and for this, among many other reasons, that the patient so affected is not unfrequently *rational* to all outward appearance, without any real abatement to his malady; so that, in truth and substance, he is just as insane, in his apparently rational, as he is in his visible, raving fits. But the *apparently* rational intervals of persons merely delirious, for the most part, are *really* such. Delirium is a fluctuating state of mind excited by temporary excitement; in the absence of which, to be ascertained by the appearance of the patient, the patient is, most commonly, *really* sane. Hence, as also, indeed, from their greater presumed frequency in most instances in cases of delirium, the probabilities in favour of a lucid interval are infinitely stronger in a case of delirium than in one of permanent proper insanity; and the difficulty of proving a lucid interval is less, in the same exact proportion, in the former, than it is in the latter case."

The malady of Mr. Hastings, when I first had access to him, had passed from the violence of a brain fever, caused by the barbarities at first practised upon his body, to the derangement of the action of the nerves and blood-vessels, and the tortures of the mind, into febrile delirium. While in this latter condition at Bangor Lodge, ever thing seemed to be studiously made to

conspire towards the hastening of his dissolution. For example, he was placed in a cell, where one of the most ferocious maniacs that ever existed was his fellow lodger. In fact, this terrible being was the type, so to speak, of that extraordinary criminal and madman, Patrick Walsh, a native of Castlebar, in Ireland, who was admitted into Bethlem Hospital in 1818.

## CHAPTER XII.

PATRICK WALSH.\*

THIS ferocious maniac from the first period of his confinement, had uniformly evinced a character of desperation, vengeance, and sanguinary cruelty scarcely conceivable, even under the deplorable frenzy by which he was afflicted; and more characteristic of a tiger than a human being, even deprived of the rational faculties.

Indeed his history, previously to his confirmed insanity, was marked by a disposition naturally fierce and cruel; and it is not improbable that the intolerable stings of a tortured conscience, reflecting on the sanguinary deeds in which he had been an active accomplice, formed the source of that frenzy which neither length of years, the natural abatement of passion, coercion, nor mild treatment, were able to mitigate in the slightest degree.

This wretched man was a ringleader of the mutinous and inruderous crew of his Majesty's frigate the *Hermione*, commanded by Captain Pigott, who, with his officers, was massacred by that crew, in 1797. This

\* See "Sketches in Bedlam." The *Discharged Officer* will frequently introduce into the chapters of the "Mysteries of Bedlam," authentic cases, in accordance with the promise of presenting the "Annals of Madhouses," without a word of fiction on his part. These, as well as short disquisitions, of a plain and practical nature, belonging to the medical and jurisprudential branches of the subject, may be thrown, it is thought with advantage, into the framework formed by the tale; creating a deeper and more solid interest than generally attaches to the cheap weekly publications. Still, the exposure of the cruelties and abuses which at one time prevailed in madhouses, and which—after all that has been done by the legislature, and pronounced by the press and the public voice, are not yet wholly abolished throughout the country—will constitute the principal object and feature of the work.

lamentable catastrophe took place in the West Indies, on the 22d September, when the captain and all his officers, (excepting the surgeon and master's mate,) with most part of the marines on board, were murdered. One of the principal mutineers was Pigott's own cockswain, who had sailed with him for four years; and this fellow found his way into the captain's cabin, when he was fast asleep, and cut off his head, while his accomplices were at their bloody work in other parts of the ship. The miscreants afterwards carried the frigate into Laguira, and sold her to the Spanish government. In the course of the war, much the greater number of the mutineers were taken on board of other ships, and suffered the punishment justly due to their crimes.

Walsh, the maniac, however, escaped that fate; and from the stories elicited from him, at intervals more lucid and less furious, it appeared that he had been afterwards both in the British army and navy, and deserted several times from each. By his own account, he had murdered with his own hand, *nine or ten* persons. He acknowledged to have been a ringleader in the mutiny on board the *Hermione*; and being asked his motives, he said the treatment by his officers was so tyrannical, that he and his shipmates could stand it no longer. The project, he said, was first started by a butcher on board, who belonged to the forecastle. This man came and consulted with Walsh and a few others, who agreed on the terrible enormity; and one day the parties rushed from between decks, seized the ship, effected the massacre, carried the ship into Laguira, sold her, and divided the purchase-money amongst them. After he had spent his share of the money, he rambled about the colony; and when all was gone, he contrived to find his way to England, where he enlisted in a regiment of dragoons. He deserted from that, and enlisted in the 42d Highland regiment, and was with Sir Ralph Abercrombie in Egypt. He deserted again, and entered as a seaman on board one of his Majesty's ships, from which he was afterwards drafted on board the *Victory*, and was close to the immortal Nelson when he fell in the fight of Trafalgar.

From the first time of his confinement in the Bethlem Hospital, it had been found necessary to keep him always strongly ironed; notwithstanding which, he found means to kill two persons in Old Bethlem and Hoxton, before he was removed to Bedlam. For a long time after his admission into the new establishment, he con-

ducted himself with tolerable calmness, and was under no very great restraint, until April, 1820. About that time the commissioners of the roads had given to the governors of the Hospital a large quantity of road drift, for the purpose of raising the lower part of the airing-ground, which was low and damp. Amongst this rubbish were unfortunately brought in the blade of an old knife and one half of an old pair of scissors. These were discovered by Walsh, and he carefully concealed them, until he found private opportunities of grinding the knife to a sharp edge and point, like the killing-knife of a hog-butcher; and watching a treacherous opportunity, when no one could have the slightest suspicion of his purpose, on Sunday, the 30th of April, 1820, he sprang with fury upon a sickly patient, named Dennis Leonard, while sitting down; and before he was observed, or could be prevented, he inflicted upon the poor man twelve or fourteen wounds, many of which were mortal. The poor victim was carried into the house, but expired almost immediately.

A coroner's inquest was held on the body, who returned a verdict of wilful murder against Walsh; but agreed to add that he was in a state of frantic derangement when he committed the act. He was, however, taken to Guildford, in Surrey, to be tried at the assizes for the murder; but the grand jury of the county, on inquiring into the circumstances, ignored the bill, and the maniac was sent back to the hospital. This fatal occurrence was the first burst of his ferocity since he had been admitted, and ever after he was kept in constant restraint. He was naturally a man of powerful strength, which was greatly increased by the paroxysms of his frenzy. He had put on him at first a pair of handcuffs, of extraordinary strength, made purposely for himself, which he broke in a very short time. The keeper then put on him, by order, two pairs of the common handcuffs; but these, within two hours afterwards, he smashed into a hundred pieces. It was then found necessary to contrive other means for his restriction, consisting of an iron cincture that surrounded his waist, with strong handcuffs attached to it, sufficient to check his powers of manual mischief, but with liberty enough for all his requisite occasions of food, drink, taking snuff, &c., &c. Such were the means for his restraint by day—not intended to be painful to him, but merely for the safety of others. At night it was found necessary to fasten him by one hand and leg to his bedstead, with strong

locks and chains. He was never permitted to associate with any other of the patients. He went out alone into the airing-ground every morning until breakfast-time. Afterwards he was kept alone until bed-time, when he was locked up in his own room, the door of which was made of remarkable strength, for he would break through the common bed-room doors instantly.

Bloodshed and massacre were the common topics of his frenzied discourse, and seemed to afford him high gratification and delight.

After the murder of poor Leonard, he used to declare repeatedly, "that he was as pleased at what he had done, as if he had got all the riches of India, for that it made his mind happy and contented." His vengeance against the poor victim was excited by some dispute about religion. Leonard, he said, had spoken profanely of the Almighty and the Virgin Mary (in a language not to be repeated). This was the cause of his anger, and he had waited for an opportunity of punishment until the fatal day when it was accomplished. He rejoiced at what he had done. He told the coroner's jury, that if he could obtain the king's crown, and all the riches of the universe, he would not forego the pleasure of killing him; for all would be nothing to the ease of mind he felt in putting him out of the way. Yet he would sometimes say, but evidently in dissimulation, "that he was sorry for killing the poor lad;" hoping by his pretended contrition to obtain some snuff, of which he was passionately fond.

But his propensity to mischief, malice, and personal abuse, were as incessant as his taste for bloodshed and slaughter. He had contrived, notwithstanding his restriction, of hands and feet, to break above seventy panes of glass within two years.

He was constantly venting blasphemous imprecations and the grossest abuse against his fellow patients, whose names he knew or adapted others to them. Even his very dreams, when he slept, were occupied with scenes of fury and vengeance. When he dreamed of having murdered any, and sometimes all of the patients, whom he named, he awoke quite pleased, and detailed the scene with much satisfaction. He thought he had a sword, with which he first cut all their throats, and then walked round them to see which should live longest; that when they were all dead, or nearly so, he split their skulls, and transposed their brains, those of one to the skull of another of them. He then ripped up their bellies, and changed their entrails in like manner; and then he hung and burned them all; but the only

thing that grieved him, was to hear them all talking in the gallery next morning. He stamped and raved most of the day, and nearly all night, with a piece of blanket crammed into his mouth, gnawing and tearing the souls of the other patients out, as he imagined and termed it. He would pick up pieces of glass, old nails, bones, and spoons, which he ground to a point—stones of a convenient size for flinging, and indeed every thing that was likely to enable him to do mischief, to which he was always inclined, if he had an opportunity.

He stamped on the ground like a cart-horse, which had rendered his feet almost as hard as hoofs, and gladdened himself with the idea that he was trampling some of the objects of his malice under his feet. He would sometimes turn with the wildest ferocity to some particular spot, where he pictured to his disordered mind some of those objects of his vengeance prostrate; and then jumped and stamped with the wildest rage, exclaiming: "Die, you rascals; die, and be damned!"—"Hang him up!"—"Jump his soul out!"—"Ha, you vagabond, die!"—with numberless other expressions of rage and revenge; and this fit over, he would come away, seemingly quite pleased, singing and whistling, elated beyond description, until he conjured up another imaginary group, on whom he repeated in fancy the same operations. Every voice he heard he supposed to be some one abusing him; and even the ducks in the pond he charged with calling him abusive names, and abused them in his turn in furious terms, telling the steward, with an oath, that if he could get at them he would tear out their windpipes. He would swear and blaspheme most shockingly—talk most impiously; but any topic of murder and bloodshed was his chief delight. He was a strong hardy fellow—his aspect wild, brutal, and terrific beyond description; presenting a hideous and appalling specimen of the human savage deprived of reason, and exposed to all the hurricanes of unbridled passions and the delusions of a bewildered fancy.

There was in Bedlam during the time that Walsh was there confined, but one patient who came near to him in ferocity. This was a Greek; the only name by which he was known being Thomas English. Walsh called him a "lousy Spaniard." This unfortunate foreigner, who had been tried at the Old Bailey, 1811, on an indictment for cutting and wounding a haker, with intent to do him a violent bodily harm, was one of the most turbulent, noisy, and



furious patients in the establishment. He was constantly on the fret, or in perpetual vociferation: which, from his countenance and gestures, seemed to be complaint or abuse. His utterance, however, was so highly impassioned and rapid, that, even if his language had been intelligible, no listening or intellect of his auditors could have followed him fast enough to collect his meaning. Yet as he did not know a single word of English, and spoke in a dialect dissimilar to any known language of Europe, all the caustic of his eloquence was lost in mere sounds, and fell harmless on the feelings of those he would abuse.

As already stated, this was the only man in the hospital who approached Walsh in fury. Indeed, the Irish maniac seemed to catch fire from the Greek's language, at the same time manifesting towards the wretched foreigner the most vengeful animosity.

That part of the criminal wing where the Greek was confined, overlooked the airing-ground for the hospital patients, where the terrible Walsh was permitted to walk by himself for two hours every morning. The Greek's apartment was one story from the ground. Walsh would hear him raving at his window, and would fly instantly to the spot, when a curious and most formidable scene was acted. They would view each other with mutual fury. Their eyes flashing fire, they would commence a highly impassioned dialogue of reciprocal resentment and abuse, which, however, was mutually unintelligible, excepting so far as the pantomime of gesture, grimace, and vocal intonation could express meaning. The Greek, all the while in the most violent rage, would attempt to force his way through the iron window-bars to get at his antagonist. Walsh, with equal rage and eagerness, would spring and jump up, to reach him, if possible, and then run round the corner and back again, in search of some avenue that might lead him to his opponent. But disappointed in his purpose, he would kick up his shoes at the foreigner, spit at him with venomous malignity, until his fancy was wrought up to a belief that he had caught hold of his enemy. Imagining that he had got the Greek down, and under his foot, he would stamp the ground with all the energy of an exasperated horse, and exclaim, with fury, "Die, you thieving, rascally Spaniard! Die, you villainous Spanish vagabond!"

By this time the Greek was generally taken from the window by his keeper; and Walsh, supposing from his silence that he was dead, would come away, singing

and exulting that he had put an end to him.

If it had been possible for the two to have come into unrestrained contact, the conflict would have been dreadful: mutual destruction, no doubt, would have been the consequence of a combat waged by these infuriated men.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE TORTURED.

IF reference be made to the reports of the Select Parliamentary Committees appointed some years since to consider the provision to be made for the better regulation of madhouses in England, and the evidence obtained on these occasions concerning the sad condition and treatment of the unfortunate inmates of these asylums, the enormities disclosed to our view are truly horrifying. The question which the Committee of the House of Commons had to investigate on these occasions was, whether a large proportion of these unfortunate persons, comprehending individuals of almost every rank in society, should be restored to the condition of human beings, or left to languish under sufferings that have no parallel but in the atrocities of a slave-ship, or the dungeons of the Inquisition: stripes, fetters, cold, darkness, solitude. The absence of every bodily comfort and mental enjoyment had been long the established discipline of receptacles for the insane; and the unhappy patient, already suffering under the most awful visitation to which our nature is exposed, was the victim of this complicated misery—not incidentally for hours, days, or weeks, but in general for the whole term of his wretched existence. The period is not remote when the subjects and victims of mania were regarded as beings unsusceptible of mental enjoyment, or of bodily pain; and accordingly consigned, without remorse, to prisons, under the name of madhouses, in the contrivance of which nothing seems to have been considered, but how to inclose the victim of insanity in a cell, and to cover his misery from the light of day. Insanity until recently was viewed as a disease over which kind and considerate treatment and medicine could exert but little control; so that the asylums to which its wretched victims were sent, were calculated to aggravate rather than cure the fearful malady. The miserable and degraded state to which

some of the fairest and most amiable portions of our fellow-creatures had, for a succession of years, been reduced by the cruel and absurd notions which then prevailed, are revolting and harrowing to our finer feelings, in the deepest degree.

"I visited," says Sir A. Halliday, "a few days ago, the cells of the Edinburgh Bedlam, in company with Dr. Spurzheim. We found fifty-four individuals in that abode of misery, two-thirds of them females, having had scarcely a sufficiency of rags to cover their nakedness, and even the shreds that remained appeared not to have been cleaned for months. In a distant cell we discovered a woman worn out by the violence of her disease, stretched on a straw pallet, and sinking rapidly into the grave. A rat was perched upon her bed. I will not affirm that this animal attempted to mangle the exhausted body of the dying maniac, but the sight was horrible. Spurzheim exclaimed, 'that palaces were provided for the accommodation of the greatest villains and disturbers of society, while those unfortunate beings were left in misery; and I am a living witness that the swine of Germany are better cared for!'"

Doubtless much of the evil which existed in those asylums arose from the very absurd regulations which vested in the hands of the governors, the medical and other arrangements. Even so late as 1814, the governors of Bethlem Hospital, London, declared, "that all patients chained there were incurable!" though, in one year after, 1815, when a mild and altered treatment had been for some time in operation, there remained but one lunatic chained. In the year just named, the question "What constitutes an incurable case?" was put to the apothecary of Bethlem; to which he replied: "After a residence of twelve months, if such person has exhibited symptoms of malevolence, or is mischievous, and it is considered necessary that society be delivered from him, he is declared incurable." And this, too, in the nineteenth century!

At the White House, Bethnal Green, the custom was to chain the unfortunate inmates every Saturday afternoon, at four o'clock, and leave them so until eight o'clock on Monday.

In 1827, a Mr. Hall visited the infirmary of this establishment, and found it so filthy that he could not breathe in it. "I was obliged to hold my breath while I staid to take a short survey of the room."

The evidence of John Nettle is scarcely to be credited in a civilized community.

"When Mr. Warburton came to have the infirmary cleaned," says he, "I turned the straw out of the cribs, and there were maggots at the bottoms of them, where the sick lay."

"Yet the infirmaries of these asylums were a kind of sanctuary, where none but the elect were admitted.

"Did they ever admit any paupers to this infirmary?" was a question which was put to Nettle.

"No, never," he replied.

This indifference was not confined merely to the resident attendants; it extended to the visitors, who, according to the law, were appointed from the College of Physicians.

"Did you ever visit the infirmary?" was a question put to one of these official gentlemen.

"I do not know that I have," was the answer.

"You can give no information to the committee?" was next asked.

"No, I cannot," was the gentleman's admission; "whether I have seen the infirmary or not, I do not know."

And yet such men were continued in their vocations for a series of years.

One person states, in his evidence, that when he visited a certain madhouse, by order of a certain parish, he found five cribrums that he knew nothing of before. In this state it was reported to have remained for twenty-seven years, according to the statute. In this horrid place there was an unfortunate man, of the name of Norris, cased in iron for a period of nine years; and, in 1814, there were, in the women's ward, ten patients chained by one leg and one arm to the wall—the chain merely allowing them to stand up or sit down. Their entire covering was a blanket tied like a gown.

The *Discharged Officer* has diverged from the current of his tale, and the regular sequence of events, by introducing matter that came to his knowledge, and the results of a long experience, as well as of matured reflection at later periods, in order, by means of authentic and accurate statements, to strengthen his story, and to confer a verisimilitude upon all that may follow, when ceasing to cite real facts in the precise manner, time, and place where they occurred, and when avoiding the mention of genuine names.

Mr. Hastings was tortured with worse than chains of brass or iron; for, after his merciless incarceration within one of the strong rooms of Bangor Lodge, he no

sooner manifested a tendency to convalescence, by the utterance of coherent language of remonstrance and complaint, than measures were adopted in the way of grossest outrage to his feelings as well as to his person, in order, as it afterwards will appear, to render him absolutely demented, and this permanently; or, if this attempt failed, to wear out and snap the thread of life.

"Let him sort with our most furious maniac," must have been Mr. Hughes's inward language; "we know nothing of his gentility now: for such is the wish of his step-daughter. Let him have for companion our hyæna!"

If this was not the mental utterance and reasoning of the master-keeper of Bangor Lodge, his treatment of Mr. Hastings spoke aloud such language; nor can it be doubted, from what afterwards transpired, but that his cupidity was bribed towards this monstrous course. His obdurate and hardened heart had been so much more than usually worked upon by the gold and the gilded promises of the malign woman, that he had gone with reckless resolution into the conspiracy against the heir and owner of Howarth House; and having once stepped into the crime to a great depth, like other villains of indurated or desperate feeling, he was of the mind that it would be fully as easy and safe to march forward in the heinous career, to the destruction of the unfortunate young gentleman, as it would be to retrace his steps.

"And where is the danger?" Hughes must have asked himself. "I have the means of screening me from investigation and detection which none but people in my position can command. It is to Andrews and Mason that the grumblers must look. Yes, let the doctors be answerable. I have known many cases as bad as this—some worse, and the world never to have heard of them."

Whether these were the precise trains of thought and purpose pursued by the conspirator—Hughes, of Bangor Lodge—with the view to destroy his victim, as already stated, his procedure demonstrated that designs not less fiendish and unrelenting swayed him wholly. Daniel Crouch, the hyæna, as they christened the fiercest maniac at the time at Bangor Lodge, was introduced and ordered to be established within the same gloomy chamber—although not the most appalling of the cells—where Mr. Hastings was placed. Was it strange, then, that the unfortunate young gentleman, whose brain still reeled, and whose

thoughts wildly raved, should be carried further into the regions of delirious fancy, when night and day the maniac, almost within arm's-length of him, ceased scarcely ever to shriek or howl his anathemas, and his horrid imaginings, and to clank his chains, till the very iron seemed to enter the soul even of the occasional visitor? Mr. Hastings became exceedingly ill, and more than ever needful of gentle, considerate treatment. Yet, what was the measure proposed and ordered for adoption but the pump, under the pretence that any thing in the shape of a cold shower-bath was frequently a sovereign remedy for the species of mania under which, it was alleged, the young gentleman laboured?

Well do I remember the morning when this monstrous measure was to be carried out, to the imminent peril of the gentleman's life. It appeared to me at the time a very dangerous experiment. It now looks to me, when made much more fully acquainted with human nature, the constitution of man, and the mysteries of the madhouse, as having been one of the most horrid deeds of barbarity, and pitiless, wanton cruelty, that ever was perpetrated. Was it not like leading the helpless victim to the sacrifice, where the offering is to Moloch? It was an enormity such as the great enemy of mankind himself must have suggested, feasting himself over the terrible wrong.

Unresistingly at the first was the much emaciated young gentleman borne to the yard where many of the patients were in the habit of performing their ablations; and where, frequently, too, some had to do a sort of penance, by having to remain in the cold, chained to rings and links in the prison-like walls. There, too, it was a common practice to inflict stripes and scourgings; so that it might be called the "place of screams and howls—of yells and writhing!"

To this stone-cased and Bastille-looking yard, where reared its pillar the antique pump, was Mr. Hastings carried on a cold, raw autumnal morning, before even a beam of the sun had reached the pavement of the damp and chilling inclosure. Apparently more dead than alive was he, and, while in a state of complete nudity, they forced him under the copious and crystal stream of water, which, almost at a freezing point, was drawn from the well below. But, enfeebled and listless as the young and monstrously misused young gentleman was at the first, the very earliest gush that dashed upon his bare head and shoulders, stream-



ing down his crouching body, seemed to strike him as if a spear had entered his flesh; so that he bolted from the hands of the keepers who had been holding him down to the spot. Unavailing effort! A moment after, he is again in the ruffian-grasp of the wretches; and, having in a few moments exhausted all the muscular power to which his diseased nerves could lend an impulse, he is brought to his former position, and made to endure, for several minutes, the savage torture inflicted by means of that element with which, in its purity, the mind is wont to combine so many pleasing associations. Soon did his shudderings, and even his sighs, cease. His head fell backwards, and he appeared to have lost the power and function of breathing, until portions of the water having entered his open mouth, a still more painful scene took place; for it was that of fearful gasping and choking, Mr. Hastings being without the power to contend against the quantity of water that had been made to enter so violently his mouth and throat.

"You have killed him outright!" cried I. "I am witness that you have murdered him."

"Why, what is this ado about?" cried Mr. Hughes, for the first time making his appearance that morning. "It is but a simple and ordinary style of bathing; and what of that? I invigorate and nerve my own frame, by daily plunging myself in cold water, be it winter or summer, and have my robust health."

"But Mr. Hastings has not been accustomed, it may be presumed, to such bathings," cried I; "and at any rate he is not at the present in the vigorous condition to enable him to endure the extreme measure on a sudden. But see! I think he has breathed his last—that the vital spark has fled!"

Mr. Hughes, more in way of answer to the alarmed looks thrown towards him by the ministers of his barbarous orders, than of direct attention to what I said, seemed now to have his own keen apprehensions; for, with considerable agitation pictured in his countenance, he hurried to lend a hand, beckoning me to do a like service; whilst he kept saying, as we carried Mr. Hastings to his room, "Gently! gently! I meant not this—don't it—I meant not this." His alarmed exclamation, however, if faithfully interpreted, would have been, "I meant it not to be done so palpably and abrupt, nor with such rude violence, because I now see—though I dread it be too late—how I have compromised and committed myself." But

never a sentiment of pity, one may be sure, for the outraged young gentleman, nor of real contrition entered the indurated and callous heart of that bold bad man; for such I now instantly perceived was his character, with a force of conviction which nothing, I was assured, should ever shake.

Mr. Hastings was borne to his former apartment first of all; but as we entered, the salutes which met us from the chained maniac, the late companion of his exhausted and of his excited moments, was too horrid even for the ears of Mr. Hughes at that moment of terror.

"To my side of the Lodge, to as good a bed as is in my house, shall we convey Mr. Hastings," said the alarmed but hypocritical wretch. Then, turning his address towards me, he added: "You must watch by him, my young friend, till he recover, and let him want for nothing."

"He will require no watching, I fear," breathed I. "He will have angels of light, in all probability, to surround his disembodied spirit," I added, stirred by some promptings within me, such as I never before had experienced; for I was not of those at the time that readily gave in to depths of sentiment, or any very serious emotion. Was it to be, however, an epoch in my history? and was I from that moment to make the amelioration in the condition of a class of my fellow-creatures—the most helpless and the most to be pitied of any—the object of my future life? Let the answer be looked for in the sequel of this tale. It concerns me at present to record, that the solemn words which I uttered, although coming from a youth, smote forcibly upon the ear of Hughes, partially stunning also the men who were the habitual ministers of his un pitying commands towards those intrusted to his keeping.

"Say not so, my young friend," Mr. Hughes uttered, visibly trembling, while consternation began to characterize the visages of his hardened men.

"You have murdered him!" cried I, as the monstrosly misused young gentleman was laid upon the bed; "and I am witness to the mode and fact of the murder."

At the moment, a strange and awe-striking affection in the muscles of the face, closely resembling what I had once witnessed when standing by the bedside of a young friend when he breathed his last, and gave up the ghost, appalled every one of us, but no one so remarkably as Mr. Hughes.

"You will instantly hear the death-shriek," said I, "and then there will be no more use in watching."

"But it was not death, at that instant, but a violent effort of nature, in order to overcome the swallowed liquid, and to obtain a free breathing. The struggle was successful: in the terrible conflict with death, Mr. Hastings conquered; for youth and a strong constitution, which had never, till he fell into the hands of Hughes and his *familiars*, been misused, were on his side.

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed I, when I observed him begin to breathe with some measure of freedom and regularity. "I would risk my life to save the young gentleman. I would go far away rather than have had to appear to witness before a public tribunal that I saw him murdered—that I stood calmly by, and beheld him, while men deliberately bereft him of his life, a life which was wont, perhaps, to have been sweet and exemplary."

The alarm of Hughes and his people was not yet removed, although they looked as if considerably unburdened of fear. It was evident, besides, that I had obtained for the time a sort of position among them, that imposed caution, and such a show of respect as they hoped might propitiate me, should a fatal result be the termination of that morning's barbarous proceedings.

"You will, my young friend," again said Mr. Hughes, "be so good as to attend to Mr. Hastings, at least for a short while, as I am obliged to go elsewhere. On my return I shall relieve you, if you wish it."

"Oh! yes; I shall sit by the young gentleman's bedside," said I, "provided you do not put him under any bodily restraint; for I am sure he will not survive such treatment after this. But will you not order the doctor to be sent for?"

"I shall consider of that as I go out," answered Mr. Hughes. "If he gradually recovers in my absence, it will not be necessary to call in any one."

Having so spoken, I was left alone with Mr. Hastings, with the command of various means to restore heat to his shivering frame. Cordials were not wanting; and whilst I ministered in the use of various articles, the resolve took stronger and stronger hold of me, that there was no soothing which I could lend to the unfortunate gentleman that should be wanting on my part.

"No," I again and again repeated to myself, as I, with all the kindness of which I was capable, strove to rouse him; "he shall not again be misused while I am present, unless they also fetter my limbs and stop my voice. I would readily stake my life for this young man."

"He has heard and understands me," ex-

claimed I, with inexpressible delight, but deep emotion, as I observed Mr. Hastings slowly turn to the bedside where I stood bending over him, and marked how he half opened his eyelids, responsive to my words. "There is intelligence in that look," I ejaculated; "be comforted and assured, dear Mr. Hastings," I continued, as I perceived more decided tokens of returning consciousness. "Who would exchange the grateful sense which I at this moment experience," I said with passionate earnestness, "for any thing which passes under the name of worldly riches? Blessed moments! if I should now be the instrument of restoring this young gentleman to life and perfect liberty."

"Life and liberty!" he muttered; "I do not understand you."

Methought a smile began at that instant to take possession of his fine countenance, which I had only hitherto seen when under the influence of a woe-hegone exhaustion, or a strong nervous excitement, marring the natural expression of his admirable features, and producing those sharp and angular forms where, in a healthy state, no doubt were presented such a harmony of lineament and sweet placidity.

"Where am I?" Mr. Hastings breathed, "I dreamt of violence and of men of blood but just now."

"There are no men of violence here, or that will do you wrong, Mr. Hastings," answered I; "but, dear gentleman, compose yourself, and all shall be well."

He seemed to acquiesce with a considerate gentleness; for he closed his eyes, and looked as if he courted repose.

"Reason has resumed her throne," I whispered, appearing, for the first time in my life, to have pleasure in holding a colloquy with myself. My history was taking a turn; I was rapidly undergoing a change; and I felt as if it were the young gentleman before me that was to be the occasion and the instrument of my transformation. "Yes; reason is resuming her throne," I repeated.

"It is, my friend—for friend you must be, I know, from the tones of your voice," breathed Mr. Hastings, unable, no doubt, to give greater force to his utterance. "No such tones come from an unfeeling or ungenial nature."

"Heaven be praised!" said I; "he believes me. Put trust in me! and all will go well, Mr. Hastings! This is the most blessed hour of my existence."

"Who can it be?" the young gentleman inquired, as if putting the question to himself alone: "I would fain talk, but am unable."

"Let me give you a gentle draught, Mr. Hastings," said I; "it is a restorative cordial, and will help to bring you a refreshing sleep."

He moved his head, expressive of his willingness to do as I had suggested. He drank the cupful, and gave me to understand that he was grateful. I took hold of his hand, into which a genial warmth had crept. He pressed mine responsive to my pressure; opened his eye-lids, and showed an ineffable sense of satisfaction. A few moments more, and he slept.

"May he have a long and untroubled repose, and awaken with enlivened spirit and renovated health," was the burden of my fervent prayer, as I moved to the fire-side, that I might not disturb him, even with my breathing. But steps were approaching. I opened the door to forewarn the corner that he must not enter. It was Mr. Hughes, with anxious inquiry still in his looks.

"Must the doctor he sent for?" asked the master of the establishment, in a more subdued tone than I had ever listened to when he was the speaker.

"No," said I; "Mr. Hastings sleeps soundly, and must not be disturbed. He will recover. I shall watch beside him till he wakens."

"It is well," were the words of Mr. Hughes, and he quickly turned on his heel; but what were his purposes towards Mr. Hastings, or his cogitations, I could not discover.

It is remarkable and very humiliating, the long and tedious mode by which we in England have arrived at the sunder practice in the treatment of the insane, which now appears to be the suggestion of common sense and ordinary humanity. The whole history of the world, until the era of the Reformation, does not afford an instance of a single receptacle assigned to the protection and care of these unhappy sufferers, whose malady was looked upon as hardly within the reach or hope of medical aid. If dangerous, they were incarcerated in the common prisons; if of a certain rank in society, they were shut up in their houses, under the care of appointed guardians. Chains, and whips, and darkness, and solitude were the approved and only remedies. The practice descended to our own day; and Doctor Connolly, that great and enlightened philanthropist, has assured the *Discharged Officer*, that he has formally witnessed "humane English physicians daily contemplating helpless insane patients, bound hand and foot, neck and waist, in illness, in pain, and in the

agonies of death, without one single touch of compunction, or the slightest approach to a feeling of acting either cruelly or unwisely. They thought it impossible to manage insane people in any other way."

The honour of the humane discoveries in the treatment of the insane, and the first practice of them belong to the French; it is to the genius and the enlightened feelings of their professors that we owe such mighty advances in the science of mental disorders. Some improvements were attempted in the early part of last century; but it was reserved for the celebrated Pinel, in the centre of Paris, in the very moment of the reign of terror, to achieve a work which, for genius, courage, and philanthropy, must ever rank him among the very first order of men. What did he do? Listen to a paragraph or two of the narrative: "Pinel undertook what appeared to be the rash enterprise of liberating the dangerous lunatics of the Bicêtre. He made application to the commune for permission. Couthon offered to accompany him to the great Bedlam of France. They were received by a confused noise; the yells and angry vociferations of three hundred maniacs, mixing their sounds with the echo of clanking chains and fetters, through the dark and dreary vaults of the prison. Couthon turned away in horror, but permitted the physician to incur the risk of his undertaking. He resolved to risk his experiments, by liberating fifty madmen, and began by unchaining twelve. The first was an English officer, who had been bound in his dungeon forty years, and whose history every body had forgotten. His keepers approached him with dread; he had killed one of their comrades by a blow with his manacles. Pinel entered his cell unattended, and told him that he should be at liberty to walk at large, on the condition of his promising to put on the strait waistcoat. The maniac disbelieved him, but obeyed his directions mechanically. The chains of the miserable prisoner were removed; the door of his cell was left open. Many times he was seen to raise himself and fall backwards—his limbs gave way; they had been fettered during forty years. At length he was able to stand, and to walk to the door of his dark cell, and gaze, with exclamations of wonder and delight, on the beautiful sky. He spent the day in walking to and fro, was no more confined, and, during the remaining two years which he spent at the Bicêtre, assisted in the management of the house.

"The next madman liberated was a soldier of the French guard, who had been in



chains ten years, and was the object of general terror. His disorder had been kept up by cruelty and bad treatment. When liberated, he assisted Pinel in breaking the chains of his fellow-prisoners. He became immediately kind and attentive, and was ever after the devoted friend of his deliverer."

The results of Pinel's views and efforts were beyond all hope. Tranquillity and harmony succeeded to tumult and disorder: even the most furious maniacs became tractable.

The enlightened and benign system passed from France into England, but was of slow growth. The public at large, our legislatures, the medical profession, dreamt not, that while they had health and intellect, likewise an opportunity, that it was their duty and interest to deliberate concerning the condition of the insane—the unhappy persons who are outcasts from all the social and domestic affections of private life—nay, more, from all its cares and obligations, and who have no refuge but in the laws. It was not thought that the days of the incurable could be soothed, or that many sufferers might be restored to health and usefulness. It was not thought of seriously enough, that those who were of sound mind to-day, might be the subjects of mental malady to-morrow; that causes as slight apparently as they are sudden, verging through every degree of intensity—a fall, a fever, a reverse of fortune, a domestic calamity, may do the mournful work; and then, "farewell, king!" The most exalted intellects, the noblest affections are transformed into fatuity and corruption, leaving nothing but the sad, though salutary lesson, how frail is the tenure by which we hold all that is precious and dignified in human nature.

Yet how defective the state of the law as it existed under the 14th of George III., the only law for the regulation of private lunatic asylums. Previously to 1828, there was no power of punishing the keepers of lunatics for any offence—not even the power of revoking or refusing any license. There was also extreme laxity in the signature of certificates, one only being deemed sufficient; and that might be—nay, it often was—signed by a person not duly qualified, or even by the proprietor of the madhouse in his medical capacity; while to the care of this person the lunatic was consigned. Again, houses licensed under this act, were not required to be visited more than once a year. There was no power to discharge any patient who might prove

to be of sound mind. Pauper lunatics were sent without medical certificates. Such were some of the glaring defects in the law relative to the treatment of insane persons, under the 14th of George III. What then must have been the condition of many of those mentally afflicted, when there is naturally the strongest tendency amongst the keepers of a madhouse to resort to coercion, seeing that it gratifies all the natural feelings of pride, of temper, and of indolence!

While Mr. Hastings was an inmate of Bangor Lodge, I, the *Discharged Officer* knew the case of a wretched woman who had evinced considerable violence. In order to curb her, and to save trouble, the creature was bound with ropes; and, being left in this state, in a short time the rope had eaten to the very bone, in consequence of which her arm was soon after amputated. A few weeks later, a female, who during her pregnancy, became insane, was sent to the Lodge by parish authorities, when ligatures were fastened so tight round her ancles—the blood being in a sluggish state—that they mortified, and, in the course of time, both feet dropped off. She died, having her reason restored, after giving birth to the child.

Monstrous error! to run away with the notion that even the hopelessly mad are dead to all capacity of nervous feeling, or of intellectual and moral exertion. It is quite the reverse; and their sensations, too, are often painfully alive. I have seen them writhe under supposed contempt, while a word of kindness and respect would kindle their whole countenance into an expression of joy. Does not their condition, then, appeal to our highest sympathies?

"Majestic, though in ruin."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE GOVERNESS.

And they drank out of skulls, newly torn from the grave;  
Dancing round them, pale spectres were seen;  
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave  
They shriek—

THE period of which I, the *Discharged*, am speaking, in the annals of Bangor Lodge, as well as of Herbert Hastings, was rife with incidents; nor must I leave out of view my own personal and individual history and fortunes, these having been signally affected by what I expe-

rienced and witnessed at that particular stage of my life.

Hardly had Mr. Hughes parted from me in the passage which led to the apartment to which Mr. Hastings had been removed, and where I was to tend and to nurse him, than a voice of some one singing, or shouting, with great vehemence, the lines which stand at the head of the present chapter, pierced mine ear. Now, although it is impossible to continue for any considerable space of time within hearing of the insane, who labour under strong excitement, and not to be made to listen to sad and terrible language; and although I had already acquired a good deal of familiarity with the dreadful sounds and utterances which echoed throughout the Lodge, somehow, the lines cited, not only startled me in an unwonted degree, but seemed to reach me as if demanding my particular notice to the source whence they came. It was plainly the voice of one who had powerful organs—a manly—nay, a stentorian voice; and to the condition and history of the maniac my curiosity sped, with no common anxiety, no doubt moved in a great degree by the character of the words which, though shuddering the while, my ears so greedily drank in. It was not many days before I had the means of learning the following particulars:

The widow of Colonel Cameron was left with two children—Frank and Lucy. For a series of years she conducted creditably a boarding-school in Bethnal Green, being in a condition to rear her young ones in a manner becoming the rank of their father, had he survived. At length Frank, with a true family ardour, took to the profession in which his father had earned a distinguished character, the greater part of his mother's available means having been expended towards fitting him out in a suitable manner to join the cavalry regiment to which he was appointed—India being the field to which he was destined. It was an eventful day, you may be sure, amongst the Camerons, when the young soldier bade adieu to his mother and sister, and sailed from the Thames. A proud and adventurous youth was Frank—daring and heroism seemed enthroned on the youthful coronet's brow. Confident was his promises of success and prosperity, and romantic the pictures which he drew of his rapid promotion, and his return, at some future day, to England, to blazon even the name of Cameron, and to bless his fond mother and loving sister. All these beautiful dreams were urged to soothe and en-

courage those most dear to him, although his inward yearnings were scarcely less intense than those of his weeping relatives. Yes, Frank embarked; and, not until the devoted and, for the time, disconsolate pair disappeared, did he let the flood-gates loose which had shut up the gushing tumult that was within him. If such were the valiant and lofty-souled emotions of the young soldier, what must have been those of the widowed mother and the sensitive Lucy? It would be idle to attempt portraying their state, their hopes, and anxieties—their sense of solicitude and bereavement. But was it not strange that Lucy's sorrowing was the most lasting? For although she, in looks, was a beautiful feminine copy of her brother, as far as feature and figure could be mentioned, yet meekness and the most tender gentleness were hers; and, instead of the dauntless heart, and the joyous, exuberant spirit which characterized him, hers was the mediative, and, in some respects, the melancholy, temperament of a recluse.

Frank was wafted by favourable winds to the waters of the Ganges; and with equally propitious gales was his announcement of his prosperous voyage and happy arrival transmitted back to England. Yes; the letter came—it was on the very day that his mother's mortal part was laid in the noisome grave, after months and months of severe illness, during which, all her means which remained after the handsome fitting out of her son, were nearly exhausted; leaving Lucy, who was so unable to buffet the world, an utter dependent. Lucy had to canvass for—had to accept the situation of governess in a purse-proud citizen's family.

And yet Miss Cameron, who was not of more touching beauty than she was gently endowed—not more meek than sensitively framed, did buffet the world, year after year, as that world was manifested in the arrogant and imperious family of the London upstart merchant, with such an uncomplaining and resolute spirit, that the neglect, the contempt, and the insult which she had to encounter, were at length found by the parents, as well as the daughters, who were guilty of such intentional wrongs, to be sent back by the girl's magnanimity with a force of keen reproof, which made them wince on each perpetration.

"If she would but get angry," the daughters would say, "or even shed a tear, to prove to us that she felt in the way in which we wish her to feel, it would be a satisfaction, when one has to wring out

upon a creature who, among other uses, should serve the family as the butt of ill-humour, however that may have been caused, or from whatever quarter it may have come. But *the Cameron*, as we presume she would call herself, contrives to let us know, by her unruffled manner, that she sets no importance upon us or our notions, thereby hurting us more bitterly than we had even meant her to endure. Truly, were it not that mamma cannot get a creature who is so capable and ready to give us genteel lessons, she ought not to be tolerated for an hour."

Were the equanimity and self-possession of the meek and patient Lucy produced by an assurance of requited love on the part of some most estimable person of nearly her own age, and whose position in life would render her as comfortable as ever had been the condition of her parents in their brightest days? Was it because her heart never had been blighted by broken vows of affection? No; the governess passed four years in the merchant's family without ever having beheld a being with whom she could wish to embark her hopes and fears, or one who seemed to regard her with tenderer emotions than those of pity. Indeed, her retiring and almost chilling manner to such young gentlemen as visited the house, or who would bend an eye of admiration upon her loveliness, was enough to repel any thing like very marked courtesies, especially as she was a portionless maiden, and the visitors men devoted to business habits and the arts of making fortunes. The love, the deep life-giving and heart-sustaining principle to which Miss Cameron was indebted for her composure and unvarying dignity in the frigid atmosphere where she was placed, was her sisterly affection, and her strong and ever-brightening hopes towards her gallant brother. What though she never beheld a kind face, or felt the friendly clasp of caressing hands? She was doing her duty, and would surely reap the reward of it at last. Was she not in a few years to live happy with her brother again, as his oft-coming and manly letters always assured her? and was it not easy to bear every neglect, scowl, or insult of vulgar, worldly-minded strangers without a murmur, having the trust within her that these discomforts were to be but transient, and would at some future day serve to enhance her positive and realized happiness, by the mere process of contrasting the past with the present?

Such were Lucy's dreams and sustaining principles throughout four years—how long

and slowly-fleeting to some! how brief and swiftly-winged to others!—when, on perusing a file of Indian newspapers which had just been delivered to her, without, however, any accompanying letter from her brother—a circumstance quite unprecedented in her experience—her eye alighted on a paragraph which announced that his regiment had been overpowered in an engagement during the then existing war with an empire jealous of British ascendancy in the East.

The blow was instantaneous and crushing; the fever that resulted sudden and desolating. The simoom that is said to blast the verdure of the tree it sweeps over, and leave the boughs bare and blackening, with their withered blossoms scattered on the soil, may be compared, in effects, to those now produced in poor Lucy's mind. She was all alone; her world of happiness was blotted out; the storms of life had hurst upon her, indeed, with a force which nothing could assuage; so that when the raging fever into which her torn and stunned affections had carried her came to be abated, it left her hut the wreck of her former self; for her reason was clouded—even her despair and its cause were almost utterly forgotten.

Lucy's hasty conclusions were in error; her brother had not fallen, but won new laurels; he was, as his letter—which by some accident had dropped from the transmitted file of newspapers—would have joyously informed her, about to return to England, intrusted with special despatches by the governor-general for the ministry; for would he go back to the East, a lucrative situation in one of the home offices having been provided for him, partly in consideration of his own, and partly of his father's signal public services.

The gallant, sanguine, and proudly-expectant Cameron did return. But what found he on hurrying to seek out his dear sister? Alas! in the character of a pauper she had, while reduced nearly to the state of utter idiocy, been removed by the parochial authorities to Bangor Lodge, and to the tender mercy of Mr. Hughes and his myrmidons; for the poor governess had none related to her by blood but her brother, and he was far away; she had no one who would take note of her from a principle of friendship or compassion, and therefore what asylum else was there for her but the cells of a madhouse?

Oh, sad reverse! horrid mockery of humanity! The harmless, almost unconscious creature, must cost as little trouble and ex-



pense as possible. She might wander from her allotted berth in the cold, dark, unventilated stony chamber, unless she is chained; she might creep from the obdurate wall to which she has been affixed, to some other corner, to the inconvenience of keepers; she might, while shivering, and only covered with the coarsest piece of blanket, shrink from the wet and rotten straw upon which she has, month after month, been obliged to stretch herself, with a sort of instinctive desire to reach a fresher truss, new from the farmer's yard. But no; to that bar of iron, rivetted into the rough and clammy stones, where the links that hind her slide—allowing her some two or three feet of scope for rising up and lying down—must thou, forlorn one, be content to have thyself affixed, unvisited by the eye of sympathy, unsaluted by the voice of humanity, unfed and untended by any other hand than would, by the savage in nature, be held out to the grovelling occupants of a pigsty.

Ye who have bowels of compassion, consider the poor, bereft Lucy Cameron—once the gifted, the adorned, the meek and the high-souled—as visited twice a-day by a ruffian keeper, who tosses the unwholesome loaf to her, and brings the unclean pitcher of water—who spreads her noisome bed with his pitchfork, and is not careful lest with its prongs he touch the delicate limbs of that once lovely and sensitive creature! No wonder that even she, whose light of reason is for the time so obscured, as the wretch enters with his glimmering lamp, should shrink and shudder, and give utterance to such a sort of wail as can only be drawn from the depths of the human soul, however darkened and prostrated it may be. Oh! ye who have pity, should you ever be made cognisant that but a remnant of such barbarities as once disgraced the lunatic asylums of Great Britain linger in any one of them, bestir yourselves until the enormity be rooted out, resolved that you will not rest in giving merely birth to sighs and unavailing exclamations.

Lucy's distracted brother sped to Bangor Lodge, and by means of stern measures—Mr. Hughes having recently before been brought to reflect on the searching inquiries to which his establishment might soon be subjected—obtained admission to her cell, which, for the few preceding days and nights, had been greatly improved. Poor creature! she was dying, and sinking fast. No longer did it require links of iron to keep her to her berth, for she was unable to crawl from the spot where the female nurse

—who now was often by her side—might choose to place her. Other changes, that were in some senses gratifying, characterized the death-bed of the governess. Gleams of reason began to illumine her last moments; the strong hand that was to consign her to her grave, had been commissioned, also, to draw the veil from her mind. She found recollection; she had hopes and she had visions of her brother—crying out, from time to time: "It is he who will close my eyes at last, it is to him that I shall have to convey my last request!"

"Ha! brother, you have come," breathed she, the moment he entered the cell. "Kiss me, brother. I knew you would come, the moment they told me you had not been slain in the far-off country, and that you were at last in the land of your birth. Good, my brother; now hear me. Let my grave be watched, for I have heard so much of the violations of the resting-places of the dead, that I have fearful imaginings. Remember; let my—my —"

She could no more—these were her last utterances: a few seconds after, and she was beyond the wrongs and the rightings of this world. \* \* \* \*

Cameron returned from his sister's funeral to ponder on her last and dying request. It had deeply touched a chord in his bosom; a fearful thought had arisen in his soul. With dread he saw night approach, and he formed the desperate resolution of watching Lucy's grave himself. It was winter; but all night long he sat upon the neighbouring tombstone, his head drooping on his hands, his face wan and careworn. Morning dawned, and he repaired to bed, that he might be ready to renew his watching at night again; for as the past one had been calm and comparatively temperate, he felt that he could continue the office, at least once more, without a substitute.

The second watching, however, was amid storm, and under piercing cold; so that morning found him ill indeed. But still he slept for hours, till again the red wintry sun was sinking in the horizon. But his hot forehead seemed chained to the pillow; a burning fever had seized him, and he sank into a state of stupor. At midnight, however, consciousness returned; he reproached himself for having neglected to see that his sister's last request was observed; and, hurriedly dressing himself, he sped to the churchyard. The gate was locked, and he went to the sexton and roused him. Loath was the man to quit

his warm bed, but Cameron was determined, and prepared to force obedience. A dark lantern was obtained, and they went to the burying-ground, a strong and appalling presentiment having taken possession of the resolute and bereaved brother. The grave did not manifest that it had been disturbed, but yet Cameron was not satisfied. Pulling a brace of pistols from the pocket of his great-coat, and placing them on a neighbouring tombstone, he commanded the sexton to dig, and lay bare the coffin in which he had so lately beheld the earthly remains of his sister deposited. The man tremblingly obeyed, and at last struck his spade upon the coffin, declaring that no one had disturbed it.

"Then what white splinter is that?" cried Cameron, "Remove the earth from the coffin-head. Ha! it hath been wrenched off! the corpse is not there!"

It was a terrible scene which instantly followed. Cameron at first fell senseless on the wet cold turf of the field of graves. When consciousness began to return, his eyes became bright and sparkling, but his face and lips were of ashy paleness, while a certain wild expression seemed to struggle with the calm air which he attempted to assume. The lantern threw a pale glare upon his visage, and made it more ghastly. Now he hardly breathed, and he appeared striving to penetrate vacancy. At length he spoke.

"By the God that frowns and the fiend who laughs, I will treat the robbers as I would a parcel of dogs," cried he. "My poor sister! poor, poor Lucy! But this dream will pass away, and to-morrow I will tell it to you. Yet, dream or reality, it is a long black night."

The sexton, by this time, was leading Cameron out of the churchyard.

"Come," said the overwhelmed gentleman, "let us have a slave;" and having so spoken, he wildly chanted the lines which stand at the head of the present chapter.

\* \* \* \*

That night Cameron lay pinioned in Bangor Lodge. The next day was the Sabbath. He noted the tollings of the solemn bells; they calmed his frenzy, and he wept. The following Sunday, and those bells were in requisition for his funeral!

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE ABOMINATIONS OF THE MADHOUSE.

THE fate of Lucy Cameron, together with that of her brave brother, forcibly

directed attention to the management and mode of treatment which obtained, at Bangor Lodge, in regard to the lunatics there confined. The most active of those influential individuals that took up the subject, was a county magistrate, who pursued his inquiries with a determined and resistless spirit; and through whose stern efforts the most revolting abominations were brought to light, before an authoritative tribunal, the shocking horrors of which may be best divulged and described by citing Mr. Godfrey's evidence, the gentleman to whom allusion has now been made.

"Have you any knowledge of the state and condition of the lunatic asylum kept by Mr. Hughes, at Bangor Lodge?" was asked.

"Applications having been made to me," said Mr. Godfrey, "to grant a warrant against a man who had assaulted a poor woman, and finding, upon inquiry, he was insane, I had him sent to Mr. Hughes's establishment. Some time afterwards he returned, and I was informed that he had been extremely ill-used. This, with other reports tending in the same way, lead me to visit Bangor Lodge. I had some suspicions that there were parts of that asylum which had not been seen by the commissioners for regulating madhouses; and I went early in the morning determined to examine every corner of the place. After ordering a great many doors to be opened, I came to one which was in a retired and concealed situation in the kitchen apartments, being almost hid by the opening of a door in the passage. I ordered the door to be opened; the keepers hesitated, and said the apartment belonged to the women of the house, and that they had not the key, I ordered them to get the key, but it was said to be mislaid, that it could not be found at the moment. Upon this I grew angry, and told them I insisted upon its being found, and that if they did not bring it, I should find a key at the kitchen fire-side, namely, the poker. Upon this the key was immediately brought.

"When the door was opened, I went into the passage, and I found four cells, each about eight feet square, in a very horrid and filthy condition; the straw being saturated with wetness and nastiness of the most repulsive description. There was some bedding laid upon the straw in one of the cells—that in which poor Lucy Cameron died; in the other only loose straw. The walls were daubed with filth; the air-holes, of which there was one in each cell, were perfectly filled with it. I asked the keeper



if these cells were inhabited by patients, he said they were occupied at night by females. I then ordered him to take me upstairs and show me the place of the women who came out of those cells that morning. He showed me into a room which I caused him to measure, and the size of which was twelve feet by seven feet ten inches, in which there were thirteen women, who, he told me, had all come out of those cells that morning."

"Were they pauper women?" was next put to the witness."

"I do not know," was his answer, "for I was afraid the people should deny that, and therefore I went in and said to him: 'Now, sir, clap your hand upon the head of this woman,' doing so myself. 'Is this one of the very women that were in those concealed cells last night?' and he said, she was. I became very sick, and could not remain longer in the room—I vomited.

"In the course of next day, I took two other county magistrates with me, to examine the cells which I had discovered—having told them of what I had seen—and asked Hughes, in their presence, if what I had said was not strictly true; telling him if he intended to deny any part of it, he must do it then. He bowed his consent, and acknowledged what I said was true. I then desired my brother magistrates to come with me to see those concealed cells; and now it was that I discovered, for the first time, that the cells were unknown to the visiting commissioners. We went through those horrid places, which had been cleaned as much as could be, in so short a space of time—after my former visit. I turned up the straw of one of them with my umbrella, and pointed out to the gentlemen the chain and handcuff, which were concealed beneath the straw. Before I saw these cells, I had been repeatedly told by Hughes and the keepers that I had seen the whole of the house occupied by the patients."

"Do you know of any unfit practices with respect to female patients?" was the next question put to Mr. Godfrey.

"Yes," was the response. "I have been informed several of them, in the course of a few years, have been got with child in the establishment, in some instances by male patients; in others, by keepers or officers of the place."

"Do you know of any instances of unnecessary severity or cruelty having ever taken place in the asylum?"

"I conceive the case of the person whom I first mentioned, as having committed an

assault upon a poor woman when in an unsound state of mind, whose name was William Vickers, must have been a case both of cruelty and of very great neglect. He had the itch very bad, was extremely filthy, for I saw his wife combing vermin from his head, and also taking them from the folds of his shirt-neck. His health was so much impaired that he was not able to stand of himself. His legs were very much swelled, and one of them in a state of mortification. He is now very much recovered both in mind and health, by means of bark and a generous nourishing diet. From appearances upon his back, he must have been flogged.

"There was another case which affected me much: it was that of a clergyman, reduced to indigence in consequence of his mental complaint. But he had at times, and for considerable periods, intervals of reason. In these intervals, when he was perfectly capable of understanding any thing that was done to him, repeatedly, in the presence of his wife, was he exposed to personal indignity; and on one occasion he was inhumanly kicked down stairs by the keeper, and told, in presence of the wife, that he was looked upon as no better than a dog. His person swarmed with vermin. To complete this poor gentleman's misery, the keepers insulted his wife with indecent ribaldry, in order to deter her from visiting him in his unfortunate situation. He had a gold watch, which was lost whilst he was in the Lodge, and which his wife could never recover."

"Do you know any thing of the case of one Thirtwell?"

"Yes; he was sent to the establishment of Mr. Hughes, but, after some time, disappeared, and was never heard of from that time to this. His disappearance was entered in the books as 'removed.' The father of the young man could never get any tidings about him; never knew whether handbills had been published by Mr. Hughes, to discover him, for he could never get the sight of one, although he had been told at the Lodge that such bills had been issued, offering a reward for his discovery."

"Did you ever make other and further visits to Bangor Lodge?"

"Yes, in company with several gentlemen; one of them a member of parliament. At this visit, attended by Mr. Hughes, and likewise by a female keeper, we first proceeded to the women's apartments, in the upper part of the establishment. One of the side rooms contained about ten patients, each chained by one arm or leg to the wall;



the chain allowing them merely to stand up by the bench or form fixed to the wall, or to sit down upon it. The nakedness of each female was covered by a blanket-gown only; an article formed something like a dressing-gown, with nothing to fasten it with in front; this constituted the whole covering—the feet were naked. One female in this room, thus chained, was an object remarkably striking. She mentioned her maiden and married names, and stated that she had been teacher of languages. The keepers described her as being a very accomplished lady, mistress of a variety of languages. She herself corroborated the account. It can hardly be possible to imagine a human being in a more degraded and brutalizing situation than that in which we found this lady, who held a coherent conversation with us, and was of course fully sensible of the mental and bodily condition of those wretched beings who, equally without clothing, were closely chained to the same wall with herself. Unaware of the necessities of nature, some of them, though they contained life, appeared totally inanimate and unconscious of, existence. The few minutes which we passed with this lady did not permit us to form a judgment of the degree of restraint to which she ought to have been subject; but I unhesitatingly affirm, that the confinement with patients in whom she was compelled to witness the most disgusting idiocy, and the most terrifying distraction of the human intellect, was injudicious and cruel. She entreated to be allowed pencil and paper, for the purpose of amusing herself with drawing, which were given to her by one of the gentlemen with me."

"You had your attention directed, of course, to other patients in the women's apartments?"

"Yes; many of them were locked up in their cells, naked and chained, on straw, with only one blanket for a covering. One who was in that state, by way of punishment, the keeper described as the most dissatisfied patient in the house; yet she talked coherently to us, and complained of the want of tea and sugar; lamenting also that her family, whom she stated to be respectable people, neither came to see her, nor supplied her with little necessary comforts. The patients generally complained, not only of the deficiency, but of the unwholesomeness of their food."

"What of the men's wing?"

"In one room six patients were chained close to the wall by the right arm as well as by the right leg. All were naked, except

as to the blanket-gown, or a small rug on the shoulders, and without shoes. One complained much of the coldness of his feet; we felt them, and they were icy cold. Most of these men were dreadful idiots; their nakedness and their mode of confinement gave the room the complete appearance of a dog-kennel.

"Whilst looking at some of the bed-lying patients, a man arose naked from his bed, and had deliberately and quietly walked a few paces from his cell door along the gallery. He was instantly seized by the keepers, thrown into his miserable lair again, and leg-locked without inquiry or observation—chains being the grand remedy. In the men's wing the patients were in no way distinguished from each other as to disease, but as those who were not walking about and chained, and those lying stark naked upon straw on their bedsteads, each in a separate cell, with a single blanket or rug, in which the patient generally lay huddled up, as if impatient of cold, and generally chained to the bed-place in the shape of a trough. It appeared that the wet patients, and all who were inclined to be abed, were allowed to do so, from being less troublesome in that state than when up and dressed."

"You have given affecting particulars relative to one female—she who had been the accomplished governess; perhaps you can narrate some touching circumstances relative to individuals among the male patients?"

"Yes; there was one whose condition and treatment moved us very much. He stated himself to be fifty five years of age, and that he had been confined about fourteen years; that in consequence of attempting to defend himself from what he conceived the improper treatment of his keeper, he was fastened by a long chain, which, passing through a partition, enabled the keeper, by going into the next cell, to draw him close to the wall at pleasure; that, to prevent this, he muffled the chain with straw, so as to hinder its passing through the wall; that he afterwards was confined in the manner we saw him, namely: a stout iron ring was riveted round his neck, from which a short chain passed to a ring made to slide upwards and downwards on an upright massive iron bar, more than six feet high, inserted into the wall. Round his body a strong iron bar, about two inches wide, was reveted; on each side the bar was a circular projection, which being fastened to and inclosing each of his arms, pinioned them close to his sides. This

waist-bar was secured by two similar bars, which passing over his shoulders, were riveted to the waist-bar, both before and behind. The iron ring round his neck was connected to the bars on his shoulder, by a double link. From each of these bars another short chain passed to the ring on the upright iron bar. We were informed he was enabled to raise himself, so as to stand against the wall, on the pillow of his bed in the trough in which he lay; but it was impossible for him to advance from the wall in which the iron bar is soldered, on account of the shortness of his chains, which were only twelve inches long. It was, I conceive, equally out of his power to repose in any other position than on his back, the projections, which on each side of the waist-bar inclosed his arms, rendering it impossible for him to lie on his side, even if the length of his chains from his neck and shoulders would permit it. His right leg was chained to the trough, in which he had remained, thus encaged and bound, more than twelve years!"

"Had you any means of ascertaining whether all this restraint was absolutely necessary?"

"To prove that it was not necessary, he himself informed us that he had for some years been able to withdraw his arms from the manacles which encompassed them. He then withdrew one of them; and observing an expression of surprise, he said, that when his arms were withdrawn, he was compelled to rest them on the edges of the circular projections, which was more painful than keeping them within. His position, we were told, was mostly lying down, and that as it was inconvenient to raise himself and stand upright, he very seldom did so; that he read a great deal of books of all kinds—any thing that he could get from the keepers—the newspaper every day—and he conversed perfectly coherent on the passing topics and events of the war, in which he felt particular interest. Each time that I saw him he discoursed coolly, and gave rational and deliberate answers to the different questions put to him."\*

\* See Minutes of Evidence taken before the Select Committee appointed by the House of Commons to consider of Provision being made for the better regulation of Madhouses in England, 1815. But neither the name of Hughes nor of Bangor Lodge will there be found. The tale has to deal in certain fictions.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS.

"See how the noble mind is here o'erthrown!"

Of the moral causes productive of insanity, care and anxiety, grief and mental disturbances, are by far the most influential. Domestic sorrows, poverty, and reverses of fortune, taken together, comprise considerably more than one half of the whole number of cases attributed to the class of causes mentioned, according to one of the highest French authorities on the subject of mental disorders.

These causes are at all times influential in civilized countries, and hence one principal reason why insanity prevails in proportion to the cultivation of society.

Anxiety and agitation of mind, caused by political events, have occasionally produced a very decided effect on the number of persons becoming deranged. Says the French writer alluded to:—"The influence of our political misfortunes has been so great"—speaking of the period of the revolution and events thus resulting—"that I would illustrate the history of that epoch, from the taking of the Bastille to the last appearance of Buonaparte, by describing in a series the cases of lunatics whose mental derangement was in connection with the succession of events."

At the destruction of the old monarchy, many persons became mad through fright and the loss of their property. When Buonaparte made kings, there were many kings and queens in the French madhouses, and several in those of England.

There was one of these poor deluded creatures in Bangor Lodge at the time that the *Discharged Officer* was acquainted with the establishment. This was an unfortunate woman, whose mind was constantly occupied with the idea that she was queen of England, and that the power and artifices of her enemies deprived her of the throne. She carried in her pocket an old seal and a scroll of paper, which she showed as her great seal and her title. Whenever the king and queen were alluded to in her presence, she called out: "No, George," or "No, Charlotte;" and muttered a sort of protest against the usurpation of her and her husband's rights. She bore an equal antipathy to the word "society;" for, whenever it occurred, she failed not to exclaim: "No society;" and again muttered a few syllables. Her fears were frequently ex-



cited relative to the Catholic church, and upon this subject she applied to the clergy, some of whom she threatened with punishment, while to others she very liberally promised hushpries. Her nobles consisted of a few of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood to which she belonged; and with the true spirit of a Warwick, she made and unmade lords whenever she was pleased or offended. Under the influence of her prevailing idea, and her alarm about the church and state, she sometimes made her complaints to the Bishop of London; and once she found her way to the Treasury. In this excursion, she applied to the prime minister, who answered her, with great quickness and pleasantry: "That the next cart-load of money which should arrive, was intended for her." By this answer, the statesman freed himself from her importunity, and eased her apprehensions for the moment; but her expectations were soon destroyed, so that she came to think that the money had not been sent, and that her rebellious nobility withheld it from her.

Before becoming an inmate of the Lodge, she was supported by an allowance from the parish to which she belonged; for though she disdained the gift of charity, and would not involve herself in debt, she would sometimes accept relief, in a regal state, as a benevolence from her subjects. Of the respect due to her imaginary rank, she was extremely tenacious; and if she were not addressed with the title of Majesty was very highly offended. Upon the subject of the injured rights, and the danger of the Church, her whole attention seemed engaged. In other respects, she was by no means irrational; nor was there any thing in her dress or appearance, except when agitated by contradiction, or alarmed by fear, to indicate the distraction of her mind. So nice and inscrutable are the causes and shades which separate sense and madness.

Next to the examples of insanity produced by the moral causes of care and anxiety, the greatest number of cases are those arising from the influence of strong passions and emotions. The former class of influencees produce their effect by slow and constant operation; the latter, sometimes at least, by a sudden action, so vehement as to disturb those functions of the brain and nervous system which are subservient to the exercise of the mental faculties, and give rise to manifest derangement. The emotions of terror and of violent anger are the most powerful and sudden to which the mental constitution of man is subject, and by them the nervous system is most

severely agitated. Again, the passion of love, when disappointed, is the occasion of numerous forms and varieties of mental derangement.

There was one very interesting case belonging to the last-mentioned class, while I was in the habit of frequenting Bangor Lodge, of which I shall give some particulars. This was a young woman, apparently about eighteen years of age. She was allowed to walk often in the grounds of the establishment, when, if she could get there, she would delightedly carry in her hands a bouquet of flowers, and make much of them, sorting them, and singing in wild, plaintive notes at the same time—reminding one of Ophelia. The flowers were intended, she said, for her lover.

The particulars I could collect of her were these. She had been seduced from humble parents, some eighteen months before, by a young man of somewhat higher prospects in life, but who was well known to her family, being a native of the same neighbourhood. He had carried her to London, where she was kept some time, and then cruelly deserted. The consequence of this inhuman usage was the loss of her senses. At length she was sent to Bangor Lodge.

She sang very sweetly, though in fitful strains; and when asked why she had left her home, she would answer very simply, "Because I was obliged to work, and was to be made a lady." She frequently carried slips of paper in her hand, and these she called fairings, distributing them among some ducks and poultry in the grounds. She sang, "The ocean wide," &c., and then would burst out simultaneously into "Push about the jorum." When she happened to find the fowls basking in the sun, she would tenderly exclaim: "My pretty children are all gone to sleep—they have no cold-hearted lovers; but I can't sleep—Macbeth has murdered sleep—ah! he was a naughty man, was he not?"

I have seen her go up to a young woman who was employed to do washing work, and shake hands with the girl, saying, "I love to see my friends; come, come, shake hands! let me shake hands: perhaps, you know, it is the last time." Then she must needs wash: "I ran away from work; but I can work for amusement, you know. Heigho! working people should have a deal of sleep; but I can't sleep."

Sometimes the washing girl would tell the deranged one that she would get a truer wooer than the first. But the answer was sure to be that she did not wish for too



many lovers, for that they would break her heart. "My fate you know, is very hard, is it not?"

Yes, sweet and injured one, thy fate was hard; but there is a Power above who will most surely avenge thy wrongs, and punish thy seducer. He may, perhaps, triumph for a time in his wicked course; yet, could he but stop to contemplate the condition of this fair victim, to picture her to himself the inmate of a lunatic asylum, being unable to take care of herself—hear her talking movingly of the hardship of her lot, and think of her keeping sad vigils all night long—surely such guilt as his, and the sight of such ruin wrought by him, would be stings even to *his* heart. To have occasioned the disgrace and humiliation of a virtuous family, the destruction of their fondest hopes—to have stolen away and destroyed the poor man's little lamb—to know himself the bitterest persecutor of her whose fault was that of loving him too well, of trusting to him too implicitly—must be harrowing and remorseful experiences. Surely, his must be the worm that dieth not! Death alone can allay his horrors and self-upbraidings; sincere repentance alone can appease an angry Judge; an all-merciful God alone finally make cease the torments he endures.

The classes of society which seem to furnish the greatest number of inmates to lunatic asylums, are those of trades, merchants, and military men. There was a pleasant, cheerful, and eccentric little fellow, belonging to one of these classes, at Bangor Lodge. He had been of a very speculative turn, in a small commercial way, and having become bankrupt, the reverse so affected his mind for a time, that his friends put him out of the reach of incurring any other foolish responsibilities. One of the strongest features was the view he took of Mr. Hughes's establishment.

First of all, it may be remarked, he was one of those characters so often found in society, who illustrate the poet's dictum:

"Great wits to madness are allied."

Poor Vaughan would say of himself, "I was thought to be mad, only because nature had furnished me with more discernment, reflection, and fancy than my neighbours, and I had not the prudence to conceal them; therefore it was that I have been found guilty of genius, and sent to prison.

According to his notion, this said prison, namely, Bangor Lodge, was, after all, the only quiet and rational scene of society in the country; for the people out of doors were ten times more mad than those within.

"All London," he would say, "should be a bedlam, in order to restrain its mad inhabitants, one half of whom are too mad to perceive the madness of the other half."

"Who," he would next demand with a triumphant air of argument, "is fit to live out of Bangor Lodge—would spend half his life to gain one or two hundred thousand pounds, and then, instead of cutting with all risk, and living like a lord on his income, would dabble on to double it by new adventures, until he loses the whole, turns a bankrupt, and comes to dependence or beggary in his old age? I have known twenty such fools. Who, fit to live out of Bangor Lodge, would dash into the stocks, at the constant peril of ruin? Win a hundred thousand pounds one day, lose it the next, by the same game! and then, perhaps, hang himself, or cut his throat, for vexation. But the good old city of London has lost its wits, you may depend on it. Your aldermen are all turned baronets and members of parliament, your citizens are all esquires, and your beardless boys are booted beaux or dashing bloods; your city wives and daughters are all ladies of fashion and luxury; nothing like plain joints and puddings now-a-days. Oh, no; cookery and craziness go together; banquets and bankruptcy, deserts and all the wines in the world. Up to-day, down to-morrow. This year a villa, a chariot, or a curricie; the next, a shabby lodging, broken shoes, and the top of a stage coach. Well, then, what would be said in the time of our grandfathers to a projector who would offer to light all the lamps and shops in London with the sunshine of pit-coal? Would people then think a man *same* who should not only say he could *make* mills to spin, and looms to weave by machinery, but ships to sail against wind and tide by the steam of hot water; or a coach to run without horses; or make a snuff-box to play half-a-dozen tunes, and no one near it; or a wooden puppet walk across the stage, salute the company, play concertoes on a trumpet, beat any atagonist at chess, draughts, or dominoes, and perform many other wonders: or should teach dogs to play at cards, or horses to tell fortunes; or should propose to drive mail-coaches through iron tubes five hundred miles a-day; or establish sea-water baths at Hornsey or Primrose Hill, and pump up the tide from Southend to supply them? I should not be surprised at seeing a wooden parliament worked by steam, or wooden clergy to serve out sermons and devotions from the churches to the parishioners' houses, like pipe-water, or coal-gas, through tubes. And, by the way,

this would save a great deal of money in bribes and pensions, and also in parish-dues. Why," he would exclaim, "I came here for quietness, to avoid being bit by some city baronet, or mad stock-jobber, or run over by a citizen's coach, or ground to dust under the wheels of a wagon at full gallop. I hope these demented fellows won't break in upon us, and disturb our comfort."

Such were some of the strange notions and sarcastic scenes which occupied poor Vaughan's mind. And yet he was always intent on some new invention; now and then obtaining a glimmering of true principles, directed in a strange novel train or course. The great drawback, however, generally, was their impracticable nature. Perhaps, had the poor man been educated, or had earlier care been taken of his opening mind, he might have been of service to his country.

One of his freaks was an invention of a plan for an aquatic engine, to be fixed on the Thames, between Blackfriars and Southwark bridges; which, by the aid of proper apparatus, might prevent the destruction of St. Paul's cathedral, if it ever should take fire, and thus protect that noble structure. Similar plans, he thought, might be adopted in any part of England, and thus save the necessity of fire insurance offices. But just as he had matured his project, and had almost brought it to perfection, as he conceived, some other strange or little whim, combined with this plan, would manifest his derangement.

Vaughan was very flighty, and tolerably quiet; the chief exceptions to his conduct being the harmless ones of a little noise, singing, and ornamental writing on the walls.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE CONVALESCENT.

THE fortunes of Mr. Hastings have not been forgotten during the space of time that has been spent with notices concerning other inmates of Bangor Lodge, since the merciless treatment in the pump-yard, when the outraged young gentleman was forced to submit to one of the most cruel of the many mockeries wreaked out to the peril of his life. No, he has not been forgotten by the author of these pages; nor did an hour for days and days elapse without my being within reach of his call, though uttered in whispers.

It was a delightful office to attend Mr. Hastings during that interval; for not only did he gradually recover, in spite of the last described barbarity that was perpetrated nearly to his destruction and murder, and regaining the proper tone of his mind, the vigour of his nervous system, and the health of his body, but Mr. Hughes began to manifest towards him a tender concern. But there was a cause; yes, there was an urgent and powerful cause in operation, or rather a series of reasons and circumstances which obliged him to exhibit towards the outraged youth, as well as towards myself, a sort of propitiatory disposition.

"Let the owner of Howarth House," Hughes would say to me, "have whatever he desires. Hasten his recovery, and I shall yet be the means of restoring him not only to health, but to his rights, in spite of his enemies."

To this and such like professions I could not but listen with disgust, strongly persuaded as I was, that if the master of Bangor Lodge manifested concern and merciful or repentant feelings towards Herbert Hastings, it was from some selfish impulse, or with a prospective view to ulterior proceedings which he felt would arise out of the flagrant and flagitious case. Still, whatever might be the motive, or whatever his real purpose, I could not but comfort and encourage the young gentleman with all that I heard and witnessed in his behalf; feeling wholly assured that good was in store for him; and thus greatly contributed towards his convalescence by the facts and the conclusions which I eagerly communicated to his ear. But I was in a situation to arrive at other interesting and favourable facts concerning the future; for the keeper who had before been so free to me while in his cups, was still accessible to little bribes; and, besides this, he began to partake of the sentiments of his master, regarding the hand which he had actually had in the outrageous seizure, and succeeding monstrous ill-usage of Mr. Hastings, evidently becoming very desirous to wipe away as far as possible, all remembrance of his wicked participation in the enormity.

"It was a vile conspiracy," the fellow would quietly drop into my ear. "I did all I could, and almost more than my place was worth, in order to protect Mr. Hastings, ay, and from the very first. But, you see, the doctors had it all their own way, and this is the law's fault, not mine, nor the fault of master neither; at any rate, it was not my suggestion. I can,

moreover, swear to several of the conspirators, and prove that we had no choice in the affair, but to obey."

"There were the step-mother and half-brother, of course," I said, half interrogatively, and half asserting a fact which I felt was unquestionable, full possessed as I had become of the particulars as known or dearly felt by Mr. Hastings himself. "And there were the doctors, you say. There was, besides, a country surgeon, I understand, who was deep in the plot."

"Roberts, the rascal, you mean!" the keeper cried. "Curse him, for he is at the bottom of the mischief, having, first of all, been in the secret of the design, from the beginning, and the most eager to push the step-mother to extremities. Now, however, he backs out, by threatening to lay king's evidence against the whole lot of us, merely because, as Mr. Hughes tells me, he cannot fetch from the miserly step-mother a handsome enough sum to keep his tongue quiet."

"But is there not a Captain Arundel in the concern?" I inquired, as if ignorant of his position and feelings with respect to Mr. Hastings, and with the view not only to draw out from the talkative keeper all that he might know or conjecture regarding the posture of affairs, but to flatter his vanity, hinting at the same time, that his friendly confidence should not go unrewarded.

"Captain Arundel, did you say? He to be concerned in the conspiracy against the young squire! Is that all you know about it?" exclaimed the keeper. "Bless you, man, he has been stirring heaven and earth in behalf of Mr. Hastings; for is it not the captain's daughter, beautiful creature! that Mr. Hastings loves to distraction?"

"Oh!" cried I; "the young lady who was with the lord of Howarth House, on that day when you sprang upon him like tigers, and tore him from her arms—that terrible day, as I call it, and one that is sure to be borne in bitter remembrance by every one who had a hand in the outrage, to the end of their days?"

The fellow, instead of uttering a word in the affirmative, said, "yes" by his looks, as plainly as was ever spoken: that look confessing at the same time a dread and a guilty consciousness, which could not be mistaken.

"I see how it is," said I, significantly, to the fellow. "The fact is, I know much more of the whole business, and the wretched criminals who have had a hand

in the conspiracy, than you dream of. I am the friend of Mr. Hastings, and will serve him at the risk of my life. Depend upon it, there is a terrible reckoning near at hand. If not a hanging, it will be a *transporting* business; it will be the conviction before the judges of great crimes, this same foul and monstrous conspiracy. Be prudent, my man," I subjoined, "and it will be the better for you."

Having spoken these last words, in a kindly tone of caution, the fellow withdrew, not a little astounded at the significance of my hints, and the serious nature of the threatening. He looked not only as conscious that he had involved himself in imminent danger, but that he had acted the fool in intrusting so much to me. I smiled derisively at his confusion, which made the wretch bite his lips.

At the very moment I am speaking of, when this conversation, searching as it was on my part, took place, Mr. Hughes made application to me, inquisitively, in order to ascertain if Mr. Hastings would permit a patient of a very peculiar temperament, to be admitted into his room.

"I fancy," said the knowing master of Bangor Lodge, "that it will be acceptable to the young squire, to have a field for his philanthropy; and, knowing that Mr. Henry Wardour—the most promising painter of the day—will, though crazed, be a quiet neighbour, short as I am, besides, of good accommodation for gentlemen, perhaps you will admit him into your apartment. Pray, ask if Mr. Hastings is agreeable."

Little did Hughes anticipate how this, his vulgar and self-seeking request, would tell upon the future fortunes, not only of himself, the writer of these lines, and the owner of Howarth House, but upon the cause of humanity, in relation to the most unthought-of class of mankind.

"Yes," said Mr. Hastings; "let Henry Wardour be admitted, and let us try if we can minister to his good."

Wardour was admitted—that promising and brilliant artist, intent night and day in pursuit of his calling, was in the same chamber with Mr. Hastings, until the enthusiast died. Oh! if you had seen how eager he was, even upon a bit of wood, to cut out the conceptions he wished to embody—free, flowing, grotesque, but most descriptive of life and scenery! Had you known how he fancied that he was to earn the first prize at Somerset House, and how it was to be the sure stepping-stone to the love of the president's daughter, you would then have begun to appreciate the senti-



ment of Herbert Hastings, who, from that moment, devoted himself to the amelioration of the demented, the lunatic, and the wronged in madhouses.

"My friend," said he to me, "this terrible visitation which has reached, and almost crushed me, will not go for nothing, if but originate healing measures for the insane. Let me study and make trial: with the wish, first of all, to behold my Alice Arundel, the next anxiety I cherish, is to be an instrument in the hands of Providence, for bringing round the amelioration of the state of the demented. And poor Henry Wardour—the gifted and amiable—has been one of the means of stirring me to this enterprise."

Born in the humbler classes, he rose by the unaided exertions of his own vigorous mind, to a somewhat prominent station among the artists of his day; but the frail tenement was overwrought, and his mind failed fast, when he seemed about to reap the laurels and the fame for which he had so long struggled.

Luke Clennell was another such gifted enthusiast; and as the promise and life of that man of genius resembled, with wonderful exactness, the fortunes and fate of poor Henry Wardour, let the account be taken for the filling up of the sketch of him who so touchingly affected the generous Herbert Hastings.\*

Clennell, who came to be lost to art and to society for two and twenty years, and the greater part of that long period confined in a lunatic asylum, was the son of a farmer at Ulgham, near Morpeth, in Northumberland, where he was born in March, 1781. He is said to have displayed, at a very early age, a passion for sketching and caricaturing; and many anecdotes have been related by his school-fellows of the troubles in which it involved him; for his slate was sure to be covered with rude figures of birds and beasts, instead of those of arithmetic. On his removal from school, he was apprenticed to his uncle, a tanner; but the ruling passion still swayed his destiny. He was, on one occasion, so absorbed in his favourite pursuit, as to be unaware of the presence of a customer, who reproved him somewhat sharply for his inattention. Luke submitted in silence, exhibited the skins, and the man of business proceeded to examine, compare, and select. Unfortunately, when about to depart, the customer caught sight of a caricature likeness of himself, which the boy had sketched in

chalk behind the door. These manifest, though ill-timed predilections for art, induced his friends to place him with Bewick, of Newcastle, the celebrated wood-engraver, to whom he was now apprenticed. Soon after, his parents were involved in difficulties; and, to procure a little pocket-money, Clennell was accustomed to dispose of the productions of his pencil, by raffle, among his companions. Some of the earlier specimens of his talent are yet to be seen in the neighbouring farmhouses. While with Bewick, he assiduously availed himself of all opportunities to prosecute those studies which had hitherto been to him only a source of trouble and anxiety. He was soon so far a proficient as to be employed by his master in copying drawings on the block, and in executing such subjects as required freedom of outline, and breadth of effect.

In 1804, shortly after he had served out his term of apprenticeship, he removed to London, and there married the daughter of Charles Warren, the engraver. The fame of his talent had preceded him, and, in the great mart for the encouragement and reward of genius, he soon found abundant employment. Among his best works, are the illustrations to "Falconer's Shipwreck," "Rogers' Poems," after drawings by Stothard, and the "Diploma of the Highland Society," from a design by the President West.

Clennell's cuts are distinguished by their free and artistic execution, and by their excellent effect. An admirable specimen of his engraving, is the vignette in Falconer—a ship running before the wind in a gale. The motion of the waves, and the gloomy appearance of the sky, are represented with admirable truth and feeling. Perhaps no engraving of the same kind, either on copper or wood, convey the idea of a storm at sea with greater fidelity. The drawing was made by Thurston, but the spirit and effect, the lights and shadows, the apparent seething of the waves, was introduced by Clennell.

As his whole life proves, Clennell was an artist. While yet at Newcastle, he had availed himself of his hours of leisure to make sketches of rustic and marine scenery, and portraits of his friends. He now, in London, met at the house of his father-in-law, with men of congenial taste, literary men as well as artists; his mind enlarged, his ambition took a higher aim, and he resolved to abandon engraving, and become a painter. Being familiar with the use of water-colours, having made many drawings

\* See Athenæum for March, 1840.

for the "Border Antiquities," he resolved to become a candidate for a prize offered by the British Institution, for the best sketch of "The Decisive Charge of the Life Guards at Waterloo." He succeeded, and received one hundred and fifty guineas.

But an epoch of melancholy moment was at hand as regarded the enthusiastic aspirant. The Earl of Bridgewater commissioned him to paint a large picture commemorative of the dinner given by the city of London to the Allied Sovereigns, in which he was to introduce portraits of the principal guests. The artist had, of course, great difficulty in procuring the required likenesses. It is believed, indeed, that his health suffered from increasing anxieties on this point. At length, when he had collected all his materials, finished his sketch, and was proceeding vigorously with the great work itself, his mind suddenly became a blank, to the astonishment of his friends, for they had no previous warning. He was found to be insane, and he never recovered.

It is gratifying to know, that during his long years of confinement, he found innocent amusement in attempts at musical and poetical composition, and in drawing as well as wood-cutting. His wood-engravings now resembled the first attempts of a hoy; but he prized them highly, and ranked them amongst the most successful productions in the art. His poetry was wild, strange, and incoherent; yet not without music in its flow, and vague shadowy visions of the beautiful. The following are two specimens:

#### "SOLEMAN."

"Lady, doth the dawning light  
Thy early step invite?  
Or, on the dawning of the day,  
Where the creaming spray,  
Saluting the golden sand,  
Thy fondness command?  
Perhaps in the ocean's tide  
Thy brown camel's side  
Thou dost lave  
With the spouting wave—  
Lie with thy fan,  
The early hour to scan—  
Or in the shade,  
Where softest lights pervade—  
Or say,  
In this rosy day,  
In curiosity to inquire,  
Or to admire,  
With thy cymbal soft,  
Charming, merry, oft,

Saluting the sence  
With melodious agreeableness?  
Or dost contemplate the round sun,  
As he hath begun  
To gain  
Upon the watery main,  
And in thy musing reach  
The gilded beach  
Where the curling waters flow  
In calm bestow,  
And in soft reveal,  
Kiss the sandal upon thy heel?  
Or dost thou guard thy beastie, say,  
Sporting in the dashing spray?"

At times his poetry was more coherent. Here is a sample of the better sort;

"The lady upon the palfrey gray  
Pranceth in the summer's day,  
In pleasure through the greenwood shade,  
Where woodbine sweet and roses braid.  
What a pleasure in the sunny light to see  
A lady of such elegant simplicity!  
Or by the hall or arbour bower,  
Or lowly cot or lofty tower,  
Or by the limpid flowing stream,  
Or distant falling waters' cream,  
What sounds of softness through the wood-  
ed dale,  
And echo far along the winding vale!

Her pad was covered with a silken net,  
With silken tie and ribband rosette,  
And a green ashen hough did hear,  
Pendant, to shade the brow and ear;  
A bridle-bit of silver and gold,  
And fair was the lady to behold.

And often she would guide  
In gentleness to the fountain's side  
Or flowing well,  
Her pony foal  
Did drink from a bowl  
Carved in the rocky dell.

But now the noontide's brightest ray  
Shineth on the lady with palfrey gray,  
And myrtles now sweet odour lend,  
And arching branches o'er her shoulders  
bend.

What pleasure in the sunny day to see  
A lady of such elegant simplicity!"

Mr. Clennell has been described, by those who knew him well, as a man of kind and gentle disposition, of pleasing manners, open-hearted, sincere, and beloved by his family and friends. It is to be hoped, that though his condition appeared miserable to others, he was not himself miserable; and though deprived of the light of reason, he yet enjoyed some pleasures of

which we can form no conception. Perhaps his confinement occasioned to him

Small feeling of privation and none of pain.

Indeed, the verses which have been cited seem not only to indicate that he had moments when the gleams of reason revisited his soul, but that there was sunshine and beautiful images in those visitations.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### SORE DELUSIONS.

ANOTHER of Mr. Hastings' associates, and placed in the same apartment as himself, in consequence of his own urgent and benevolent desire, was Captain France, whose case was extremely distressing and lamentable, being a melancholy instance of the dangerous and alarming pitch of delirium to which the human imagination is liable under a state of derangement.

France had been a captain in a rifle regiment, and had served during the late war in Spain, as well as in other parts of the continent; and, from the account of his friends, had always conducted himself with honour and reputation as a gentleman and an officer. He had been genteelly brought up, and was accomplished, maintaining the manners and deportment of a gentleman even in his insane state. At length he retired on half-pay, his health having become bad. Some time afterwards his mind was engloomed, partly by religious fears, and partly by imaginary apprehensions; in short, he became deranged. He was chiefly affected by a bitter sense of remorse for ideal crimes, a horror of death, and a perpetual suspicion that every person about him intended to assassinate or poison him.

For a long time he took his food with the greatest caution, his suspicions of poison still increasing. Afterwards he would obstinately refuse the provisions assigned for himself, but exchange them for those given to other patients, and would accept none offered him by his keeper. By degrees he got still worse, and at last would receive neither meat nor drink in any shape, or from any person whatever, to preserve his existence. All means that could be thought of were tried to dissipate his apprehensions, and induce him to take nourishment, but in vain. At last, recourse to the elastic hottle and tube was found to be absolutely necessary to keep him alive. This bottle was formed of Indian rubber, with an elastic

leathern pipe attached, about twenty inches long. The bottle was filled with rich broth, to which eggs, beaten up, and some wine were added. The pipe was passed up his nostril, through the palate of his mouth, by which means the nutriment was conveyed to his stomach; and this operation was performed daily, for some time, in the presence of his medical visiter, who treated him with the greatest possible tenderness and humanity. He endured this mode of nutrition with the greatest reluctance; and although his physical health was sustained, his derangement got worse. The horrors of death still rendered him despondent and miserable. He sought every opportunity of getting to the window, when he would cry out, with a loud and desperate voice.

"Neighbours! neighbours!" he would scream, "save me! save me! Help! help! I am going to be murdered! Is there no good creature left in the world to save an unfortunate young man from the most cruel death! Oh! merciful God! oh! just Heaven! avert the impending and dreadful doom of the most unfortunate of human beings!"

Previously to the use of the elastic bottle, he was frequently entreated, in the kindest and most indulgent manner, to take of himself the refreshments provided for him, and avoid the disagreeable operation otherwise indispensable. But he answered invariably that he would not—as, from a sense of religious duty, he could not—voluntarily receive poison; but if it was forced on him, he would not be answerable for his own death.

"Dear France," the doctor would say to him, "you shall now see me eat some of it; and surely, if it was poison, as you suppose, you cannot imagine I would take it?"

"Oh! doctor," the poor deluded gentleman would answer, "how easy it is for you to obtain an antidote, or any of you; but as for me, miserable wretch! I have not the means."

When the pipe was partly down the passage to his stomach, and perhaps driven by the great pain, he would give his honour that he would take the whole of the nutriment of his own accord. But the moment the pipe was withdrawn he would relapse into his previous refusal, pleading his religious scruples. It was then, of course, given him in the original way.

In this state he continued for some time, and every means were used to sustain his life, in the hope of abating the disease.



But his derangement increased rather than lost ground, and still his frequent cries were, in the hopes of reaching the people who might be passing the Lodge outside: "Neighbours, neighbours! save me, save me!" &c. He became so refractory, that he was locked up in one of the securest cells, and unthinkingly left alone. In about half an hour, the keeper, perceiving he was quiet, went to release him, but found him suspended by his neckerchief to the wire-guard over the door of the cell. This he had accomplished by standing upon two wooden night-bowls, and fastening the corner of his neckerchief through the wire-guard in a very curious manner, fixed the other round his neck, and by kicking from under him the bowls, he hung with his feet just touching the floor, as he was found. The vital spark, however, had not yet fled; for though this poor gentleman would have effected with his own hands the fate he so long dreaded with the greatest horror, he was resuscitated.

The malady in Captain France's case was hereditary, affording a lamentable exemplification of that law of nature—the impress of nature's God—by which parents transmit to their offspring, not merely the outward resemblance of feature, and the yet more striking peculiarities of gait, manner, and action, so often observed to descend in this way, but also the physical conformation and constitution of those exquisitely constructed organs, so intimately connected with the nobler powers of man—the mind, and its energies and operations. Indeed, thus far the transformation holds good throughout almost the whole animal kingdom, except in cases of transformations, as of the caterpillar to the butterfly; and it constitutes that bond of similarity in the same species, amid the interminable variety of the individuals that compose it, which is one of the great charms of animated nature. Mania, then, being in some instances hereditary, it is clear that in those instances it must depend on some organic conformation or constitution, which is transmitted from parent to offspring; and from the accurate investigations and experiments made of late years, little doubt remains that the brain is the organ in question. But *how* a certain conformation of brain is connected with certain mental capacities or mental delusions, or how certain modes of life and conduct conduce to bring about that state of brain in those hereditarily predisposed to it, and even in others not so inheriting that predisposition, remains a subject of curious and not unprofitable speculation.

But to return to poor France. No sooner had Mr. Hastings heard of his attempt at committing self-murder, and the other peculiarities of his case, than he made application to Hughes that the patient might be removed to his apartment; for that he and his friend—meaning the *Discharged Officer*—would endeavour to soothe and to take care of him, with the view of trying how far undivided personal attention may be substituted in the place of restraint of whatever kind or degree.

The experiment was made, and the results were most gratifying. Having constantly to witness the utmost gentleness and benignity on the part of Mr. Hastings; being entirely delivered besides, from every thing in the shape of aversion, or even of argument, concerning his deranged imaginings—which latter course will always be vainly attempted in talking to an insane person upon the all-engrossing delusion under which he may labour—poor France very soon came to place considerable confidence in his companion, and to believe him incapable of meditating wrong to any man. It was absolutely necessary, however, that the patient should not go any very considerable time without food or nutritive drink; and to this point were Mr. Hastings' thoughts principally directed in the first place. A happy idea, at length, entered his mind: for having sat apparently cogitating within himself regarding some question that concerned his own condition only, every now and then, while he looked inquiringly, as if into vacancy, saying, "Let me see, let me see," he at length added, "what shall I have for supper?"

"A broiled chicken," cried France; "I recommend to you a broiled chicken."

"The very thing that I like, and shall have," as if greatly delighted at the suggestion; instantly adding, "and you will join me, France."

"Yes, I shall partake with you, kind friend," replied the deranged, apparently quite taken off his guard.

"And I shall have a pint of stout," cried Mr. Hastings, in continuation, and for once have a jolly meal."

"I shall have the same," added the other, by this time leaning on his companion, and already manifesting some degree of cheerfulness, as if in the contemplation of some agreeable occurrence.

From the hour that Captain France supped on the chicken and the stout, along with Mr. Herbert Hastings, his convalescence displayed clear tokens of advancement. Indeed, he ate heartily of the meal,

almost voraciously; never from that hour, while he remained in the Lodge, refusing to partake with his kind and considerate friend, although, for a considerable period, he would not taste a morsel that he did not with his own eyes see cooked or prepared by him in whose goodness he put such unlimited faith.

What a source of delight to the philanthropic and enlightened owner of Howarth House! and how he now almost felt thankful that it had been appointed in his destiny to become an inmate of a madhouse!

"I shall, the moment I am liberated," he with great and joyous calmness exclaimed, "set my heart and time mainly to the subject of ameliorating the condition of the insane, and of originating such great public measures as may lead the country and the councils of the nation to undertake and carry out these beneficent ends."

Every recent writer on insanity has directed his attention to the subject of those influences which seem chiefly to contribute to its increase in society. Many of these influences are resolvable into crimes, follies, and ignorance; for a great proportion of cases are attributed to the excess or abuse of the passions, or the weakness of the uneducated intellect.

Are there any proscribed or privileged orders recognized in the invasion of madness, or are there any circumstances over which we possess control, that appear to promote or prevent that invasion? There are both. And it conveys an impressive truth that the professions which are most intimately connected with temporal and selfish subjects, and the dispositions which are vicious, or lead to vice, are precisely those upon which the infliction falls most heavily. Rank, riches, and education afford no protection against this disease, as they do against others; nor do they increase the danger, otherwise than by giving rise to hopes and fears, exertions and vicissitudes, which the humble and illiterate escape. So far as present statistical information extends, the privileged orders here, are those who, from the nature of their employments, or their station in life, are farthest removed from the causes of the disease. The rich and those elevated in rank seem to be most liable to mental aberrations. While the poor and the wealthy are equally exposed, or rather expose themselves equally, to the physical causes, the situation, education, and habits of the latter, are all more favourable to the development of the moral causes of insanity, than can be affirmed of the condition of the

poor. Poverty enjoins a compulsory temperance; it shuts out the longings of ambition, it acquaints with the realities of life, and excludes sentimentalism. On the other hand, the poor seem to be more subject to this infirmity of mind, which arises from an imperfect development of the organs. Idiocy and deficient intellect, in its less complete degrees, are far more common in the cabins of Ireland, than where the condition of the working-classes is better, and, still more so, than among the affluent classes.

There is no subject connected with the history of insanity, on which more crude, ignorant, and mistaken notions are entertained, than on what is termed religious madness.

It cannot be doubted, that in persons predisposed to insanity by natural constitution, education, and other circumstances, anxieties connected with a future state of existence have been the existing causes of mental derangement. But as a matter of fact, the best authorities on the subject declare, that there is reason to believe that the number of persons who become insane through the influence of religious hopes and fears, is much less than is generally supposed to be. The circumstance that the mind of a lunatic is occupied, during the period of his disease, with ideas and feelings connected with an invisible world, is no proof whatever that the derangement of his understanding was produced, in the first instance, by impressions related to the same subject. To a mind already prepared by disease to indulge fearful thoughts and gloomy forebodings, the unknown future opens a wide field, which the imagination is likely to select; and it often dwells upon the evils which it anticipates in another stage of existence, when the original cause of derangement has been some misfortune in the present, or perhaps some merely physical influence. The instances of the last-mentioned kinds are, in fact, more numerous than those in which religious terrors have been the originary causes.

No doubt distress occasioned by religious anxieties has really given rise to disorders of the mind. Such instances are to be found sometimes among persons who had frequented churches or chapels where the ministers were remarkable for a severe, impassioned, and almost imprecatory style of preaching, and for enforcing the terrors rather than setting forth the hopes and consolations which belong to the Christian religion. Foreign writers have supposed this to be the practice of the English Metho-



dists in particular, representing the prevalence of enthusiasm in this country as a presumptive cause of the frequency of suicide amongst us. That none of the preachers of this particular sect have been deserving of such a censure, I shall not venture to affirm; but in the present time, at least, it cannot be laid either generally or exclusively to their charge. A vehement and impassioned mode of preaching has often been the practice in other sects, both among protestants and catholics, and in no instance more remarkably than among the itinerant missionaries of the latter church.

"In the kingdom of Naples," says a French writer, "a custom exists of preaching in favour of missions, by a particular set of priests. In order to animate the path of believers, they accompany their orations with particular acts, which are often of such a nature as to produce too powerful an effect on weak minds. They hold their hands over flaming torches, and whip themselves with scourges garnished with iron points. Their sermons are prolonged till the close of the day, and the feeble glare of a few flambeaux heightens the effect of the scene. One of these sermons gave occasion to the following case:—The subject was hell; and to heighten the colouring of that frightful picture which the preacher had traced, he took a skull in his hand, and, having raised the question as to the abode of the soul to which it belonged, he exclaimed, invoking it: 'If thou art in heaven, intercede for us; if thou art in hell, utter curses.' He then cast it from him with violence." One female, at least, had her reason upset by this horrid display and oration, according to the writer quoted.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

THERE are few subjects which show humanity in a worse point of view than insanity and its asylums. Whether the long prevalent absurdities in the treatment of mental maladies, the cruelties for ages perpetrated by the superintendents of mad-houses, or the indifference of relations be considered, the inference against civilized man has been extremely unfavourable. It should seem as if society had united in a common conspiracy to get rid of the insane, and to fling them into oblivion; to get them out of sight and out of mind as completely and rapidly as if they were really deceased.

But the result of this apathy came to be a corresponding reaction; and since the point of reform applied itself to the investigation of this class of abuses, a rapid movement towards amelioration has commenced.

Amongst the first exemplifications of the ameliorated system in the treatment of the insane, that of the retreat of the Quakers of England merits especial mention. This establishment is situated about a mile from the city of York, upon an eminence commanding the adjacent country; and the great principle on which it has been all along conducted, is that of kindness to the patients. It does not appear to the society of Friends, that because a man is mad, that he is to be considered in a state of complete mental degradation, or insensible to the feelings of kindness and gratitude. When a madman does not do as he is bid to do, the shortest method, to be sure, is to knock him down; and straps and chains are, where the system prevails, the easiest and ordinary applications. But, at the Retreat, the interests of the patients are rather consulted than the ease of the keeper; and to aim at the government of the insane by creating in them the kindest disposition towards those who have the care and command of them.

The safety of those who attend upon the deranged, is certainly an object of importance; but it is worthy of inquiry, whether it may not be attained without materially interfering with another object—the recovery of the patient. It was also another subject of inquiry and experiment at the Retreat, whether the extensive practice of coercion did not arise from erroneous views of the character of insane persons; from indifference to their comfort, or from having rendered coercion necessary, by previous unkind treatment.

The power of judicious kindness over this unhappy class of society is much greater than is generally imagined. It is not too much to say of kind treatment, that

— "She can unlock

The claspin charm, and thaw the numbing spell."

In no instances has this power been more strikingly displayed, or exerted with more beneficial effects, than in those deplorable cases in which the patient refuses to take food. Some patients at the Retreat, who refused to partake of the family meals, have been induced to eat by being taken into the larder, and there allowed to help themselves. Some have been found willing to eat when food was left with them in their rooms, or when they could obtain it unobserved by



their attendants. Others, whose determination was stronger, have frequently been induced, by repeated persuasion, to take a small quantity of nutritious liquid; and it has been found equally true in these, as in general cases, that every breach of resolution weakens the power and disposition to resistance.

When it has been deemed necessary to apply any mode of coercion—chains are never permitted—such an overpowering force is employed as precludes all possibility of successful resistance; and, most commonly, therefore, it has extinguished every idea of making any at all. An attendant upon a madhouse exposes himself to some risk—and to some he ought to expose himself, or he is unfit for his situation. And yet, during eighteen years, there happened not a single accident to any of the keepers, this being the period of which the *Discharged Officer* has an accurate account.

The female superintendent, who, during that period, held a situation at the Retreat, having the chief management of the female patients, as well as of the domestic department, was a person possessed of an uncommon share of benevolent activity. Occasionally she tried the experiment of giving a general invitation to the patients to a tea-party; when all attended, dressed in their best clothes, would vie with each other in politeness. The best fare was always provided, and the patients were treated with all the attention that would have been shown to strangers. The evening generally passed in the greatest harmony and enjoyment. It rarely happened that any unpleasant circumstance occurred; the patients controlling, in a wonderful degree, their apparent propensities, so that the scene was at once curious and affectingly gratifying.

As a specimen of the laudable attention to the feelings of the poor people at the Retreat, it may be mentioned, that in the day-room, the sashes are made of cast-iron, giving to the building the security of bars, without their unpleasant appearance. The straps of their strait-waistcoats, too, are made of some showy colour, and are not unfrequently considered by the insane as ornaments.

The tea-parties at the Retreat may be regarded as the type and origin of the festivals or gala occasions, celebrated as these are of late years in certain still larger asylums. To persons unacquainted with the true habits and dispositions of the insane, the scenes witnessed at these entertainments bear the appearance of the marvellous, and

convey the impression that they are got up for mere display. The novice cannot comprehend the reality of the order, cheerfulness, and enjoyment which prevail.

Mankind had generally formed in their minds an abstract notion of a madman, and it was associated with stripes, melancholy, and raving. There is no delusion of a lunatic greater, and none half so pernicious, as the almost universal delusion of the sane part of mankind, which prevailed till recently, with respect to their unfortunate fellow-men whose reason has become deranged. Humanity shudders at the horrors which have been perpetrated in licensed madhouses, and sickens with disgust at the miseries which, it is believed, still prevail. Within these few years, in the Lancaster asylum, now one of the best regulated in the empire, nearly thirty patients were daily chained in two rows, in a close room, from six A.M. to nine P.M., in heavy wooden chairs, having on loose garments reaching to the feet, but without shoes or stockings, and such things, and more horrible things, have existed in this happy land.

It is with the view of directing attention to the benign and gratifying scenes which annually take place at several of the asylums, or bedlams, that mention here is made of one of these festivals, the reader being requested to suppose himself a spectator or participator in it, transporting him to Hanwell hospital on a day when the pauper patients have their festival. To make these harmless amusements and innocent pleasures the subject of idle wonder or vulgar curiosity, would be to change their character and destroy their utility; whilst, to announce their meetings as though they were public balls or mixed assemblies, would be to derogate from the character and detract from the dignity of the institutions where such entertainments are celebrated. But a deep moral lesson is to be learned from the just contemplation of the results of the humane and judicious system of treatment alluded to. As the finished evolutions of the battalion on the day of its review is the result of the training and discipline of the preceding twelve months, so the ability to mix in one arena, several hundreds of lunatics, to warm their hearts and animate their feelings by the dance and the song and rural sports, and yet to have no disorder, no outbreaks, and no violence, is the result of a long and patient study of their temper and habits, and of an uniform course of gentle treatment, by which their excitements are subdued, their better feelings called forth, and their confidence won. Thus considered,

and thus alone, the day and the evening's proceedings to be described are worthy the attention of the man of science, the philanthropist and the Christian.

The day was beautiful,\* being in mid-summer. The party, all female patients, and neatly dressed, assembled, between four and five o'clock in the evening, in the large pleasure-ground attached to the asylum. They were regaled with cake and coffee, and then amused themselves according to their fancies. Some walked leisurely round the grounds, or mingled with the spectators and visitors in the friendliest manner. Others were to be seen seated on the benches; parties occupied themselves at playing "thread the needle," and other rural games; and here and there a group would dance a country dance, to the sound of their own voices; whilst the spirit and zest with which the nurses entered into the scene, and promoted and partook of the mirth, was amongst the most gratifying parts of the entertainment. The children of the officers were mingled amongst the patients. The daughters of the excellent, humane, and enlightened superintendent were particularly active and kind; and it was with much pleasure that the chaplain and his family were seen to mix in the entertainment, and also to mark the good understanding which subsisted between them and the patients. About half-past seven o'clock, the bell called them into the hospital.

Countless thousands of afflicted sufferers will hereafter bless the intellectual and resolute spirits who, under circumstances of extreme difficulty, have accomplished that great revolution in the treatment of insanity, of which the scenes described form but a small part. The system is now in full operation in many of the public and some of the private establishments of this great empire, and is spreading rapidly throughout the continent of Europe and America.

But the festival did not terminate in the pleasure-grounds, it was to be continued in one of the galleries, in which the nurses and patients promiscuously joined; deeply impressing the mind of every invited spectator with the conviction that the generous humanity which had prompted this new system, of which the festival was only a result, had placed every one of the harmless lunatics present in the possession of as much happiness as their minds were capable of enjoying.

On entering the gallery, I beheld a crowd

of dancers figuring away at country dances, as mirthfully and with as good a heart as if they had been sane. We walked slowly down the room to where the dancing was going on, watched by many eyes you saw were mad the moment you caught them. A small portion only of the women danced: the rest sat at the sides of the gallery on benches, laughing and talking to themselves, whispering to their neighbours, lost in sad reveries, or watching earnestly and distrustfully the scene before them; and here and there a face expressive of intense melancholy, as of the poor creature was pondering on some mental misery too heavy for her to bear, called you away from the listless expression of childish imbecility which characterized the bulk of the party. A few keepers were interspersed with the dancers, who helped to give spirit to the dancing; but it was really difficult at first to say who was keeper and who was not. Every one of them seemed to enter into the enjoyment of the dance with as much good will, with so plain an intention of being amused, and so much light-heartedness, that, at a little distance, and with the exception of a slovenly method of moving their feet, you might have fancied they were so many country people dancing at a village wake or fair. There was no uniform or work-house dress to mark them as the inmates of an asylum, but nearly as much variety in their dress as in that of an equal number of villagers.

The crowd altogether reminded me very much of a crowd of children. Willful, natural, saying what they thought, careless or unconscious of other people's opinions, earnest in trifles, sincere without concealment, inquisitive, eager observers of every passing thing, and in continual fidgetty motion, you might have imagined yourself in a school of foolish overgrown girls. There were exceptions, of course, where excessive pride or inordinate vanity was the insane indication. The Queen of the Netherlands, for instance, proud as Lucifer, looked down upon you as if you were only dirt; and her equal in purse-pride, who carried a bag of gold—foreign money, she said, but the Bank would know her pebbles were good foreign money, and would pass to the country she came from—was as conscious of her wealth as the sanest money-holder or the Stock Exchange. She stalked about in her poor straw bonnet and short sorry gown, with a lofty stage stride, as if she had been the original goddess of Plenty. Contrasted with her pride was the silly vanity of a

\* See *Athenæum* for 1842.



feeble and somewhat delicate young person, who slipped in and out between the by-standers, and walked backwards and forwards incessantly, in a stealthy self-conscious way, wishing to attract attention, yet affecting to disregard it. She had been pretty once, was better dressed than the majority about her, wore her hair in bands, and had less of the kitchen-maid about her than the crowd that lined the walls. She was the wife of a professional man, gone mad, one would think, with excessive vanity. Whenever you looked at her, she caught your eye, looked away suddenly, with a complacent smile at having attracted notice, and walked on in her vain way, as if the eyes of all were waiting upon her. I thought I detected an expression of uneasiness at her being seen among so many common people. Many of them were very loquacious, and pleased at an opportunity of talking to strangers. A placid, middle-aged woman, of the Mrs. Nickleby genus, with a weak flow of soft religious words, and a still weaker stream of namby-pamby, told me innocently, that she had a sweet heavenly host of pretty little scraphs, three inches long—pretty little creatures that she fed and nourished: they were up-stairs now, she said, but she had been burrowing in the ground after them in the morning, which was the reason she was not quite so well as usual. Her earnestness and minute description of particulars, showed how completely she was living in a world of her own, where she saw the seraphs she described. She was fully impressed with the notion that she was sane, and the rest of the people were mad.

The music or songs played in the course of the evening were very well received by the patients; on some of whom it produced sadness, and on others unnatural gaiety. In the middle of one of the songs, to which all were listening very quietly, an earnest, voluble woman, standing behind me, to whom all things seemed possible, whispered in my ear, with an air of familiar truth, which was almost startling—"You know I've been in heaven, and the songs they sing there are better than that, I can tell you." It was taking her too literally, perhaps, to follow up such an assertion by any further inquiry; but her answer to the question, What sort of music they had there? was a rather singular one. She considered a moment, and then said, as if she had been merely recalling past impressions, "Why, common sense, to be sure." When the song was

over, she walked away towards the end of the gallery, where a few patients sat, who appeared slightly more irritable than the rest; and among these was a silent, feeble girl, having a look of dejected imbecility on her sharp coarse face, which seemed as if her spirits had been broken down by want. She was one of the numerous class of patients who had been confined in that cruel bondage or restraint-chairs, sleeves, strait-waistcoats, muffs, or leg-locks—(how rare it is to call things by their right names)—from which the judicious humanity of the physician and the magistrates had at length released her. Her wrists were deformed by the hard leather cases in which they had been confined; and so habituated had she been to wear them at night, that, for some time after they were removed, she held up her hands to be bound whenever she went to bed. Now she was permitted to wander about as she pleased, and although, under the old system, she had been tied to an iron bar, or a bench, or a heavy restraint-chair, as a dangerous maniac, she conducted herself this evening with propriety, listened to the piano with much apparent pleasure, or sat near some friend, to whom she seemed attached, watching, with a various expression of shyness, or sadness, or apathy, every stranger's face that she saw in the room. She was not the only instance of the happy effects of removing restraint. There were forty-seven persons present, all of whom had been previously confined in some way or other, who now behaved with as much decency as the harmless patients who were always at large.

Before the dancing had ended, the physician, whose illness had prevented him from seeing his patients for some time previously, and who for the same reason was unable to join the party earlier, made his appearance in the gallery, and went through it, noticing nearly every person as he passed, with some appropriate kindness. I have never witnessed before so affecting a tribute to unassuming genius and worth, as was paid by these pauper lunatics to their resident doctor. With few exceptions, the women rose as soon as they saw him, and eagerly stepped out from their seats to shake hands with him, and ask him how he was, hoping that he was better. Whenever he went there was some proof of their respectful affection for him, if not in words, at least in manner, or by voice or look, or by the cheerfulness caused by his merely coming among them. The sympathizing courtesy with which they were received,



seemed to rejoice them no less than hearing he was better. "What a treat it is," I heard a hearty old woman whisper to her neighbour, when he was out of hearing, "to see the doctor about again;" and the same feeling was expressed in the faces of nearly all. It may well be conceived that so many marks of regard to those helpless lunatics, joined with the ready tact and quiet forbearance which the physician showed with uncertain tempers, his cheerful familiarity with those who required encouragement, his courteous deference to mad vagaries, sympathy with whimsical complaints, gentleness and firmness when they were needed, and his friendly sincerity with all, were not seen without emotion, while at the same time it afforded the plainest proof of the wisdom and humanity of the system of treatment, when carried out by such an instrument.

At nine o'clock the evening hymn was sung by all who chose to join, and the party broke up, with no other interruption than the loud sobs of one poor soul, who left the room crying like a great baby for "her doll." When the signal was given to go to bed, the women left the room as obediently as children, shaking hands and wishing good night with much simplicity. Among the last to go was a poor Irish girl, who interested me exceedingly. She was a fine hearty creature, well made, buxom, and high-spirited, with a full round Irish face, a brogue, and soft mild eyes, which, while she smiled to herself, seemed full of wilful gaiety, and then on a sudden became very sorrowful, as if her mind was filled with some painful recollection, or removed from the place or circumstances about her. She was an uncertain patient, it seemed, and occasionally became refractory; but to-night she was only in unnaturally high spirits, dashed with these sudden fits of sadness. When we were going away, she called out loudly, "Edward, Edward," as if she expected him to come. She was supposed to have been the bride of a soldier, who had married, and then deserted her. She said, with inexpressible pathos, while a song was singing near her, "I had rather hear Edward play the guitar, than sit under a canopy of gold, and have ten thousand a year."

I find a difficulty in expressing what I felt on leaving this singular scene. Here were three hundred and fifty insane women, of whom many were incurably mad, having temper and dispositions requiring the most constant and rigid self control, to treat with proper forbearance; in some cases impa-

tient of all restraint, listless spendthrifts of their time, or lazy and indifferent to the common every-day necessities of life, without the means or disposition of earning a subsistence, and either without friends or lost to them, or alienated from them by a malady worse than death, who were treated with a kindness and concern which they would have met with, and perhaps could scarcely have expected from their own kinsmen or friends. Instead of harshness they find a charity which "suffers long, and is kind;" where imprisonment and violence were once thought necessary, liberty with firmness, or with merely occasional seclusion, is all that is required; and apart from the melancholy incidents which must necessarily follow a pauper lunatic into an asylum, you find these forsaken people in the comfortable enjoyment of as large a measure of happiness as will ever be found consistent with their demented state. It must indeed have been a gratifying reflection to the men who have planned and are carrying out the scheme of benevolence which has already been followed by such results, that to their courageous perseverance and enlightened charity are these benefits to be attributed. Their services are *not* confined to one asylum, they are trying a great experiment for the nation, in devotion to which a life would not be misspent; and the issue of that experiment will be, that at no very distant day a law be passed making all restraints, in every madhouse in the kingdom, as illegal as they have been already proved to be mischievous and unjust.

## CHAPTER XX.

JAMES HATFIELD.

HATFIELD, who fired a pistol at George the Third, at the theatre, in the month of May, 1800, afforded a very peculiar instance of mental derangement. The first alarming symptoms of this man's insanity broke forth on the occasion mentioned.

Hatfield served his time to a working-silversmith, but enlisted very young into the 15th Dragoons, in which regiment he had some hard service, and received several severe wounds. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Lincelles, after having received several sabre-cuts on the head, and his arm broken by a musket-ball. On being discharged from the army, he married, and worked at his trade for some time with a

silversmith of Aldersgate street. A few days before the attack on his Majesty, he purchased a pair of pistols of a neighbouring broker, and having tried them, he left one at home, considering it good for nothing. In his business he had occasion to use lead, and having cast a couple of slugs, he repaired to Drury-lane theatre, on the 16th of May, 1800. The king had scarcely entered his box, when, in the act of bowing with his usual condescension to the audience, a pistol was fired by Hatfield, who sat in the pit, on the second row from the orchestra. The ball struck the roof of the royal box, just at the moment the queen and princesses were entering. His Majesty, with great presence of mind, waved his hand as a signal to dissuade the royal family from making their immediate appearance, and instantly standing erect, raised his right hand to his breast, and continued bowing for some minutes to his loyal subjects. Shortly after, her Majesty and the princesses entered the box; but on learning what had happened, the princesses Augusta and Mary fainted.

After the first moments of astonishment had subsided, some of the musicians from the orchestra seized Hatfield, and dragged him over the palisades into the music-room. He was afterwards examined before Sir William Addington, in the presence of the Dukes of York, Clarence, and Cumberland (who were also at the theatre,) Mr. Sheridan, and several other persons of distinction; and was that evening committed to the house of correction in Coldbath-fields. Next day he was examined at the Duke of Portland's office, before the Privy Council; and in the afternoon was committed to Newgate to take his trial for high treason.

Although on the trial it was evident that Hatfield's act was that of a madman, yet, from a circumstance that occurred the day before in Hyde-park, it was at the first considered that such a coincidence must have been the result of an organized plan to assassinate the king. On the previous day there was a review of the 1st battalion of Guards in the park, in the presence of his Majesty, Lords Chatham, Chesterfield, and a number of distinguished officers; when, after the commencement of the evolutions, a gentleman of the name of Ongley, who was about twenty yards from the king, received a musket-ball through the upper part of his thigh, and fell. This accident, it was ascertained, proceeded from neglect of one of the soldiers, who had unintentionally left a ball-cartridge in his cartouch; but the event of the succeeding evening at the

theatre caused the greatest inquietude and alarm, for some time, among all the well-disposed subjects of the sovereign.

On the 26th of June, Hatfield stood his trial for high treason, before Lord Kenyon and three other judges, at the Court of King's Bench. Mr. Abbott (afterwards Lord Chief Justice) opened the pleadings. Evidence was detailed of the firing at his Majesty, and Hatfield acknowledged the fact, because he was tired of his life. His defence was conducted by Mr. (afterwards Lord) Erskine; when, after several witnesses had been called to prove the insanity of the prisoner, Lord Kenyon interrupted the proceedings, thinking the inquiry should not go further. A verdict was given of "Not guilty," and Hatfield was ordered to be confined as a maniac in Old Bethlem, from which he was afterwards removed to the new establishment passing under a similar name. During his stay at the old institution he killed a poor patient named Benjamin Swain, by a stroke on his head, which tumbled him over a form, and he died instantly.

Hatfield contrived to make his escape from Old Bethlem, but was apprehended at Dover, being, for his better security, sent to Newgate, where he remained until the 8th of November, 1816, whence he was brought back to Bedlam.

The first symptoms of this man's insanity are reported to have been shortly previous to the attempt on the king, developed in White Conduit-fields, where he was accosted by a religious fanatic named Bannister Truelock. After the two had conversed for some time on sacred subjects, Truelock said to Hatfield, "that a great change of things in this world was about to take place; that the Messiah was to come out of his mouth; and that if the king was removed, all obstacles to the completion of their wishes would be done away with also."

By ravings of this sort, Truelock seems to have so completely influenced the mind of Hatfield, that the desperate attempt was resolved on, and the time fixed for its perpetration.

Truelock was apprehended, and, upon examination, was found to be deranged in his mind. He was therefore also sent to Bethlem.

Hatfield made, from time to time, several applications to be removed, or allowed further indulgences. He petitioned the House of Commons for the purpose, and his petition was ordered to lie on the table. Although for a long time he evinced no



symptoms of actual insanity, yet his impatience of confinement soured his temper, in spite of all the indulgences allowed him. He was ever grumbling and discontented on that cause, finding fault with every thing, though his manners and language were those of a low-bred fellow. He was cleanly in his person, and regular in his habits—knacky and ingenious. He made handsome straw baskets, which he was permitted to sell to visitors, and for which he obtained from 3s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. each. He received a pension from government of 6d. per day, in consideration of his former military services.

We have seen that Bannister Truelock was suspected of causing Hatfield to attempt George the Third's life, having been accused of talking the unfortunate fellow into a persuasion that the first step to the commencement of his doctrines, and to their fulfilment in a happy change of things throughout the world, would be the death of his Majesty. Hatfield, in his examination, mentioned this man's name, and he was accordingly apprehended, underwent several examinations, and was committed to prison; but from his incoherent manner, his answers, and the evidence of his mother, he was found to be deranged, and ultimately sent to the madhouse.

Truelock was a very singular and curious character: in his ordinary conversations he betrayed not the smallest symptoms of a disordered intellect. He was cool, steady, and deliberate in his actions, cleanly in his person, and regular and decent in his apartment. His discourse, however, did not continue long at any time before he contrived to make some allusion to his case, and strike out upon his favourite topic of religion.

He had an apartment at the top of the house, which commanded a good prospect. He had coal, candle, and every convenience for his use; his provisions were regularly brought to him, and in fine weather he was permitted to walk in the garden allotted to the superintendent, steward, &c., two hours each day, when he chose. He had the privilege of mending the shoes for the servants and patients—for he had been bred a shoemaker—and was paid his own price. He was also permitted to breed birds, and allowed to sell them. He had a great number of canaries, in places neatly fitted up, which he kept in great order. Notwithstanding all these privileges, he was extremely discontented.

He was kept entirely apart from all the other patients, for very substantial reasons.

1st, The propagation of his new religion to weak minds might have done much harm, in the forcible, pointed, and positive manner he had of impressing his tenets. 2dly, Being exceedingly discontented, he might soon have excited contentions and uneasiness amongst the other patients; for the best of such afflicted people are apt, at certain periods of their disorder, to catch at any trifle to complain of. He would have done all in his power to create a general murmur, as to the quality and quantity of their provisions.

Truelock's religious opinions put to flight at once every idea of his sanity. He maintained that the true and real Messiah was to be born of himself, and was to come into the world from out of his mouth. He declared himself to have been with child for upwards of twenty-five years, so extravagant were his delusions. He called the Bible a vulgar and indecent history, not containing one solid or sensible thing. The New Testament was mere falsehood and deception, which he seldom took notice of, unless for what he termed its absurdity.

He had written seventy-eight signs, with comments on each, which were to be the sum and substance for bringing all persons to the true light. "In your Bible it is mentioned," he would say, "that a prophet will arise. Now I am that identical prophet spoken of; the Messiah is to proceed from me in spirit, not in fleshy substance, as was the case with him talked of in your New Testament."

The whole of his signs were merely repetitions of the same things, but sometimes inverted, twisted, and transposed, forming a medley of the grossest nonsense that ever entered the bewildered imagination of a poor maniac, constantly interlarded with "mount Zion, the two-edged sword, the flaming lions, the gates, the angels, the word, the prophets, and the devil."

Truelock might be classified with monomaniacs; and yet, a stranger who examines a populous asylum, and perceives the thousand modifications of disease in the moral sentiments and feelings which are there presented, would think that to reduce the whole under some ten or twelve primitive powers or states of mind was an attempt sufficiently daring. Still, by the aid of a careful analysis, this may be readily done.

"You will not find the delusions of two madmen alike," is a common remark. True, the particular succession of ideas will not and cannot be the same, for that is determined, in each case, by education, pursuit, and extraneous circumstances; but the



source, the emotion by which these ideas are suggested, and in consequence of the derangement of which they are morbid, will frequently be found to be identical. One man conceives himself to be the Saviour of the world; another, that he is Louis XIV. The first rails against his imaginary persecutors, his fellow-patients, whom he designates unbelieving Jews. The second pays court to the chambermaid as Madame de Maintenon, or mourns over his defeat at Blenheim. The one walks about without shoes or stockings; the other has turned his coat inside out, as a fitting garment for royalty.

Two cases can scarcely be imagined more remote in their characteristics; but if the deportment of each be traced back—if the assumption of elevated rank, the mock dignity, the *hauteur*, be analyzed, excessive activity of the feeling of self-esteem, accompanied by an inability to perceive the relations subsisting between the impressions on the mind and the real circumstances, will be discovered to be the ultimate cause, and adequate to account for all the phenomena. Pride acting, in the one case, on dispositions originally religious, and strengthened by cultivation; and pride acting, in the other, on the ambitious longings of an enthusiastic spirit.

The following is a case of moral insanity and of monomania. A gentleman, remarkable for the warmth of his affections and the amiable simplicity of his character, possessed of great intellectual capacities, strong powers of reasoning, and a lively imagination, married a lady of high mental endowments, and who was long well known in the literary world. He was devotedly attached to her, but entertained the greatest jealousy, lest the world should suppose that, in consequence of her talents, she exercised an undue influence over his judgment, or dictated his compositions. He accordingly set out with a determination of never consulting her, or yielding to her influence, and was always careful, when engaged in writing, that she should be ignorant of the subject which occupied his thoughts. She was often heard to lament that want of sympathy and union of mind which are so desirable in married life.

This peculiarity, however, in the husband, so much increased, that in after years the most trifling proposition on her part was canvassed and discussed by every kind of argument. In the mean time he acquired strange peculiarities of habit. His love of order, or placing things in what he considered order and regularity, was remarkable.

He was continually putting chairs, &c., in their places; and if articles of ladies' work or books were left upon the table, he would take an opportunity, *unobserved*, of putting them to rights, generally spreading the work sinnoth, and putting the other articles in rows. He would steal into rooms belonging to other persons, for the purpose of arranging the various articles. So much time did he consume in trifles, placing and replacing, and running from one room to another, that he was rarely dressed by dinner-time, and often apologized for sitting down to table in his dressing-gown, when it was well known that he had done nothing the whole morning but dress; and he would often take a walk in a winter's evening with a lantern, because he had not been able to get ready earlier in the day. He would run up and down in the garden a certain number of times, rinsing his mouth with water, and spitting alternately on one side and then on the other, in regular succession. He employed a good deal of time in rolling up little pieces of writing-paper, which he used for cleaning his nose. In short, his peculiarities became to be innumerable; nor did it surprise those who were best acquainted with his ways, to hear that he at last became notoriously insane. He fancied his wife's affections were alienated from him, continually affirming that it was quite impossible she could have any regard for a person who had rendered himself so contemptible. He committed several acts of violence, argued vehemently in defence of suicide, and, not long after, being confined in a private madhouse, contrived to put an end to his existence.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE CORN-FACTOR.

THOMAS LLOYD had been a corn-factor of Mark-lane, and the annals of Bedlam surely never afforded any parallel to this heterogeneous compound of cunning, pride, impudence, boasting, lies, filth, and frenzy. A whole volume would scarcely detail a tenth of his characteristic operations from day to day.

In the morning, when he rose from bed, which he regularly left in no seemly condition, he proceeded to the decoration of his person, which he began by adorning his legs with all the rags and pieces of old stockings he could collect, and then bandedaging them on with a strip torn from his

blanket. His trowsers were then put on, which he bound round his waist as tight as a packing-case corded for exportation. Next came his waistcoat and jacket, both well fastened at bottom, to prevent the escape of such articles and treasures as he could gather in the course of the day, and which he put in at top. Afterwards he would tie round his neck a sort of composite cravat, formed from pieces of blue, black, yellow, white, red, and chequered handkerchiefs, and knotted so extremely tight, as frequently to render him black in the face. He would then proceed to collect his personal property, consisting of stones, bones, woollen and linen rags, pieces of glass, paper, pens, pencils, snuff-boxes, wood, bread, tobacco, cheese, butter, apples, cold potatoes, pieces of coal, parts of old shoes, and, in fact, any thing portable which came within his reach, all blended together in wild confusion—the cheese in the snuff-box, the butter amongst the tobacco—and thus equipped he would sally forth with an air of the greatest dignity imaginable.

The first patient he met with he would command with a lofty air to pull up the heels of his shoes. He would put on the first hat he fell in with, which he usually crammed with pieces of blanket and straw, to sustain the crown. He then, with apparent condescension, would bid good-morning to the keeper and a few others whom he deigned to notice, and would march majestically into the airing-ground, of which he considered himself lord paramount, sovereign ruler, grand seignor, governor, high-admiral, captain of the gang, or any other degree of dignified authority he choose to assume for the moment. His first, and indeed general occupation in the airing-ground, was to dig holes with his feet, which, if wet and soft, he liked the better, as it was more manageable, and worked to advantage. This he called levelling, and supposed he was rendering very great service to the establishment. He would next proceed to the gutters, in which he kicked about until breakfast-hour, when his feet were generally soaked in mire, his shoes being seldom whole.

Lloyd's memory, shattered as it had become, appeared to be charged with a general recollection of most of the respectable houses of trade in the city of London, and he pretended to an acquaintance and intimate knowledge of all the principal merchants and traders, old and young. He remembered them, as he said, when they were children, and knew all their brothers and connexions perfectly well; saluting

occasional visitors in this way as former friends, and telling them that they could not have forgotten Captain Lloyd, of Mark-lane, corn-factor; and never forgetting to ask them for some money, "just to buy snuff and tobacco for the poor unfortunate patients who had neither friends nor cash." But whatever he thus obtained he applied to his own use, quite regardless of those for whom he pretended to solicit the gratuity. He was a most importunate and unblushing mendicant, no visiter eluding his system of hegging.

At one time, Mr. ex-Sheriff Parkins came to make some inquiries respecting the case of a criminal patient, and, on his return from that wing of the establishment, he was addressed by the importunate Captain Lloyd with the usual "How do you do, sir? I remember you perfectly well; your face is quite familiar to me. I remember you in trade, and your father before you."

"Did you, indeed?" said Mr. Parkins; and, turning aside, in a low voice, continued, "faith, that is more than I do myself."

Lloyd, who overheard the ex-sheriff, but could make no impression on his purse, took a sudden opportunity of exercising his satirical talents in an abusive epigram on his municipal acquaintance.

When Lloyd got sublimely high, he styled himself "the righteous God," assuming the command of the weather, rendering it foul or fair when he pleased, and dealing out any wind, from a hurricane to a zephyr. As to lightning, thunder, and earthquakes, they were all quite at his nod.

In the universality of his genius, the captain considered himself the most sublime poet that ever courted the muses; and whenever he could procure a scrap of paper, he proceeded to compose verses. But as these extemporaneous productions did not usually please his critical judgment, he generally converted them to ingredients for his gruel at breakfast, probably to enrich the soul of his genius for a new crop of heroics. This gruel was the common receptacle for a much greater variety of articles than usually go to the composition even of turtle soup. He put all his verses into it to cleanse them, he said; and with a selection from the before mentioned articles from his bosom—cheese from his snuff-box, butter from his tobacco box, the exhausted quids from his mouth, bits of leather, small stones, bits of bone, coal, &c.—would this epicure make up for himself a mess stranger than the hell-broth of Macbeth's witches, and setting all German cookery at defiance.

In this filthy system of culinary composition he, however, affected to proceed on scientific principles. Leather clarified the mess, stones purified it, coals mineralized it; one article acidulated it, another gave it an alkaline virtue, a third a high flavour. This modified it, that dulcified it; the whole together was an unparalleled dish, which he swallowed with all the relish and taste of an Apicius. Sometimes his beer was enriched with part of the same ingredients; and though such was his daily practice and fare, his health did not, for a long time, appear to be injured by the shocking and abominable treatment.

At one time he came to be seriously affected with erysipelas; and, on examination, it was found that his ears, nose, and mouth, were crammed with cut tobacco.

Nothing could exceed his general propensity to filth, nor could all the endeavours of the attendants keep him clean.

In addition to his other high talents, he professed an universal acquaintance with ancient and modern languages, the sciences, history, music, drawing, dancing, fencing, and the whole round of the fine and polished arts. He said the only fault in his life was too ardent an attachment to the fair sex; and, with this exception, he was the most perfect man "that ever trod the world's wide stage."

Sometimes he was a dramatist, and would ask the visitors if they wished for a specimen of Madame Catalani? and then he would begin to warble something which he called an Italian Opera air of his own composition, in a style perfectly unique, and tones like any thing but music. He often proposed to give a specimen of his dancing, in order to obtain money, and gliding off with affected grace in a few movements of what he called the *Minuet de la Cœur*, he would sing, "The British lion is my sign," "My name is Mistress Casey," dancing to the music of his own voice.

As a specimen of his skill in the languages, he one day addressed a French gentleman with his usual "How do you do, sir?" in miserable French. One of the physicians offered him a sixpence if he would ask the gentleman for one in French. "Oh! doctor," answered he, with the utmost readiness, "I was never taught to beg in French."

He had occasional gleams of wild wit, and would sport some well-applied puns on the names of all the commodities and attributes of the Corn Exchange.

"He has no *tick* with his banker," he would say to himself, "but he does not

care a *bean* for that; no man dare to say *peas* to him. These damned doctors and keepers *grind* him to dust, but he will *mill* them to powder. He is the *flour* of the *grist*, and will *bolt* out as soon as he can, and *thrash* any man that opposes him. He will be no longer *mealy-mouthed*, but will tell those damned doctors and keepers his mind, because they measure his *corn* by their own *bushels*; but they all deserve to get the *sack*."

## CHAPTER XXII.

### MORALLY MAD.

H. B. was a gentleman of good connections, of a superior education, and of mental capabilities far above the general average. He was brought up, too, under the most advantageous circumstances that wealth can afford, to the medical profession. He was fond of literary pursuits, and had rendered himself an ornamental member of society by a careful and critical course of general reading. In his disposition he was mild, kind-hearted, obliging and generous; and his attachments and affections were strong and ardent. Educated as a gentleman, he possessed what is essential to that character—the highest moral and religious principles, without enthusiasm or fanaticism, and the strictest regard for that correct conduct which was due to those who were of his own rank in society. An unfortunate excess, to which he was seduced when his duties in London were fulfilled, laid the foundation for a complete subversion of his character. He became irregular in his habits, negligent of his person, careless of the society he fell into, addicted to drinking, suspicious of his friends, wantonly extravagant, perverse in disposition, irritable and overbearing. Indulging himself in idleness for several years, and in dissipation when he had the means, he reduced himself to a deplorable condition.

Still he continued fond of reading, and prosecuted his studies quietly, but ardently, for weeks at a time, during which, however, indications of excitement would show themselves. He would become more inclined to talk, and less disposed to read. In his conversation he would assume a loud and dictatorial tone, become impatient of interruptions, intolerant of contradiction, and bearing with an ill grace the most gentle mode of expressing a dissent from his opinions. He would grow abrupt in his



manners, speak coarsely of mankind in general, and ill of all his friends and relations. Of those most closely connected with him he would utter disrespectful language, and hold them up to ridicule whenever he had an opportunity; introducing their names when totally uncalled for, merely to gratify this perverted feeling. A greater degree of impatience would grow within him, accompanied with some bodily sensation, which would again lead him to the use of ardent spirits for its relief or removal. Yet, excepting at such times, this gentleman's habits were most abstemious; he would not drink any thing stronger than beer, and frequently would taste only water for weeks together.

But when the thirst for spirits came on, a fondness for low society accompanied it. On these occasions he would repair to a *pot-house*, take his mixtures amid the most worthless of mankind, treat all who would drink with him, tell them tales, and recite to them for days and nights, if they would listen to him, ceasing only when the reluctant integrity of the landlord would draw no more for him; or, which was more commonly the case, when his money was exhausted, and his credit of no avail.

During these lamentable debauches he seldom got drunk, although drinking and smoking incessantly; he would fall, too, into states of abstraction, and would doze and sleep until the uneasy sensations within the stomach roused him, and caused him to call for more drink. His condition, when no more liquor was allowed him, was distressing. He would entreat, and order, implore, and command, grow violently enraged, experience an hysterical or epileptic convulsion, sink into a chair or on the ground, and fall into a sound sleep. This would continue from twenty to thirty hours, when he would awake to the horrors of his situation, and to the mortification arising from his folly.

Now no longer was to be found in him the high tone, the overbearing demeanour, or the authoritative and abusive language; he had become the humblest of the meek, continuing depressed for several weeks again. Then he would enjoy a period of tranquillity, to be succeeded, alas! by the rude and violent conduct as before, and to be finished within the period of three months by another visit to the society of tinkers and the scum of society.

It was in one of his states of depression that a skilful and philanthropic physician first saw him. He was at the time free from every delusion, regarding the world as

having no spot within it which was not too good for so mean and lost a being as himself. He was desirous of redeeming his character, and of forever departing from such follies as had marked the past of his course. It was a life of usefulness and activity that he was anxiously desirous to pursue, and was regardless of the kind of occupation to which he might be subject, provided only it was honest, regular, and serviceable. To sweep the shop and open the shutters of a huckster or tallow-chandler, would be to him a valuable appointment by way of a beginning.

When, however, employment of the simplest kind was proposed to him, he would find himself wanting in resolution to engage in it. He would busy himself about nothing; change from one trifling occupation to another, never steadily exerting himself in any one direction. In about three weeks the depression and the regrets left him, and for some time he was enabled to enjoy the rational amusement of reading, in which he greatly delighted, especially works of history, philology, memoirs, &c. For about six weeks his time was thus usefully and rationally spent: He had been taken into an asylum, and he began to think himself entitled to his liberty; he requested permission to take some exercise, which was permitted without superintendence. He grew higher and louder in his tone of conversation, began to hold himself above his fellow patients, and ceased not to quarrel and disagree with them. His manners, formerly so agreeable, were now greatly changed, but yet not so far as to allow the remark of such alteration being made to him, without encountering contradiction. At length he was discharged, being pronounced to have no discorded ideas, and as having conducted himself, upon the whole, as a sane man.

But in five days he had to be taken charge of again, having been found in a disreputable *pot-house*, in the midst of a company low and vulgar, vicious and disgusting; without money, almost without clothes—for these he had sold to purchase liquor to share with his contemptible companions.

What a change in the habits of life and temper! What a perversion of the natural feelings and affections! What a loss of the sense of moral rectitude, and depreciation of self-control!

But such a case is often to be met with, not in those alone who have fortunately been treated as insane, but such as, remaining at large, have gone on from one misfor-

tune and folly to another, till they have become beggared in estate and reputation, and have sunk at length into a loathsome jail or a wretched workhouse.

Among the causes of insanity, one of the most frequent is the immoderate use of intoxicating liquors. There is hardly a tribe of the human race who have not succeeded in inventing some method of producing drunkenness. Ardent spirits seem to be of all the means the most injurious in their effects, particularly on the lower classes in the northern countries of Europe and America. It has been repeatedly observed, that a large proportion of the cases admitted into pauper lunatic asylums, arise from this cause. They are, however, in general, to be reckoned among the instances most easily cured; for, although it is not uniformly the fact, it often occurs that, when the existing cause is removed, the effect begins to lessen, and eventually ceases.

Drunkenness is a much more prevailing vice in England, and in Germany, than in France, Italy, and Spain. Esquival has declared that this vicious habit is by no means a frequent cause of insanity, in France, even among the lower classes. Among three hundred and thirty-six lunatics in his establishment, there were only three who appeared to have lost their reason through the habit of intoxication. He adverts to the different habits prevalent in England, where, he says, the greatest statesmen are not ashamed of the most disgraceful drunkenness—a statement that may have been well warranted at one time, but which cannot now be so broadly made; for the habits of our countrymen have changed much among the higher classes, during the last thirty years. Drunkenness, however, is still lamentably prevalent among the lower orders, and dram-drinking is a very frequent habit, especially in large towns, even among females and persons not of the very humblest grade in society. In our public lunatic asylums, it is generally known, that in a great proportion of the cases, spirit drinking is the existing cause.

The eccentricities of James Wehb, and his extravagant, mischievous conduct, had drawn upon him the anger and almost the dread of an extensive neighbourhood. He was about thirty-five years of age, a shoemaker by trade, and married. His natural disposition was lively; he abounded in a peculiar kind of wit, and had an endless series of marvellous tales at his command, which, when excited by drink, he told with great good humour and extraordinary effect, rendering himself thereby a welcome guest

at the village ale-house. Here he was also prone to those petty mischievous tricks, which are vulgarly denominated “larks,” so that he was an amusing companion in his sphere.

However, James’s love of sport at length took a wider scope than the tap-room or parlour of the beer-house; he became restless and disinclined to his own business, made frequent excursions to different towns and villages, under the pretence of seeking fresh work, became more noisy and coarse in his play at the tavern, and eventually left the neighbourhood of his residence.

He now furnished himself with the kit of a travelling tinker, and set up the business of a knife and scissor grinder, of which he knew nothing, exulting in the havoc he made in the cutting instruments which were intrusted to him. He did not, however, continue long at his new trade, for in a few days he disposed of his kit, and took to dealing in old clothes. This pursuit he changed for another, and that other for something new. In about a fortnight he returned to his home, but instead of entering his house by the door, he ascended to the roof, removed a portion of the tiles, and went in through the ceiling. This he continued to do, making his exits and his entrances at the top of the house. He would amuse himself at night by driving a pig fastened to a cord through the village, upon whose nose and tail something had been tied to cause it to squeak, and thus disturb the neighbours.

He would exchange the farmers’ cattle, and remove their gates, during the time they were asleep; and, before morning, would he some miles out of the way. He would often run ten or twelve miles in a straight line, without any known motives, disregarding fences, corn fields, brooks, or any thing. Whatever his fancy led him to want, he made no scruple to take, regardless to whom it might belong; and, when he had the use of it, while he thought proper, was not particular about returning it.

For many of these acts he was taken before a magistrate; but his assumed simplicity, or his sagacity, added to a plausible tale, saved him from punishment on all occasions but one, when he was sent to a house of correction for a month, as a disorderly vagabond.

He was eventually deemed to be mad, and was sent to a lunatic asylum, where he was found to be the most mischievous of beings; his constant delight being in creating disorder, to effect what he called “fun.” Yet, all the while he had no mo-



tive, no impression on his mind inducing him to such conduct: he was merely impelled by his immediate feelings.

When he recovered his tranquillity, he had a perfect recollection of all that he had done, and wondered how he could have taken so much trouble to make himself appear ridiculous. There was nothing found wrong in his state of health, excepting that he did not sleep. He was at length discharged, reported cured.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE FRANTIC ORATOR.

FRANCIS MARDIN was a minister of the gospel, and admitted to Bedlam. This unfortunate clergyman in something more than a year's confinement, appeared to have quite recovered, and obtained leave of absence for six months, in hopes that his mind had become perfectly sound. He had cro long, however, to be brought back again to the asylum. He was in general tranquil and harmless, and, for a period of three months successively, would behave remarkably well—generally occupying himself in reading and writing compositions of his own. But those occupations appeared ultimately to agitate his mind, and he got quite high and distracted, continuing so for a great period. During this state he had usually a tobacco pipe in his mouth; and from his language and behaviour, none would have supposed him ever to have been the pious, meek, charitable, and philanthropic curer of souls which at other times he wished to be thought. Sometimes the wildness of fanaticism seized on his fancy, and then he would think himself to be Michael the archangel. One of the physicians of the house he styled Pontius Pilate, another he termed Judas, a third the Devil.

He sometimes composed pieces in Latin, and then translated them, both being in a style of incoherency, such as might be expected from a scholar so situated. He wrote, amongst other specimens of his genius, a poetical address to George IV., highly inflated, comparing him to Augustus Cæsar. This production he deemed extremely sublime; and, when the Duke of Sussex, with some other royal personages, visited the institution, the poetic parson begged permission to read his production to them, which being allowed, he proceeded with such gestures, intonation, trepidation, and embar-

assment, as excited the pity, though he wore out the patience, of his princely hearers. At last the duke humanely told him, that what he had already given them would do, requesting he would defer the remainder to some future opportunity; with this the poor gentleman seemed satisfied.

Mr. Mardin was spoken of by his friends as a finished classical scholar. He had been curate of a parish church in London. When his lucid intervals returned, he was very cunning and artful in order to obtain his object, speaking to the physician with all the demureness of a bashful girl; but this was merely for the purpose of getting leave of absence.

The poor demented scholar, who, no doubt, had been an able and accomplished preacher, might have been expected to have preserved an exalted sense of his merits in his regular calling, and to have sought many opportunities of haranging, as if from the pulpit, whatever persons he could congregate around him. But the insane do not always cherish a taste for the calling they pursued when in a sound state of mind. On the contrary, they frequently believe that their very personality is changed, and that their former occupations were widely unsuited and alien to their natures. For example, there was at Bedlam, at the time that the reverend gentleman last spoken of was an inmate of the establishment, an insignificant body, speaking of his outward appearance and previous character, who had gone crazy, and whose derangement took the shape of conceiving himself to be the Prophet Jeremiah, instead of the drunken tailor-body, Benjamin the Talkative, that he had in reality been.

Now Benjie took it upon himself—after months of railing against the institution where he had at length been placed, and of denouncing the cruelty which kept a man of his parts and inspirations in such control—to say that he was actually the Prophet Jeremiah, come to the face of the earth again, to reprove sin, to warn the wicked, and especially the ruling powers, of the evils that were about to visit the country; that, in short, he had a heavenly mission to preach his mind aloud, and that this mission, after all, was, a blessed and most honourable appointment, having destined him to a sphere where, above all others, he could signalize himself—namely, among the inmates of Bedlam—where he conceived were to be found several who had been ministers of the crown confined, and even one or two of the princes of the blood royal.



Benjie had not merely an extraordinary gift of the *gab*, but his mental endowments were singular and superior, had he not terribly misused them by constantly flying to the bottle. It was, in fact, quite a treat to hear him at times, when, having piled upon one another sundry seats and chairs in the exercise and airing-grounds, so as to form no mean substitute for a pulpit, he held forth to others of the patients who were as harmless as himself.

It was remarkable enough, that the ravings of the tailor-prophet had generally the effect of putting several of his fellow-inmates in excellent good humour, who, the more vehement and impassioned the orator grew, were the better entertained; for at those moments it was that the preacher's illusions assumed the most ridiculous as well as extravagant heights, which were so very clearly perceived by members of the audience, that they, in their turn, would give the most grotesque proofs of the manner in which they took and interpreted his views.

"Ministers of state, and ye magnates of the land," Benjie would shout, accompanied with extraordinary gesticulations, his hair streaming in the breeze, and the whole man wrought up to a lofty though wild emotion, "I, the Jeremiah of old, have been sent amongst you for a season, having for that time been called upon to humble myself, to the end that ye repent and be taken back to your dignities and principalities again.

"Alas! poor and besotted men! though you deem yourselves to be exalted, and to have rule, you have after all to take counsel from the despised prophet; I, who have submitted to be thought mad, in order that I might bring you back to your senses—for my mission is in these gardens to proclaim revelations."

By the time that the frantic orator had got this or a similar length, there would be loud laughter from some, exclamations of "Well said!" or, "Well thought of!" from others, "Go it, Jeremy!" while several would take to their whimsical antics and grotesque gymnastics close to the rostrum which the tailor had erected, and where he declaimed.

It was fortunate, however, that the prophet felt it to be in necessary keeping with his office to manifest pity rather than indignation at these rude and ludicrous interruptions, and that he regarded such levities as destined to exalt his character and merits, by his threatening them, not only with a forgiving spirit, but as calling upon

him for more strenuous exertion to bring the scoffers back to their senses and a sober life. Accordingly, when some would begin to practise "leap-frog," and one or two would take to standing upon their heads, dancing with their heels uppermost fantastic pieces, or the performance of such antics as the insane can only imagine, the worst words that would come from the preacher's lips would be expressive of deep sympathy, or of a most earnest wish to do the congregation good.

"Oh! ye Nebuchadnezzars," he would cry, "know you not that you have been sent forth to feed and to live like wild beasts for your abominations done in the great Babylon? Howl, ye sinners! and listen unto me; for I will bring you unto your thrones and your principalities again, if you will but promise to amend your ways."

By this time the audience would begin to get tired, and some of the poor people would hand the orator down, patting him kindly, and promising to do as he had counselled—the impression being general that Benjie was the craziest of the whole. Higher reward could not be bestowed upon the poor vain body, for he held such praise and promises to be incense from above, so that, with an air of sacredness and solemnity, he would return a meek smile. In short, the scenes with Benjie in the airing grounds were amongst the least painful that could be witnessed in a lunatic asylum.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE ENTRANCED.

THE *Entranced* was a gentleman about thirty-five years of age, of active habits and a good constitution, living in the neighbourhood of London. He had complained for a few weeks of slight headache; he was feverish, inattentive to his occupations, and negligent of his family. He had been cupped, and had taken some purgative medicine, when he was visited by his physician. By that gentleman's advice he was sent to the asylum, where his delusions gradually subsided, and was afterwards restored to his family. He had been subject to ecstatic visions or trances.

One afternoon, in the Month of May, feeling himself, a little unsettled, and not inclined to business, he thought he would take a walk into the city to amuse his mind; and having strolled into St. Paul's church-

yard, he stopped at the shop windows to look at some pictures, among which was one of the cathedral. He had not been long (according to the account he gave of himself to his physician) before a short grave-looking elderly gentleman, dressed in dark-brown clothes, came up and began to examine the prints, and, occasionally casting a glance at him, very soon entered into conversation with him, and praising the view of St. Paul's which was exhibited at the window, told him many anecdotes of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, asking him at the same time if he had ever ascended to the top of the dome. He replied in the negative. The stranger then inquired if he had dined, and proposed that they should go to an eating-house in the neighbourhood, and said that after dinner he would accompany him up St. Paul's. "It was a glorious afternoon for a view, and he was so familiar with the place, that he could point out every object worthy of attention."

This kindness of the old gentleman's manner induced him to comply with the invitation, and they went to a tavern in some dark alley, the name of which he did not know. They dined, and very soon left the table in order to ascend to the ball, just below the cross, which they entered alone. They had not been there many minutes, when, while he was gazing on the extensive prospect, and delighted with the splendid scene below him, this grave gentleman pulled out from an inside coat-pocket something like a compass, having round the edges some curious figures; then, having muttered some unintelligible words, he placed it in the centre of the ball.

The gentleman who was so invited and guided felt a great trembling and a sort of horror come over him, which was increased by his grave companion asking him if he should like to see any friend at a distance, and to know what he was at that moment doing; for if so, the latter could show him any such person. It happened that his father had been for a long time in bad health, and for some weeks past he had not visited him. A sudden thought came into his head, so powerful that it overcame his terror, that he should like to see his father. He had no sooner expressed the wish, than the exact person of his parent was immediately presented to his sight on the mirror, reclining in his arm-chair, and taking his afternoon nap.

Not having fully believed in the power of the stranger to make good his offer, he became now overwhelmed with fear at the

clearness and truth of the vision presented to him, and he entreated his mysterious companion that they might immediately descend, as he felt himself very ill. The request was complied with, and, on parting under the portico of the northern entrance, the stranger thus addressed him:

"Remember," said he, "you are the slave of the man of the mirror!"

He returned in the evening to his house, but did not know exactly at what hour; felt himself unquiet, depressed, gloomy, apprehensive, and haunted with thoughts of the mysterious stranger; and for three months he was conscious of the power of the man over him.

When the physician asked in what way that power was exercised, the gentleman cast upon him a look of suspicion mingled with confidence, took his arm, and, after leading him through two or three rooms, and then into the garden, exclaimed:

"It is of no use—there is no concealment from him, for all places are alike open to him; he sees us and he hears us *now*."

When asked where this being was who saw and heard them, he replied, in a voice of deep agitation:

"Have I not told you that he lives in the hall below the cross on the top of St. Paul's, and that he only comes down to take a walk in the church-yard and get his dinner at the house in the dark alley? Since that fatal interview with the necromancer," he continued, "for such I believe him to be, he is continually dragging me before him on his mirror, and he not only sees me every moment of the day, but he reads all my thoughts, and I have a dreadful consciousness that no action of my life is free from his inspection, and no place can afford me security from his power."

On the physician replying that the darkness of the night would afford him protection from these machinations, the gentleman had an answer:

"I know what you mean," said he, "but you are quite mistaken. I have only told you of the mirror; but, in some part of the building which he passed in coming away, he showed me what he called a great bell, and I heard sounds which came from it, and which went to it—sounds of laughter, and of anger, and of pain: there was a dreadful confusion of sounds; and as I listened, with wonder and affright, he said, 'This is my organ of hearing; this great bell is in communication with all other bells within the circle of hieroglyphics, by which every word spoken by those under my control is made audible to me.'"



Seeing the physician look surprised at him, the *Entranced* again proceeded :

"I have not yet told you all," cried he ; "for he practises spells by hieroglyphics on walls and houses, and wields his power, like a detestable tyrant that he is, over the minds of those he has enchanted, and who are the objects of his constant spite, within the circle of his mysteries."

The physician inquired what these hieroglyphics were, and how the gentleman perceived them.

"Signs and symbols," he replied, "which you, in your ignorance of their true meaning, have taken for letters and words, and read as you have thought: *Day and Martin and Warren's Blacking!* But they are the mysterious characters, after all, which he traces to mark the boundary of his domain, and by which he prevents all escape from his tremendous power. How I have toiled and laboured to get beyond the limits of his influence! Once I walked for three days and three nights, till I fell down under a wall, exhausted by fatigue, and dropped asleep; but on waking, I saw the dreadful signs before my eyes, and I felt myself as completely under his infernal spells at the end as at the beginning of my journey."\*

When on the subject of visions and entrancement, we may diverge so far as to introduce a case or two, described as having taken place in foreign countries. The first is from Madame de Noyer's Letters.

"The following story," says she, "will appear to you incredible and fabulous, and perhaps I need not assure you that I had great difficulty in believing it; but as I had it from the lips of the individual who forms the subject of it, and as he was a visionary, I attributed it to the effects of a disturbed imagination.

"The event—at least as far as this person's mind was concerned—occurred in our day, and is attested by many in the city of Nismes. The tale is thus told :

"Mr. Graverol was alone in his study one day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, when a stranger was ushered in. As

soon as he was seated, a conversation started up between the two. The stranger addressed Mr. G. in elegant Latin, saying, he had heard his learning spoken of highly, and he had come from a distant country to converse with him on things which had embarrassed the ancient philosophers. After Mr. G. had replied suitably to the compliment offered to his talents, some very obscure subject was introduced, and handled in a very scientific manner. The stranger did not confine himself to the Latin language, but he spoke Greek, and some Eastern tongues, which Mr. G. understood perfectly. The latter was astonished and delighted with his guest's profound information; and, from fear that some person should call on him and interrupt the conversation, he proposed a walk, which was readily acceded to by the stranger.

"The day was delightful, and you know there are some delightful walks in the neighbourhood of Nismes. They left the house with the view of going through the gate called the Crown-gate, which leads to some gardens, and a very fine avenue of noble trees; but as Mr. Graverol's house was a considerable distance from the place above mentioned, they were obliged to cross several streets before they reached it. During the walk, Mr. G. was observed by many of his acquaintances (he being well known in the city) to use much gesture, and he was also noticed to be speaking at intervals; what added to the surprise was, that no person was seen to accompany him. Some of his friends sent to his wife, expressing their fears that he was deranged, and describing the manner in which he was noticed to pass through the streets. She, being greatly alarmed at intelligence so extraordinary, despatched several persons in search of him, but they could not find him, as he gained the shady walk outside the city with his new acquaintance.

"After expatiating on the subject of ancient and modern philosophy, and reasoning on the secrets of nature, they entered on the wide fields of magic and enchantment. The stranger argued with great ingenuity and power, but he exceeded the bounds of probability; and Mr. G. cried out, 'Stop! stop! christianity forbids us proceeding to such lengths—we should not pass the prescribed boundaries.'

"He had no sooner said this than the stranger vanished, Mr. G. being at the moment at the extreme end of one of the avenues, which being terminated by some palisades, was compelled to return the same way he went. On turning round, and

\* Dr. Prichard remarks (from whose valuable "Treatise on Insanity" this and other cases have been transplanted into the present pages) that it is probable this gentleman had actually ascended to the top of St. Paul's, and that impressions there received, being afterwards renewed in his mind, when in a state of vivid excitement in a dream, or ecstatic reverie, became so blended with the creations of fancy, as to form one mysterious vision, in which the true and the imaginary were afterwards inseparable.



not perceiving his companion, he became greatly alarmed, and uttered a dreadful shriek, which brought some men, who were employed in pruning the trees, to him. When these people perceived how pale and frightened he was, they gave him some wine which they had in a flagon, and used all the means they could devise to restore him to himself.

"As soon as he recovered his recollection, he inquired if they had noticed where the gentleman had gone, with whom he had been walking. He was very much agitated when these good people informed him that no one was with him when he passed under the trees where they were at work; neither had a single individual been in his company since he came in their sight, and they had observed him some distance before he reached them. They added, moreover, that when he passed, it struck them as singular, that he should be so deeply engaged in apparent conversation, although he was alone.

"Mr. G. upon learning this, went immediately home, where he found his house in disorder and alarm, concerning the reports which had reached his wife. He then related his adventure. When the story was noised abroad, it was publicly asserted all over the city that the devil had visited Mr. Graverol.

"Mr. G. was a very gentlemanlike man, and an advocate, and related the circumstances to me as I have dictated them. When he concluded, he said: 'This is accurately what happened: you are now acquainted with the facts as well as myself, and you may exercise your judgment respecting them as shall best seem fit. All that I can add is, the stranger was a very learned and eloquent man, and reasoned like a philosopher.'

The next singular narration occurs in the Rev. J. T. James's "Travels in Sweden, Prussia, Poland, &c., during the years 1813 and 1814." The most marvellous part of the affair is, that no less than six persons concurred in attesting the reality of the pretended vision.

Charles XI. of Sweden, it seems, sitting in his chamber between the hours of eleven and twelve at night, was surprised at a light in the hall of the Diet, and he demanded of the grand chancellor, Bielke, who was present, what he saw, and was assured that it was only the reflection of the moon. With this, however, the king was not satisfied; and, one of the senators soon after entering the room, he was addressed in the same manner, and received

the same answer. Looking afterwards again through the window, the king thought he observed a crowd of persons in the hall; and, upon this, he again spoke.

"All is not as it should be," said he. "In the confidence that he who fears God need dread nothing, I will go and see what this may be."

Ordering the two noblemen above mentioned, as also Oxenstiern and Brabe, to accompany him he sent for Grunsten the door-keeper and descended the staircase leading to the hall.

Here the party seemed so sensible of a certain kind of trepidation, and, no one else daring to open the door, the king took the key, unlocked it, and entered first into the antechamber, when, to their infinite surprise, it was fitted up with black cloth. Alarmed at this extraordinary circumstance, a second pause occurred. At length the king set his foot within the hall, but fell back with astonishment at what he saw, but, again taking courage, he made his companions promise to follow him, and advanced. The hall was fitted up and arranged with the same mournful hanging as the antechamber. In the centre was a round table, where sat sixteen venerable men, each with large volumes lying open before them. Above was the king, a young man of sixteen or eighteen years of age, with the crown on his head, and sceptre in his hand. On his right hand was a personage about forty years old, whose visage bore the strongest marks of integrity; on his left, an old man of seventy, who seemed very urgent with the young king, that he should make a certain sign with his head, which, as often as he did it, the venerable men struck their hands on their books with violence.

"Turning my eyes," said the king, in his narrative, "a little further, I beheld a scaffold and executioners, and men with their clothes tucked up, cutting off heads, one after the other, so fast, that the blood formed a deluge on the floor. Those who suffered were all young men. Again I looked up, and perceived the throne behind the great table, almost overturned; near to it stood a man of forty, who seemed the protector of the kingdom. I trembled at the sight of these things, and cried aloud: 'It is the voice of God! what ought I to understand? when shall all this come to pass?' A dead silence prevailed. 'This shall not happen in your time, but in the days of the sixth sovereign after you. He shall be of the same age as I appear to be; and this person sitting beside me gives you

the air of him that shall be the regent and protector of the realm. During the last year of the regency, the country shall be sold by a certain young man, but he shall then take up the cause, and, acting in conjunction with the young king, shall establish the throne on a sure footing; and this in such a way that never was before, or ever afterwards, under him. The public debts shall be paid, he shall leave many millions in the treasury, and shall not die but at a very advanced age. Yet, before he is firmly seated on the throne, there shall be an effusion of blood take place, unparalleled in his history. You,' added he, 'who are king of this nation, shall not see this; you are advertised of these matters; you have seen all: act according to your wisdom.'

"Having said this, the whole seemed to vanish; and," adds the king, "we saw nothing but ourselves and our flambeaux; while the antechamber through which we passed, on returning, was no longer clothed in black."

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE SOMNAMBULIST.

THERE are instances, it may be remarked, after quoting the story of the King of Sweden's vision, in which the impressions retained after a paroxysm of ecstasy are so connected with external events or subjects, and so blended with realities, as to make up a singular and puzzling combination; and this is, perhaps, the true rationale of many a strange and mysterious tale.

There are several states of the nervous system more or less analogous to each other, but differing in various particulars. The common characteristic which associates what may be ranged under the general term of ecstatic affections, is a suspension, either perfect or incomplete, of external sense, while the imagination is in a state of activity, and the individual is not conscious of his real condition, but fancies himself to exist under different circumstances from those which actually surround him.

Dreaming is one modification of this state; but it does not afford so great a variety of phenomena as somnambulism, or display so many peculiar signs of the real condition of the faculties. Many forms of delirium, trance, and some other conditions which have been regarded as examples of insanity, belong to the same class of affections.

With regard to sleep-walking, or som-

nambulism, doctors have said, that the physical cause of this singular affection is an irregular distribution of blood in the brain, or some local impediment to the uniform and simultaneous restoration of the corporeal and mental faculties.

It has been a matter of surprise to many,\* that somnambulists frequently get into the most dangerous situations without experiencing terror. But it ought to be considered, that alarm cannot be felt unless danger is apprehended, and that the danger, however great it may be, cannot excite emotion of any kind, as long as we are ignorant of its existence. This is the case in which sleep-walkers, in a great majority of cases, stand; so that even if a sleep-walker should perceive danger, and avoid it, as is sometimes the case, his want of fear is to be imputed to the fact of the organ of mind which gives rise to this emotion being dormant.

Somnambulists generally walk with their eyes open, but the organs are, nevertheless, often asleep, and do not exercise their functions. This fact was well known to Shakspeare, as is manifest in the fearful instance of Lady Macbeth.

*Doctor.*—You see her eyes are open.

*Gentleman.*—Ay, but their sense is shut.

A long time back, Lord Culpepper's brother, who was famous as a sleep-walker, and who was indicted at the Old Bailey for shooting one of the Guards, and his horse to boot, pleaded somnambulism. He was acquitted on producing nearly fifty witnesses to prove the extraordinary things he did in his sleep.

There was a clergyman who used to get up in the night, light his candle, write sermons, correct them with interlineations, and retire to bed again, being all the time fast asleep.

The stories related of sleep-walkers are so extraordinary, that they would seem fictitious, were many of them not supported by the most incontrovertible evidence. The mind, indeed, is precisely in that state which fits it for mad adventures. The passion of fear, which controls all others—which inspires a man with a sense of peril, and points out what may be safely attempted and what should be shunned—is suspended for a season; and the individual, under the blind impulse of unshackled will, performs feats at which the most stalwart knights of romance would have stood aghast. To walk on the brinks of house-

\* See Mesnische's "Philosophy of Sleep."



tops, to scale precipices, and descend the bottoms of frightful ravines, are common exploits to the somnambulists, and he performs them with a facility far beyond the power of any one who is perfectly awake.

There was a boy who dreamed that he got out of bed, and ascended to the summit of an enormous rock, where he found an eagle's nest, which he brought away with him, and placed beneath his bed. Now the whole of these events actually took place; and what he conceived, on waking, to be a mere vision, was proved to have had an actual existence, by the nest being found in the precise spot where he imagined he had put it, and by the evidence of persons who beheld his perilous adventure.

The precipice which he ascended was of a nature which must have baffled the most expert mountaineers, and such as, at other times, he never could have scaled.

Persons under the influence of this affection have been able to execute, not only many of the common offices of life, such as dressing, eating, drinking, &c., but even to accomplish what requires the exercise of the higher mental powers. Thus some will perform on musical instruments with a skill and taste not inferior to what they would exhibit when awake; some will take up a book and amuse themselves with reading; others procure the necessary apparatus for writing, and fill several pages with whatever is uppermost in their minds.

"There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried 'Murder!'

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them;

But they did say their prayers, and then addressed them

Again to sleep."

Sleep-talking is a modification of somnambulism. Persons have been known who delivered sermons and prayers during sleep. Richard Haycock, professor of medicine in Oxford, would give out a text in his sleep, and deliver a good sermon upon it; and all the pinching and pulling of his friends could not prevent him. Somnambulists frequently talk while on their expeditions.

A very ingenious and elegant young lady was a sleep-talker and sleep-walker in a most remarkable degree. She was suddenly seized with the wonderful malady. The disease began with violent convulsions of almost every muscle of her body, with great but vain efforts to vomit, and the most violent hiccoughs that can be conceived. These were succeeded in about an hour with a fixed spasm, in which one hand was applied

to the head, and the other to support it. In about half an hour these ceased, and the reverie began suddenly, and was at first manifest by the look of her eyes and countenance, which seemed to express attention. Then she conversed aloud with imaginary persons, with her eyes open, and could not, for about an hour, be brought to attend to the stimulus of external objects by any kind of violence which it was possible to use. These symptoms returned in this order for every day five or six weeks.

Her conversations were quite consistent, and it could be understood what she supposed her imaginary companions to answer, by the continuation of her part of the discourse. Sometimes she was angry, at other times showed much wit and vivacity, but was most frequently inclined to melancholy. In these reveries she sometimes sung over pieces of music with accuracy, and repeated whole passages from the English poets. Inciting some lines from Pope's works she had forgot one word, and began again, endeavouring to recollect it; and when she came to the forgotten word, it was shouted aloud in her ears, and this repeatedly, to no purpose: but, by many trials, she at length regained it herself.

Those paroxysms were terminated with the appearance of inexpressible surprise and great fear, from which she was some minutes in recovering herself, calling on her sister with extreme agitation, and very frequently undergoing a repetition of convulsions, apparently from the pain of fear.

After having thus returned for about an hour a-day, for two or three weeks, the reveries seemed to become less complete, and some of the circumstances varied; so that she could walk about the room in them, without running against any of the furniture, though these motions were at first very unsteady and tottering. And, afterwards, she once drank a dish of tea, when the whole apparatus of the tea-table was set before her, and expressed some suspicion that a medicine was put into it. At another time, in her melancholy moments, she heard the bell, and then, taking off her shoes as she sat upon the bed, "I love the colour black," said she; "a little wider and a little longer, and even this might make me a coffin!" Yet it is evident she was not sensible at this time, any more than formerly, of seeing or hearing any person around her; but when great light was thrown upon her, by opening the shutters of the window, she seemed less melancholy. When, too, her hands were forcibly held, or her eyes covered, she appeared to grow impatient, and



would say, she could not tell what to do, for she could neither see nor move. In all these circumstances, however, her pulse continued unaffected, as in health; and when the paroxysm was over, she could never recollect a single idea of what had passed.

Colonel Lawrence was both a sleep-walker and a sleep-taker, and his paroxysms attained not only to so great an extremity as to equal, in his own single case, the actions of the boy with the eagle's nest, and the young lady of whom notice has just been taken, but during the fits he would at times essay to commit deeds of violence, believing himself to be engaged in the field of battle, as in reality he had often been.

His history came to be one of almost unsurpassed interest and distress; for, when he was awake and conscious of what he was about, a more amiable, affectionate, and high-souled individual nowhere was to be found. In all the relations of life—as a husband and a parent, a neighbour and a member of polished society—he was universally beloved and admired. He gradually, however, grew subject to the somnambulist's extravagances, and to give expression to the strangest fancies when on his sleep-walking expeditions. On one occasion he was seen, at an early summer's-day hour, to descend the engine-shaft of a mine, to the depth of twenty-fathoms. He contrived to accomplish this feat by means so inadequate and perilous, that the regular miners themselves would have shuddered to contemplate the danger he had incurred.

This gentleman manifested great cunning, as well as dexterity, during his paroxysms. Although many measures were adopted to prevent him from running the terrible risks which he incurred during the continuance of his fits, he yet contrived to elude observation on one fearful occasion, and to get ahead of his pursuers for a considerable distance before the route he took was discovered; and this, too, took place during the long summer days, by the early hour of sunrise.

"My husband has escaped," cried his lady, the moment she missed him from her side, at the same moment putting herself in a condition to run in search of him with all possible haste. Speed after him; and oh! that I could have persuaded him to quit this dangerous neighbourhood!"

By "dangerous neighbourhood" the lady meant the circumstance of the family property being situated in a mining and a mountainous district.

Away the servants sped in pursuit of their

master, his wife but a short distance behind; and soon was a glimpse got of the colonel, deliberately walking, as he was, towards the very brink of one of the most frightful precipices of the vicinity. And oh! what fleetness did the circumstance and palpable danger put into the speed of the terrified lady. She soon would have outstripped the rest of the pursuers, had the dizzying height and the appalling brink to which her husband was steadily making been a hundred paces more distant than it was. What then could she do, but shriek her orders to the foremost to drag him back by main force.

The thing is done. But it is not always safe to arouse a sleep-walker, much less to do it suddenly. Many are the cases where death has speedily followed the rash measure.

In the present instance, however, the awakening which ensued from the sudden and masterful grasp to which the colonel had to submit, brought to his vision at once the terrible situation in which he was, and so different from that in which he went to bed, that, strong nerved as he really was, the terror instantaneously brought on insanity; and the final issue was death, while under the care of a most skilful physician, within the walls of a lunatic asylum.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CAUSE! THE CAUSE!—IT WAS THE CAUSE!

FROM the habits and mode of education of the upper classes, particularly of the females, the brain and nervous system are kept in a state of constant over-excitement, whilst the system is debilitated, from the bodily frame being rarely called into proper and regular exercise. Hence arises a high degree of susceptibility of disease, and other effects of the sudden changes of circumstances, peculiarly incident to the present times.

Amongst the poor, different, but no less pernicious causes are followed by similar consequences. Excess, especially in the use of ardent spirits, exposure to cold, the want of the common necessities of life, and the other results of extreme poverty, all create in them a liability to insanity. Were men habitually to be temperate in all things, to take no over anxious thought for the morrow—"to set their affections upon things above, and not on things below"—but few,

comparatively, would be afflicted with mental derangement.

Poverty! alas, poverty! The poor, in addition to their own personal sufferings from the want of the common necessities of life, are continually enduring the most painful anxiety from seeing their children, who look up to them for support, undergoing the same privations, without their being enabled to afford them any relief. And it is a lamentable fact, that the most frequent instances of insanity from this cause, are amongst the honest and the industrious.

John Patterson had been a surveyor, and had a wife and large family. He was in tolerable good circumstances, until he became a bondsman for a person that failed, and was called upon to pay the money. This involved him in difficulties which he could not overcome; he gradually became so reduced as to be at last without the common necessities of life. The daily scene of misery created an anxiety which, in a short time, rendered him insane. Not unfrequently, when without adequate food for his family, had he left his house at meal-time, to save them the pain of seeing him fast, while they shared in a scanty meal. After a few months' proper diet, with active employment, in a lunatic asylum, he was restored to a proper state of mind. He was most essentially bettered on having his anxieties relieved by the promise of employment when discharged. He returned home, got work, and continued well.

Vice, in all its forms, tends to weaken the constitution, and, so far as the brain and nervous system participate in the general debility, to produce insanity. Thus inebriety is a very frequent cause of this dreadful malady, and delirium tremens, which is the result of habitually drinking stimulating liquors to excess, is, in a great number of cases, a sure precursor of the derangement.

This frightful affection comes on with restlessness and general depression of the mental powers, with forgetfulness and alienation of mind. The countenance is pale, there are tremours of the limbs, anxiety, loss of appetite, and a total disrelish for the common amusements of life. When the person sleeps, which is but seldom, he frequently starts in the utmost terror, having his imagination haunted by frightful dreams. He is hot, and the slightest agitation of body or mind sends out a profuse perspiration. Every object appears hideous and unnatural. There is a constant dread of being haunted by spectres. He conceives that vermin and all sorts of impure things

are crawling upon his body, and is constantly endeavouring to pick them off. His ideas are wholly confined to himself and his own affairs, of which he entertains the most disordered notions. He imagines he is away from home, forgets those who are around him, and is irritated, beyond all measure, by the slightest contradiction. This state generally lasts from four to ten days; but not unfrequently it results in insanity and death.

A drunkard falls apoplectic, with a large, full, bounding pulse. He is bled, and recovers. Twenty-four hours afterwards, he is mad: the eye physically bright, and intellectually dull.

Thomas Johnson had been a butler in a gentleman's family, where he remained for nine successive years. His insanity was brought on by excessive drinking. He had gone into Wales to visit his friends, and whilst there he indulged too freely in the use of spirituous liquors. Delirium tremens was the first result; his nervous irritability of the brain, his disturbed and sleepless nights, and at length a period of unconsciousness, caused him to be sent to the asylum, where he remained some time, and was discharged. Being out of a situation, and unable to obtain his former place, he gave way to despondency and grief; and, with a view to relieve his feelings, he again had recourse to ardent spirits, which soon brought on another attack. From this he also recovered; but such was now the irritable state of his brain, that, upon the least excess, a return of the disease of mind, as well as the terribly disordered state of his body, came on. He was, however, at other times, perfectly rational, and capable of performing a variety of menial duties in the madhouse.

A person may appear altogether idiotic or fatuous, so as to be considered decidedly incurable; being left, generally, without any effort made or thought possible to be of any use towards his recovery. But it is lamentably wrong to think, because a patient, on his admission to an asylum, exhibits a total deprivation of all the mental faculties, to allow him to sink without strenuous exertion to bring him to himself.

An individual, about fifty years of age, was found wandering in the street, and sent to the house of correction as a vagrant. He was perfectly unconscious of every thing around him, and appeared idiotic. In this state he was sent to the asylum. Though gray-headed, and looking much older than he really was, he had still the remains of a fine person. He was



six feet high, with a countenance and form of head presenting a striking contrast with his imbecile state of mind. He was in good bodily health, and free from all appearance of disease.

He was placed among the idiotic patients, and was apparently sinking into the last state of fatuity. All the information they could obtain from him was, that he had been a soldier. The physician attempted, day after day, to induce him to enter into conversation, but in vain. "I have been a soldier," was the most he would say.

Many weeks elapsed without any visible improvement taking place in his condition, and his case was considered quite hopeless. But a change very suddenly occurred. Without any immediate previous conversation with any one, he requested the keeper to give him a sheet of paper, on which he wrote the following letter:

"MADAM,—I feel myself completely at a loss for an apology, which would in any way justify the liberty I am now taking. Not personally known to you, I feel the great awkwardness of addressing you, particularly in the character of a petitioner.

"I know not, indeed, whether I can do better than state the circumstances which have induced me to adopt this measure.

"Some time ago, driven by the greatest distress, I addressed myself to your husband, hoping, that in consideration of our former intimacy, he would have offered me some assistance. I remained a fortnight in London without receiving any answer—indeed, I have no means of knowing whether the letter ever reached him. Since that time, I have been a miserable, wretched wanderer through the country, without friends and without shelter. Such was the severity of my sufferings, that my intellects became unhinged, and I am indebted to the charity of this establishment for the continuance of my wretched existence, and the prospect of being once again enabled to mix in society. Whether either the one or the other will be beneficial, I have my doubts. When discharged from this house, I have no prospects but of again becoming a wretched wanderer, without resources, and destitute of friends. The prospect is truly deplorable; and yet such, in a very short time, must be my fate.

"These, madam, are the melancholy circumstances which have induced me to endeavour to interest you in my fate, a measure I never should have adopted if I had not been fearful of a letter to your husband having the same fate as my last.

"I will not intrude further on your time

than merely intreating you to pardon me for the liberty I have taken, assuring yourself that nothing but the most extreme distress and despair could have driven me to it. Should your humanity be so far interested as to induce you to afford me any assistance, believe me, it will be most thankfully and gratefully received."

Not receiving an answer to the above, the following letter was sent to a gentleman, a former acquaintance:

"MY DEAR SIR,—I know not how again to intrude on you with a tale of disaster and woe; yet your kind expressions, and still kinder manner, when I quitted you, are so strongly imprinted on my recollection, that I cannot help flattering myself you will not be offended with my present application to you. Yet it seems unfair that, because you have once befriended me, I should again harass you with my misfortunes—again solicit a renewal of kindness, to which I feel conscious I have no claim, except what the benevolence of your heart allows to those unfortunate beings whom you may once have known in better circumstances.

"The vivid remembrance of the peculiarly heartfelt tenderness of your manner to me when at —, emboldens me to do what it is impossible to apologize for, unless you will admit, as an excuse, the truly pitiable situation in which I am at present placed. When I left —, I made several attempts in —, and afterwards in London and its neighbourhood, to obtain some employment which would afford me the means of supporting an existence which was daily becoming more and more burdensome. I will not harass your feelings by the melancholy detail of the miseries which I endured during this fruitless search; suffice it to say, that after several days of misery the most exquisite, without shelter and without food, I was taken out of the Serpentine river, and conveyed to — workhouse. There I was discovered by a gentleman, an old school-fellow, who kindly supplied me with some clothes and a little money, with which, by his advice, I set out for the north of England, with the hope that there, amongst those I had formerly known, I might obtain some situation that would afford me the necessities of life. At —, in —, I was taken ill, and so long confined, that my little stock of money was nearly exhausted. When somewhat recovered, though in a very weak state, I again bent my course northward, and have some recollection of having been in Newark, Retford, and Doncaster;



but, for many succeeding months, my existence is a perfect blank, as far as my own recollection is concerned. I have since learned, that about —, I was found wandering in the streets of —, a perfect lunatic, and by the magistrates sent to —, where I have been taken care of ever since with the greatest possible kindness, and am now declared by the physicians to be perfectly sane. Indeed, I feel conscious that my mental faculties are completely restored, for I am again capable of contemplating and feeling, with the most acute sensibility, my truly forlorn and helpless situation. Something, however, must be done; and it is my intention to go down into the north, and endeavour to obtain some employment, however humble, that will keep me from starving; but I am almost destitute of clothing and money! Can you—will you, dear —, assist me? I feel the blush of shame on my cheek whilst I make the request, but the most urgent, the most miserable necessity impels me. Forgive and pardon your forlorn, unhappy friend.”\*

These letters show how much talent yet exist whenever any faculty appears dead, and ought to be a stimulus to relax no effort that may kindle into a blaze the sparks of mind that may yet remain. In the present instance, under the aspect of hopeless fatuity, was hid mental power of a high order.

An inquiry was immediately set on foot into every particular concerning the forlorn and unhappy gentleman, when it turned out that he had received a liberal education, that he had been brought up in expectation of having a very large fortune; but the relative on whom it depended died poor. He had, however, a sufficiency to procure him a commission in the army, and had been in India. He was an elegant scholar, with fascinating manners. He left the hospital quite well, and procured a situation, which he retained for some years.

Of this unfortunate gentleman, in reference to his attempt at the Serpentine river, it cannot be said that he was constitutionally disposed to suicide. There, are, however, some persons so constitutionally depressed and melancholy, that, as the mode in which insanity exhibits itself depends very much on the natural character, the unhealthy action of the brain, occasioned only by some trifling circumstances, which,

to individuals of another temperament, would almost pass unheeded, in them increases the feelings of gloom and despondency to such an extent as to lead them to the commission of self murder.

A singular expression of countenance, especially in the eye, has been noticed by many authors, as an unvarying attendant upon a disposition to suicide. When powerful feelings or passions are in active operation, in the insane or in the sane, they draw the muscles of the face into particular forms; and, if they continue for a length of time predominant, they impress upon the countenance an appearance indicative of the character. This is felt and acted upon unconsciously, in the common intercourse of life. A good countenance is a letter of recommendation.

In the generality of suicidal cases, the desponding feelings are in constant and active operation; hence there is usually a melancholy and gloomy expression of countenance.

The mode of self destruction is, for the most part, in asylums, that of hanging. The particular way, however, generally appears to be a matter of much thought and consideration. But, after the plan is once settled, they seem to neglect all other means of self destruction which may offer themselves, until they have an opportunity of perpetrating the deed in that particular way. When the determination to effect the purpose is very strong, the arts which are resorted to are scarcely to be credited by any one but those who have witnessed them. If the resolve be to commit the deed by hanging, it will not deter that the only point of suspension is so low as to compel the insane person to sit or kneel down, in order to its accomplishment.

An old man, upwards of seventy years of age, who had been a market-gardener, came to an asylum to consult the physician as to the best mode of destroying himself, as he had made up his mind not to live any longer.

“I have,” said he, “thought of hanging myself, if an easier death be not recommended.”

The physician talked to him some time on the heinousness of the crime which the aged and miserable creature contemplated, endeavouring to show him, too, that hanging was a most horrible death, from the suffocation that must be felt; but apparently with little success. He was labouring under some bodily disorder, and was prescribed for, his wife being warned to keep a constant eye upon him.

\* See Sir William Ellis's "Treatise on Insanity," from which these letters and other particulars are taken. The Asylum at Wakefield is meant, to which Sir William was at the time attached.

He was heard of no more for some time. At last, however, he was discovered dead in a little shed in his garden, where he used to keep his tools. But so fixed was the mode in his mind by which he was to accomplish the deed, that, though the place was so low he could not even stand upright in it, and he had not a rope, or even a string, with which he could suspend himself, he contrived it by getting a willow twig, and making it into a noose. He might more expeditiously have made use of his garden knife. But no, it was hanging that alone had been determined on.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE IMPENDING DOOM.

THE *Discharged Officer* has, during a number of the last pages of these Annals, apparently lost sight of the hero of the more romantic portion of the work. He has also gone much beyond the period of time at which Mr. Hastings was last mentioned, travelling over years, and frequently to institutions distant or different from that of Bangor Lodge. It may be proper also to mention, that in the interval between the date when the outraged young gentleman was last spoken of, and that of the latest of the cases above cited, there were great and remarkable ameliorations effected in the regulations and management of lunatic asylums—Parliament having vigorously taken up the subject, and legislated in behalf of the insane. The writer had also made medicine his study, particularly directing his attention to the diseases of the mind, and the treatment of the insane. He had, indeed, been strongly and touchingly stimulated to the study by what he had witnessed and learnt at the establishment of Mr. Hughes, especially by the distressing case of Mr. Hastings. Still more had his heart been directed to the amelioration of those who might become the inmates of a madhouse, by the earnestness, determination, and eloquence of that sorely wronged gentleman, who, from the moment that he began to be convalescent, as already told, ceased not to talk of what ought and might be achieved by perseverance and enlightened exertions for the benefit of the poor afflicted members of our race, whose mental faculties are disturbed, or who are bereft in any way of their liberty on the ground of insanity.

"I cannot cease telling you, my friend,"

Mr. Hastings would say, when overhearing the clanking of chains, the moans and cries of the demented, that might reach his ears, or when reflecting on the cruelties to which he himself had so wantonly and treacherously been subjected, "that I can hardly but contemplate the events which have overtaken me, since I was torn from Alice Arundel, my home, and my rights, as other than a providential dispensation that is in some way to be instrumental towards the good of the most unhappy, and hitherto the worst treated of the great human family. What," he would exclaim, with the most fervent and trustful hope, "if it be appointed for me to signalize myself in future days, in a reform that is so devoutly to be desired! My station in life, my training, and hereafter my ambition, may well point to a post where I shall have a voice in the legislature of my country."

Modesty would check his enthusiasm when he had spoken with this enthusiastic forecast; hut it was easy to perceive in the benign smile and steady resoluteness which marked his countenance after he had ceased to give audible utterance to his feeling, that his spirit not only revelled in the bright anticipation, but that his heart was heroically bent on the great achievement.

Such were the generous and blessed sentiments which Mr. Hastings began to cherish with an ever-growing earnestness, from the moment of his convalescence under my care at Bangor Lodge—sentiments occupying his noble spirit far more than anger towards those who had so cruelly conspired against him, or any revengeful feeling whatever.

It could not be but that the anxieties concerning his affianced, the lovely and gifted Alice Arundel, were deep and tender. But how much more indescribably intense must his solicitude have been, had he become acquainted with the lamentable condition to which her mind and recollections were reduced by the ruffian treatment witnessed towards the man of her heart, and the thoughts of the fate that awaited him. Had he known that she had become but as the beautiful and unconscious flower which she had been in the habit to cultivate and admire in her own little garden—that to all appearance she had sunk to a hopeless state of fatuity, what must have been his agony within the walls of Bangor Lodge? But the particulars of her deplorable condition were kept from him while imprisoned there; nor was I allowed, or even enabled, by any communication that reached me from Captain Arundel, to tell him more than that no execution was left



untried, in order to effect his release, and his restoration to his rights.

"I feel assured," he would say to me, when on the subject of his liberation, and the measures which would eventually place him in possession of his ancestral halls, "that I am yet, and perhaps ere long, to be master of my actions, and of my inheritance, although I have become aware of the extreme difficulty which attends any efforts that may, or can be made, in the present state of the law, towards my release. There are the certificates of the doctors against me, false and mercenary, no doubt, but still they are the warrants for Hughes to keep me fast; and there are in reality the circumstances of the madness to which I was wrought by the shocking cruelties inflicted on body and mind. There is much to overcome; even the court of King's Bench will feel itself constrained to abide by the absurdities of the laws for the regulation of madhouses as they at present stand. Nothing, I fear, but the incontestable proof of a horrible conspiracy having been hatched against me, for the purpose of destroying my life, and usurping my rights, will serve to release me; unless, indeed, the legislature be moved to look into the monstrous abuses and abominations, of such establishments as this at Bangor Lodge."

"The legislature is about to be moved, sir, in the way and for the ends you have often talked of," cried I, one morning, the moment I entered Mr. Hastings' apartment, more than two years after he had been a prisoner in the house of Hughes. "The gentlemen of your county, urged by Captain Arundel, have taken a strong stand, and have prepared themselves for making a loud appeal in your behalf in both houses of parliament, at the very commencement of the session which is at hand; the movement, in fact, is to go much further than your case, sir, for it is to demand that an inquiry of a very wide and stringent character be made into the management of lunatic asylums generally, both public and private, and—"

"My friend," cried Mr. Hastings, with a fervour and exultation beyond what I had ever before witnessed, even on his part, and throughout his many displays of noblest emotion, "disclose no more at present—I can hear no more at once. My spirit is overpowered!"

He threw himself upon his knees, and with an ineffable expression of gratitude and joy in his upturned and finely-intelligent countenance, silently poured out his soul to the Searcher of hearts.

"Blessed hour when first I saw the light," said he at length, "If it be that I am to become the occasion of bringing good to so many thousands of my sorely afflicted fellow-creatures, as your tidings, my young friend, encourage me to hope. Why, let England be but once stirred to the great achievement, and we know that nothing can withstand her voice, and the potency of her vigorous arm; especially when the conflict is to be with oppression, and towards the rescue of humanity from tyranny of any sort. Yes, rejoice, ye Howards and ye Wilberforces; for if once the spirit of Britons be awakened to this benignant succouring and protecting the wounded in spirit, it is not for the present, but for all time coming, that mankind will have to bless our era—nay, not the children alone of this sea-girt island, but nations far away, and wherever British philanthropy shall penetrate, or British example move!"

The enlargement of the spirit and the hopes of Mr. Hastings from that morning seemed to be boundless, the extent of the blessings he contemplated to be infinite. Indeed, I have not words to give expression to my own conceived idea of his exultation.

"Would," he often cried, "that Alice Arundel knew how overjoyed I am, and what beautiful visions rise to my imagination; she would not, in that case, think otherwise of my temporary severance from her, or of the cruelties to which I am subjected, than as being benevolent appointments in the inscrutable wisdom of Heaven, for the good of millions. Why, it will not alone be the myriads of the children of men yet unborn, who, the subjects of insanity, will have to bless our era, and the early agents in the amelioration, but the awakening and the movement will serve to humanize and enlighten the hearts of all, though they may never be other than witnesses, touched by the contemplation of the benign reform."

It was a remarkable feature in the amiable and generous character of Mr. Hastings, that the view of, at some future period, obtaining his freedom, of bringing his step-mother and others who had so cruelly conspired against him, to a strict reckoning, and of having them punished, was not the foremost thought in his cogitations. His was not a revengeful disposition; for he was to a far greater degree elated when he looked forward to the time when he should enjoy the society of his affianced, and be instrumental towards the amelioration of the state of such as were deprived in any degree of their reason, than when he might



be restored to his patrimonial rights, and should have the means of bringing his foul persecutors to the bar of public reprobation.

It was in perfect accordance with these feelings and principles of his heart, that he did not evince such an extraordinary joy on the morning when—some weeks after I had informed him of the movement that was about to take place in the legislature, relative to the abuses and abominations which had so long prevailed in lunatic asylums—I hastened to relate to him how a much more speedy termination was likely to be put to his confinement, than could be expected to result from any parliamentary proceedings, as he had on the previous occasion manifested.

"Take immediate courage, sir," cried I, on the second announcement of glad tidings, "for the wretches who conspired against you, to your terrible injury and imprisonment, have quarrelled amongst themselves. Surgeon Roberts has, as threatened, sprung the mine which had been kept smouldering beneath the feet of the step-dame and your half brother, because of his being disappointed of the bribe he promised himself, for his infamous share in the outrage—the villain having month after month risen in his demands, till at last he reached a most extravagant amount in his greediness. In short, he will readily become what in colloquial phrase is termed King's Evidence, to the complete overthrow of your relentless enemies."

"The compacts of the wicked are as ropes of straw in the flames of the furnace; so that those who have leagued themselves against me are more to be pitied than I am," were the first words he uttered on hearing me deliver the news which had so greatly uplifted me. He then added: "The sooner my deliverance comes, the earlier shall I have it in my power to strive for the relief and well-being of others who have been placed within the walls of the mad-house."

Wondrous, now, were the professions of friendship which Hughes, the head of the establishment at Bangor Lodge, evinced in behalf of Mr. Hastings. Even the doctors, Andrews and Mason, came forward with extraordinary alacrity to express their joy at witnessing the convalescence of the gentleman against whom they had leagued for the sake of a foul bribe; nor did it seem to me that their outraged victim would have had sufficient fortitude against their unprincipled professions, had they not shown that their readiness to certify his complete recovery must proceed on the condition of his

admitting himself to have at one time been a fit subject for being made an inmate of a lunatic asylum.

"That I never shall admit or acknowledge," exclaimed the owner of Howarth House; "even although my confinement in this shocking place were to be to the end of my days. To heaven and to my friends—to Captain Arundel and to others, I confidently resign the management of my rights."

A few days afterwards, Mr. Hastings walked at his entire liberty out of the strong-barred gate of Bangor Lodge, accompanied by myself, both of us resolving never to cross its threshold again; and the first place to which we directed our steps, after exchanging congratulations with those outside who had striven for his liberation, was towards Bedlam.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE FALSIFIED HEARTS.

— "One touch may turn  
Some balance, fearfully and darkly hung,  
Or point out some bright spark, whose ray should  
burn  
To point the way a thousand rocks among—  
Or break some subtle chain which none discern,  
Though binding down the terrible, the strong  
The o'ersweeping passions—which, to loose on life  
Is to let free the elements of strife!"

WERE the deep ocean dried, and all its secrets opened to one's scrutiny, less varied, less monstrous would its discoveries probably be, than those which would be obtained from the unveiling of one distempered spirit.

The first time that I visited Bethlem Hospital, or, as it is commonly called, *Bedlam*, was on a lovely afternoon in midsummer. Handing the ticket of admission to a door-keeper, my companion and I were readily admitted into a large piece of airing or exercise-ground for the benefit of the insane patients, where we saw some thirty persons of different sexes, several of whom speedily gathered around us. They were not vicious, and had they kept silence, we should scarcely have known that they were deranged; but in giving utterance to their thoughts, their malady was told.

One, who was of a good family, and well dressed, with his white neckerchief neatly tied, and his new hat in his hand, we found addressing his companions. He fancied himself a prince, and thought all present, even the visitors, his servants. He spake

French and English by turns, resolving, he said, that all who heard him should understand. The keepers appeared to be the special objects of his authoritative commands.

"How is it, sir, you will admit these people without my consent? Here, while engaged in scolding my subjects who have disobeyed my orders, and are continually intruding on my path, I find myself suddenly interrupted in another quarter by you and your companions. Come to me on the morrow, and I will give you your dismissal, having already known your face too long. It was but yesterday, I well remember, you refused me going out of the gates of my own palace. 'Tis high time that all who dwell with me should recollect that I have but one master on earth, and he is the king of France; and but one in heaven, and he my God."

Such was the current of this gentleman's discourse. We had been taught to humour him in his delusions, and we did so, as his dignity would not suffer a contradiction. Passing out, we gave him a sad farewell. He had already been several years confined, and the probability was, that he would there end his days. In all his aberrations of mind there was a trait of character which many at large might profit by observing; in his dress, manners, language, and complaints, he was a perfect gentleman. He fancied himself a prince, and acted accordingly.

The next inmate pointed out for our attention, was a venerable-looking, hoary-headed old man, seated by himself, who, from continued reverses of fortune, had been brought to end his days in a madhouse. His wealth had taken to itself wings, and flown away; and his wife and children had gone to that country from "whose bourne no traveller returns." His days were almost told; ere long he was to be numbered with the mighty congregation of the dead. We could not but feel deeply interested in the melancholy fate of this aged patient. He was almost at all times weeping, and calling upon her who had been his fond partner for many years. His cry, he fancied, was sometimes answered, and then, for a time, he was pacified. But as soon as he thought her absent, he again began to weep and pray, and would not be silent because *she was not*.

There were two, being of the other and tenderer sex, who chiefly awakened our sympathy, and whose histories must receive some account. Both cases were of a nature to impart touching and important lessons to the sane. The first was charac-

terized as having been the drunkard's wife and victim. She was a matronly-looking woman, but whose reason had nearly all fled from that temple where it had for many years reigned with the most benign influence.

Woman's influence! Yes, think of that! There has been no depth of human misery beyond the depth of her ameliorating spirit, nor any height of human happiness she has not raised still higher. Whoever has touched at either of these extremities, or at any of their intervening points, could attest that "neither height, nor depth, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, or to come," could divert or vitiate the accents and anodynes of her love. Whether one traces the lineaments of her character in the twilight of her morning sun, or in the evening beams of her sinking day, it will be found that she has touched human society like an angel. It would be irreverent to say in what walks of life she has most borne herself like an angel of light and love; in what vicissitudes, in what joys or sorrows, in what situations or circumstances, she has most sincerely discharged the heavenly ministrations of her mission; what ordeals have best brought out the radiance of her hidden jewels; what fruitions of earthly bliss, or furnaces of affliction, have best declared the fineness of her gold. Still there is a scene which has escaped the "vulture's eye," and almost every other eye, where she has cast forth her costliest pearls, and shown such qualities of her native character, as almost to merit adoration. This scene has been allotted to the *drunkard's wife*.

How woman has filled this desperate outport of humanity, will be revealed when the secrets of human life shall be disclosed "to more worlds than this;" when the history of hovels and of smoking garrets shall be given in; when the career of the enslaved inebriate shall be told from the first to the lowest degree of his degradation, there will be a memorial made of woman, worthy of being heard in heaven. From the first moment she gave up her young and hoping heart, and all its treasures, into the hands of him she loved, to the luckless hour when the charmer Wine fastened around that loved one all the serpent spells of its sorceries—down through all the crushing of her young-born hopes—through years of estrangement and strange insanity—when harsh unkindness hit at her heart-strings with an adder's tooth—then down through each successive depth of disgrace and misery, until she bent over the drunk-



ard's grave; through all these scenes a halo of divinity has gathered around woman, and stirred her to angel-deeds of love.

Yes, when the maddened victim tried to cut himself adrift from the sympathy and society of God and man, she has clung to him, and held him to her heart "with hooks of steel." And, when he was cast out, all defiled with his leprous pollution—when he was reduced to such a *thing* as the beasts of the field would bellow at—there was one who still kept him throned in her heart of hearts, and who could say over the fallen, grovelling creature:—"Although you are nothing to the *world*, you are all the *world* to me!"

When that woeful insanity of the drunkard set in upon him, with all its fiendish shapes of torture, while he lay writhing beneath the scorpion stings of the fiery phantasies of *delirium tremens*, then was a woman by his side, encircled with all the allurements of her loveliness. There was her tearful, love-beaming eye, that never dimmed but with tears when the black spirits were at him. There she stood alone, and in the lone hours of the night to watch his breathings with her heart braced up with the omnipotence of her love.

No, brute as he was, not a tie which her young heart had thrown around him, in his bright days had ever given way, but had grown stronger as he approached the lowest stage of his degradation; and when she thought he was about to sink into the dark and hopeless grave, she enswathed him in her broken heart, and was ready to lay it in his coffin.

Such were the cords which Mary Neville threw around her wandering and infatuated husband, in order to lead him back to virtue and to heaven. Alas! in a moment of ferocious madness, he rose against her with the fellest purpose, and clove her to the ground—clove her spirit, and committed such an outrage upon her tender nature, as to send her, bereft nearly of the powers of thought, of recollection and reflection, of forecast and life-giving hope, to sort with the insane!

The other female inmate of the asylum, to whom reference has, a few paragraphs above, been made, was a young lady, by nature lovely, who had received all the polish and advantages of an accomplished education. Her early life was passed for the most part at home, in her native village, under the roof of a widowed mother. At the age of seventeen, however, she was, at the invitation of a cousin, invited to spend the winter in one of the suburban districts

of London; and at this place she frequently met a young man, in whose favour she was soon much interested.

He was, indeed, at that time, already engaged to her cousin; but of this Miss Balfour was entirely ignorant. The betrothed, charmed with Miss B.'s beauty and wit, notwithstanding his engagement to her cousin, seemed to pay her very marked attention. Yet, perhaps, charity will not charge upon the young man a deliberate infidelity to his engagement, on the one hand, or purpose of deceiving Miss Balfour on the other. Allowance must be made for the frailty of human nature. In a world where so many complex motives actuate, one ought not to be in haste to denounce what can never be fully comprehended. Perhaps the strong irresistible magnetism of female beauty and vivacity may sometimes weaken the ties of a firmly preconceived attachment, and shake from their duties the well-founded purposes of life; for love will thus, in one short day, weaken the growth of years.

The civility of the betrothed soon arose to fondness—a fondness too nearly allied to devotion. In this, no doubt, there was much on his part to reprehend, and also on the part of the cousin. But while there was something to forgive as regarded the young man, there was not a little to admire in the unshaken trust of her to whom he was engaged, preventing her from endeavouring to put a stop to what many would have given the name of obvious courtship.

To confirm the attachment of Miss Balfour indissolubly, it was now only necessary for the betrothed to accompany her to her village. This he did; and after a few days, during which he was ever at her side, he returned to the suburbs of the metropolis, leaving her deeply enamoured of him.

After the lapse of some weeks, he not revisiting Miss B., as she fondly and certainly expected, she grew to be uneasy in her mind. Yet why should she doubt his good faith whom she loved, and by whom she credulously believed she was as truly loved in return? Her fears she was at times almost ashamed of, and yet she could not altogether repress them.

Time glided on; Miss Balfour grew daily more and more pensive, and her lover still not coming, the roses on her cheek began to fade. Month after month rolled away, until it was now a year since she had seen, or even heard, from the object of her affections.

At length she was again invited by her cousin to visit her. She went, and found



her kinswoman as affectionate and trustful as ever. But it was not long before Miss B. made her the confidant of her love, speaking to her, implicitly, her whole heart. She recounted all the series of hopes, fears, and doubts, that had agitated her for so many months. While she was speaking, many were the tears she shed. But she had not yet ended her story when the cousin, in great trouble, also burst into a fit of weeping, being only able to exclaim, "He is engaged to me!"

The words rang in the ear of Miss Balfour like a death-knell. In a moment she snatched up her bonnet, and rushing from the house, ran through several streets frantically. She was at length prevailed upon, however, to return to the house of her cousin, where every means were used to soothe the anguish of her wounded spirit.

Ere long she again went back to her native home, as a wounded fawn returns to its lair, but leaves not the fatal arrow in its flight. Shortly after, to the inexpressible grief of her friends, this unfortunate young lady began to exhibit the symptoms of mental derangement; although they were not, at first, such as absolutely to demand her removal from home.

Indeed, the friends of persons so unhappily affected, are very slow to admit the necessity of committing what is so dear to them to the care of a public establishment; so that the means of cure—if means of cure there be—are frequently deferred until, alas! the malady strikes its roots so deep as to be irreparable.

At length, the excitement of home and the assiduity of friends bringing no alleviation, Miss Balfour was invited by a former teacher, the head of a celebrated female school, to stay with her. Here she was persuaded to occupy herself in giving lessons in music and painting, in both of which elegant branches she was a proficient.

In this situation she passed three years. Her demeanour was flighty and disturbed, but she mingled, to some extent, in company. More than one young gentleman was here captivated by her charms; but whenever the string of her affections was touched, she would with an hysterical laugh, rush from the room, fly to her own chamber, and there weep and be in some trouble for hours. Yet, as soon as the storm of her feelings was over, she would in a moment appear as gay again as a bird, and be ready to join in a walk or a dance.

She prized more than all her wardrobe a blue and white check gingham dress, a present from the betrothed; she would

wash and iron it herself, nor was any one else permitted to touch it. She called it the true-blue, and often wore it.

She came to be of an exceedingly romantic turn, fond of looking at the moon and composing verses. The following is one of her addresses to that luminary:

"Thou pale! thou beautiful! to thee I kneel,  
Watching thy wandering through yon dark  
blue sky

In silent gaze, as if my heart could feel  
Deep adoration for thee, and was nigh  
To a bright thing that had looked on me  
Even from the first days of my infancy.

Is it not so? Near to those yellow shores

Where roll my native streams, oh! hast thou  
not

Seen my young pleasures, when our busy oars  
O'er the cool wave at dusky night would  
aport

On that bright pathway where thy silvery beam  
Fell beautiful upon the glassy stream?

When thou didst rise at evening's twilight  
hour,

A mighty crescent, o'er the broken tower,  
Then would I wander 'neath the crumbling  
wall,

Or chase my playmates through the ruined  
hall,

Nor fearing any spectre-knight would play  
His frightful gambols in thy harmless ray.

Away! away! and when we there did sweep  
The deep black billows of the rolling ocean,  
Still high amidst the heavens thou didst keep  
Steady and bright; and with a wild emotion,  
The boatman, trembling, would look up to thee,  
To guide him safely o'er that billowy sea.

These skies are foreign, and I tread the ground  
My father saw not; yet while thou art flying  
Upon the hills, the woods, the dales around,

Thy gentle beams, even though my heart be  
clinging

To other spots, still it can hold most dear  
This stranger home, since it can meet thee here.

We'll climb yon hill, we'll wander o'er yon  
plain,

We'll skim yon lake; Moon, we will roam  
together

Till mother Earth call home her child again.

Then part we! part we, fair Moon, ay, for  
ever!

'Tis not for a bright thing like thee to glow  
In the deep shades where the departed go.

Yet thou can'st look upon the road that leads  
To my far dwelling-place; there will be  
flowers,

And fresh green blades, and moss, and harmless  
weeds,

To point the passage. Oh! at midnight hours,

Wilt thou not smile upon those things that bloom

All wild, all heedlessly, above my tomb?

I sit and weave, beneath thy gentle light,

A wreath of eypress and of roses bright;

And ere it wither, or its glow he fled,

I'll gaily bind it round my dying head.

'Twill still the throbbing of my fever'd brow

To wear those flowers pluck'd from the tender stem

Where they were springing beautiful, and thou,

As beautiful, wast shining 'bove them."

On the Saturday afternoons, Miss Balfour would walk out to a favourite rock, near a murmuring brook, indulging on those occasions her most romantic reveries; for that was the day on which her cousin unfolded the secret which preyed so deeply upon her spirit. At other times, during a music lesson, she would burst into tears, and sing one of her poetical pieces, in strains so touching as to melt those who listened.

"She never blamed him, never!

But received him, when he came,

With a welcome kind as ever,

And she tried to look the same.

But vainly she dissembled;

For whene'er she tried to smile,

A tear unbidden trembled

In her dark eye the while.

She sighed when he caressed her,

For she knew that they must part;

She smiled not when he pressed her

To his young and panting heart.

But yet she never blamed him

For the anguish she had borne;

And though she never named him,

She thought on him alone."

Such was one of this poor maiden's songs, sung to a plaintive air.

At length she had to be removed to Bedlam, where she formed some new and strange attachments. Her naturally fine mind, though terribly uninged, was as active as ever, and on some subjects as rational, though, like a vessel wrecked on the bosom of the ocean, at the mercy of every wind and wave.

The principal physician of the establishment showed her parental kindness. Never was a man more exactly fitted for the office he held. Mild, yet firm, ardent, yet cautious; full of professional enthusiasm, he seemed to be in his element when among the wrecks of mind which he strove to repair; Miss Balfour loved him as a father.

At last, the hallucinations of this lady underwent a striking change, for she took up a most extravagant attachment to an idiot lad who was also an inmate of the establishment. This poor youth had been a promising boy at school, but from venturing into the water to bathe, when in an excessive state of hotly heat from violent exertion at play, he had suffered a paralysis, and was at length in absolute idiocy, standing for hours together with his face to a wall, uttering only the unmeaning mutter of insensible fatuity. Some metaphysician once essayed to prove that nothing exists really, but only in idea. What is a paradox in reference to the sane, is a truth in reference to the insane. To them, often, nothing is real, but every thing ideal.

Poor Miss Balfour's infatuation, with regard to the idiot youth, was manifestly to be attributed to her strange misconception; identifying him with the gentleman who had now, for many years, been her cousin's husband. Accordingly, she would not only address him by the same name; but, while the lad either regarded her with an utterly irresponsible sentiment, or took no notice of her whatever, she would alter her voice, imitative of the tones of the loved one, and thus, by means of her own natural accents, and of this sort of personation, she would maintain such a conversation in the language of endearment, that had one only heard her, without seeing how she was situated, and how she acted, it would very readily have been concluded that an exceedingly affectionate pair of lovers were interchanging their fondest professions. It was, so far, a happy circumstance that her delusion relative to the fatuous lad afforded Miss Balfour, for some time, a degree of comfort and consolation; for she thought herself to have become at length the most blessed of mortals. Still, however, her transient dream of felicity had to be viewed in somewhat the same way as one thinks of an hysterical fit of laughter, that is apt to be followed by painful tears, if not a termination to vitality, or every sensation of joy. Besides, her growing forgetfulness and delusions, relative to various subjects, indicated, too plainly, that a sudden and more dreary state of existence awaited her in this world of change and sorrow. In short, ere long, she became so devoid of mental power and functions, and as insensible to every thing around, as the idiot youth himself; manifesting not the slightest remembrance either of him or of any one else about her, and living for years as dull as the meanest creature. Surely, when the death of such a



benefit being occurred, and when she was to waken into immortal life and inconceivable intelligence, the event must have been hailed with gratitude; not unmixed, however, with wonder and awe, at the inscrutable ways of the Allwise and the Omnipotent; nor untouched by a lesson preaching to those around the poor wreck of her once brilliant self, who were cognisant with her history a sermon of deep and warning power with regard to the desolation which may be wrought by the thoughtless young, when yielding to what may, at that early and inexperienced period of life, be deemed a harmless show of admiration towards the beautiful and the gifted.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE DAY OF RETRIBUTION.

CAPTAIN ARUNDEL did not accompany Mr. Hastings and me to Bedlam, excusing himself for not joining us in that expedition, as my interesting friend thought, in an unsatisfactory manner.

"My Alice's father," said the liberated gentleman, "has some painful thought preying upon his spirit; for he does not evince the gladness which might have been anticipated on my escape from a madhouse, and from the most cruel captivity. I cannot account for it," added Mr. Hastings, "neither see why he should have shuddered so, when I urged him to accompany us to a lunatic asylum, knowing, from the short conversation I have already had with him, how determined I am to devote time, and whatever means I may possess, for the benefit of the insane; and also of such as have, in the past vile management of madhouses, been wronged and outraged like myself. No, I cannot understand what it means; and I shall be very unhappy until I know the cause for his altered manner."

It was not for me to disclose the reasons for the gallant gentleman's depressed and embarrassed bearing, although I could easily have in one moment given the sad information. Indeed, I dreaded the result of my excellent friend being made acquainted with the condition in which his affianced had been so long little better than what was to be the fate of poor Miss Balfour—a lovely but almost insensible flower.

We quitted Bedlam, at first, when leaving the establishment, occupied chiefly with some of the affecting cases which had just been brought so immediately under our

consideration; but the discourse soon took another turn; and, as we walked towards the hotel where the captain was to await our return, the engrossing topic was the gallant veteran's altered manner, and the conjectured causes.

"I must instantly be satisfied," cried Mr. Hastings, "and shall, the moment I have a fitting opportunity, put the question to the honoured father of my beloved."

We accordingly strode at a quicker rate towards the inn, and were soon in the presence of the captain.

Mr. Hastings lost no time in expressing his regret that the gallant gentleman had not accompanied us to the lunatic asylum, assuring him that no idle curiosity carried us thither, but that it was with ulterior and fixed purposes for the good of such as were the inmates of madhouses, wherever found—their welfare and amelioration, whether curable or incurable.

"So deeply persuaded am I," cried Mr. Hastings, "of the efficacy of kindness and considerate treatment towards such as may be mentally afflicted, that I am determined to leave no effort within my power untried, which may minister to this beneficent end."

"Then," cried the captain, greatly moved, "you have, my dear Herbert, only to come with me, and to behold poor Alice; for she has, ever since you were torn from her, and hurried off to the keeping of the monster Hughes, been deprived of her senses; and I fear that never again shall my dear child be herself."

The reader is some measure acquainted with the sad catastrophe which overtook Miss Arundel, and that she, while still the lovely maiden, had suddenly been bereft of her intelligence—that her mind had become a blank—and that, although her bodily frame sunk not under the visitation, she was yet but as a beautiful insensate flower of her own sweet garden. It would convey some idea of her appearance, were she to be compared to the delicate lily, rather than to the blooming rose, in her state of mental vacancy. Still, her health was not seriously affected, otherwise than that she became paler and less elastic in her steps, moving about their dwelling with a grave bearing, as if she was in deep reflection, but, in reality, but a silent innocent.

Such, for a long time, had been her condition, after Mr. Hastings was so outrageously deprived of his liberty. Still there came to be a succession of different phases in her visitation; each, it ought to be said, more touching to the tender-hearted observer than another. Alas! alas! the revolu-



tion which had been wrought by one terrible wrong, affected not merely the injured young gentleman, but laid waste one of the finest female intellects that ever derived its light and its energies from the divine fountain of life.

Herbert Hastings, it need hardly be told over again, were it not that the pen glides smoothly into the records of his history, was a young man of a pure and bright genius. The learning and the fine arts, of which our best schools are the handmaidens, had been eagerly courted by him. Minstrelsy was one of his favourite pastimes, as an intellectual combat with his mind in academy, in furtherance of what he deemed to be truth, had been his serious pursuit. But at length, as already seen, his devotions and inspiration received, amid all his mental pursuits, whether gentle or profound, lightsome or grave, a more unquenchable ardour: it was love. Alice Arundel had beamed upon his youth—had partaken of his dearest and most magnanimous thoughts—had interchanged with him the mortal and immortal bond of the human heart.

Gazing upon the matchless scenery of their district, the noble yet loveliest of rivers, and all the unrivalled beauties of their vicinity, their emotions were readily elevated or deeply affected; carrying them above or beyond what immediately concerned themselves, to a forgetfulness that a future of sore vicissitude might be awaiting them. Their lives and their language took a scope which more calculating creatures would have shunned. They seemed, indeed, with all their gifted and cultivated excellences, to forget that this is a world of trial and probation.

Yet neither were weak. Alice was of no common frame of mind. Indeed, hers was a strength and a singleness of purpose in the high walk of human thought and glorious anticipation, that in some respects overmastered her intellect; weakness and strength, earnestness, and, in some measure, frailty, nervous tension and sensibility, uniting in conflicts which at length wrung her nature. Had Herbert at first understood the danger of awakening, not to be allayed, the aspiration of one so susceptible, perhaps the fatuity, almost the idiotcy, and anon the hallucinations which came to distract his beloved, might never have been witnessed.

Herbert was doomed to the fate of being a prisoner in a madhouse, whose cells had so many woes to record, and whose annals are now the theme of lamentation and indignant denunciation in these pages.

"My Herbert," cried Alice, the moment she awoke from the insensate condition already described, to pass into a more violent and excited state, and dreaming of him as being charged with some treasonable offence, "is chained to a terrible pillar in a horrid dungeon; and my heart is cleft, my brain has molten lead poured into it. Ah!—

"In each pillar there is a ring.

And in each ring there is a chain;

That iron is a cankerous thing,

For in these limbs its teeth remain."

Such were the sentiments that the now raving maiden would express, whose disturbed intelligence would run into every extravagance and exaggeration.

The bread of affliction, and the water of affliction," she would cry, "are hut sparingly granted to my beloved. Even the light of the sun is forbidden to visit the floor of the dungeon with more than

A dull, imprisoned ray;

and ere six weeks elapse, that frame which was so symmetrical is crushed, the countenance haggard, the eye, blue as heaven, is dimmed, the voice of the captive is hollow and harsh, and hardly could be known by his Alice. Yet all that the iron, the darkness and the coldness which the dungeon can send," she would exclaim, "could have been stoutly borne, but that the light of my soul is quenched; and who can minister to a mind diseased?"

Hearken to the now demented one! Hear how discordant, broken, and inverted are her fancies about the never-ending themes which her ideas of a grim-looking madhouse furnished. Oh! how she raved!

"Bedlam!" she would cry, "thou art a holy place; thy floor is an altar; it has been trod till the prints of the saints' footsteps are never to be effaced from the hard pavement. A pretty place—a sweet chamber! I should choose it for a dwelling, if Herbert were to talk to me, but he is sulky and silent. Perhaps he is gone away from it, and desires not to see me. Well, it is laughable, when one thinks how they are at

———"Liberty to stride

Both up and down, and then athwart,

And tread it over every part;

And round the pillars, one by one,

Returning where their walks begun."

"Were I a bird I should fly to the grated slit in the wall, and have a peep at the

wretches. Perhaps carol to them, and mock them with tales of freedom, and stories about sunshine and flowers. Ah, me! molten stuff boils in my brain. They are dying!"

Such and similar ravings were, for a time, constantly uttered by poor Alice Arundel, whose disordered senses would suppose that her lover was tied to a black beam, and that manacles were upon him.

"Monsters! I shall avenge his death," she would cry; "I shall slay, and be slain. Ha! the young man sings. I know his minstrelsy; it reaches me by day and by night. He looks upon the lovely river; his visage is towards me; he beckons me to him; I shall walk the waters and embrace him."

The human spirit, as if untirable, resumed some degree of higher buoyancy, but was still greatly astray. According to the visionary fancies of Alice, assiduously did the inmates of Bedlam pace the dungeon floor; "up and down, and then athwart." More than once, to her ideas, a beautiful bird, as if angel-scent, perched upon the narrow grated window, and sung a sweet and enlivening song.

"There is a lake beyond, too," she would in her ecstasy cry, "which with its sportive tenants he can scan. The eye rests upon the mountains, follows the eagle's speed, and settles down upon the white walls and shining spires of the far-off town, with unutterable longings. Oh! had I my Herbert's harp, I would throw cheer into our languid life, waken chilled-out sympathies, and keep alive and growing the patriot flame. It would be to me as the resumed melody of my Herbert's harp, if the herald of his restoration came."

Alice had strango but instructive and awakening dreams. Would the reader bear with one, which in her a wakened but raving state she put upon tangible shape. Would that we had more of her splendid fancies, though in aberration. The sea, the deep sea, one of the majesties of creation, was a theme with Alice.

"What a wonder is the sea itself!" she wrote down in one of her bursts. "How wide does it stretch out its arms, clasping islands and continents in its embrace! How mysterious are its depths! Still more mysterious its hoarded and hidden treasures! With what might do its watery masses roll onward to the shore, when not a breath of wind is moving over its surface! Ah! it is like the tumultuous mind. How wonderfully fearful is the great deep, when its waves, in mid-ocean, are

tossing their heads in gloomy majesty under the lash of the tempest! How wonderfully beautiful, when like a molten and ever-moving mirror, it reflects the setting sun, or the crimson clouds, or the saffron heavens after the sun has set; or when its watery floor breaks into myriads of fragments the image of the quiet moon that falls upon it from the skies.

"Wonderful, too, are those hills of ice that break off, in thunder, from the frozen barriers of the pole, and float towards the sun—their bristling pinnacles glistening in his beams, and slowly wasting away under his power, an object at once of wonder and dread to the mariner, till they are lost in the embrace of more genial depths. And that current is a wonder, which moves for ever onward from the southern seas to colder latitudes, bearing in its waters the influence of a tropical sun, and saying to the icebergs of the pole, 'Hitherto ye may come, but no farther!' And, if possible, still more wonderful are the columns of volcanic fire shooting up from 'the dark unfathomed caves of ocean,' throwing its red glare far over the astonished waves, heaving and trembling with the heaving and trembling earth beneath them! Yes, wonderful! when that pillar of fire vanishes, leaving a smoking volcano in its place; and wonderful, when that volcano, in its turn, sinks back, and is lost in the depths whence it rose.

"Then, there are other wonders in the living creatures of the deep, from the animalcule, that no eye can see, and scarcely glass can reach, up to that leviathan which God hath made to play therein! In this wide and great sea are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. Yet He who hath made them all, even there, openeth his hand and satisfieth the desires of all! Wonderful is it, that of those 'creatures innumerable,' each one finds its food in some other, and in its turn serves some other for food.

"What a wonder, too, is that line of phosphoric light which, at the darkest hours, streams along the way of a ship in the midst of the sea?" A light that motion kindles!—a fire that burns nothing!—a fire, too, seen, not in the bush on Horeb, which is not burned, but in the deep waters of the ocean, that *cannot* be! Is not this a wonder?

"And if that path of light is a wonder, which streams back from the rudder of a ship, is not that ship itself a wonder? That a fabric so gigantic as a first-rate vessel of traffic or of war, formed of ponderous tim-

bers, holding in its bosom masses of merchandise, under whose weight strong cars have groaned, and paved streets trembled, or bearing on its decks hosts of armed men, with the thundering armament of a nation—that a fabric thus framed, and thus freighted, should float in a fluid into which, if a man fall, he sinks and is lost, is in itself a wonder!”

Hughes’s dungeon has been opened, and Herbert Hastings is abroad. Yet where walketh and where sitteth poor Alice, but in her wonted, uncheered places, giving ear to, or fancying, that she heareth the minstrel’s melody! True, he is beside her, having now a strong abiding confidence in the power of music’s charms over ravelled thoughts, as well as savage natures. Still she knows him not, but with the confusedness of a dream, incoherent and contradictory. “Yes, no,” may be said to have struggled for permanence. Vacant, averted, searching looks were her bewildered alternations.

“Say, art thou Herbert? thou art so changed!” would be her words. Then he, as he bent over her, would make the strings, swept by his fingers, offer the response, sweet, arousing, touching, or subduing by turns.

“But my Herbert and the madhouse are wedded; he has scooped a home in its walls; he is yoked to its black beams, or he has sunk in the river.

Herbert would sing a song of hers in her lucid days, gather her choicest flowers, repeat their attractive familiar names, point to the picturesque spots in the vicinity, and whisper, in mellowed accents, words of peace, love, and joy.

It was as he, in his most fervent and persuasive language, was thus conducting himself one evening, that Alice, with a scream, and as if a sudden light had struck her, fixing herself steadily, cried out in the following terms:

“It is the resurrection!—the resurrection is at hand!—the resurrection of the just and of the martyred! I shall now meet my Herbert, never to be parted.”

From that moment a new phasis in Alice’s mental malady began to be exhibited, but whether hopeful or still to be more deplored was far from being clear. To be sure, she became more coherent, less talkative, and so bodily enfeebled as to be confined to her couch. Her relatives she now readily distinguished, and understood what passed more fully every day. Even the doctor could maintain conversation with her to some extent; the abiding theme,

however, being the certainty of the present world coming to an end on a specified day, which she named, although at first without any distinct conception of the time that must previously elapse. But yet most strange it was that she did not attain to any clear view with regard to the identity of Mr. Hastings. Nay, it seemed as if as strong a conviction had taken possession of her that he was no more, and had been cruelly put to death, as that the day of judgment was near; and her mind was not powerful enough, her perception not so distinct and precise, as to be able to follow out the process of ratiocination, the work of disentanglement.

It was Sabbath, about the middle of a remarkable summer—for many months had gone since the liberation of Mr. Hastings—that I have now to speak. The atmosphere was loaded, sultry, and stagnant; the only sensible distortions of the general stillness around and above being the large drops of rain that sometimes fell through the dense air, and the far-off growling thunderings in the skies. These phenomena Alice no doubt thought betokened the immediate change of which she had for sometime had such awful imaginings. She had been losing strength, so as to make it be deemed improper to disturb her with any avoidable discourse, even with the notes of her lover’s music. Yet she spoke.

“I am going to fall asleep,” said she, “not to awake till the coming Sabbath,” intimating that then the graves would be opened, and time no more. And sleep she did so tranquilly, that except to a close observer, it would have seemed the sleep of death. Nor was there any attempt to rouse her, unless when it was considered necessary to administer some delicate cordial.

Such was her condition for an entire week, even down to the twilight of the day she had persuaded herself was to be the last: and now the most intense anxiety reigned in her father’s house. Those who were more readily affected by superstitious credulity, ventured not to question the sick one’s forebodings. The physician, who expected that she should awake but to die a natural death, and in the full possession, perhaps, of her mental faculties, treated recourse to any measure that might hasten that awakening.

“She is so angelic, even in her sleep,” he said, “that I doubt not she has supernatural dreams, enjoying the foretaste of heaven.”

Mr. Hastings was of a different opinion about her revival, and had confidence in the



charms of music. Besides, he fancied that her features began to wear more distinct evidences of vitality, than during the period of her somnolency; he thought that he discerned the blood racing through the veins of her forehead with a sort of healthy speed, which might be, he said, in some degree owing to the sudden alteration in the state of the atmosphere; gentle gales, and occasional refreshing showers having, throughout the day, produced a marked improvement in his own sensations.

"I cannot" he said, "but believe that Alice's exhausted frame, and the lengthened dethronement as well as conflicts of her reasoning powers, required the balm of a repose of an unusual duration; and if, by the most ethereal means which man possesses, we can now, at an hour of beautiful eventide, touch the springs of mental action, the effect may be all that we desire."

The lover's voice prevailed, and he played with unsurpassed tenderness some of Zion's plaintive songs, dear to Alice in her devotions. Ere long the lips gently trembled, and there were movements of the eyelids. The lids at length opened; and then, after a steady, inquiring stare, the visage wearing a gentle smile, the tongue essayed utterance. Soothings were not wanting, bland responsive looks poured love and condolence upon the patient.

"It is the music of the spheres," were the first words which in trembling accents escaped her lips; and, as if incapable of more, her eyes again closed, and for some considerable time her relapse into her former motionless and apparently insensible condition continued.

The minstrel's spell was again invoked, and a brisker measure employed. The effect was, this time, more marked and encouraging. She who had so long slept could now pronounce not only the name of her lover, but convey a look of perfect recognition.

"My Herbert is not in the robes of white," she breathed, "of which I dreamt. Where am I, and what is the day?"

To these touching queries suitable answers were given; and the reception of them plainly showed that reason was resuming its empire.

In the progress of Alice's recovery, which became complete, the accounts of what she experienced and thought during the weeks of dreadful suspense, were not such as need be particularly noticed. Some of her dreams, according to these accounts, had been frightful; others appeared to have been dreadful mental sufferings, while the

best-remembered had been ecstatic in the extreme. But, in all probability, she was unable to distinguish between the dim memory of protracted hallucination, and the short duration of the convalescent state.

It is necessary to add, that with Mr. Hastings's experience, nothing was done that was likely to prove too exciting or harrowing to a nature which combined the remarkable qualities of Alice's mind and sympathies. Peaceful and protracted was their wedded life, the minstrel's skill being their frequent and pleasureable pastime, as well as the accustomed accompaniment of many a religious act of devotion.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### THE SNARER SNARED.

BUT to record the happy results of the effort made to restore Alice Arundel to her former self, or the later phases of her illness, is to outstrip other important events in the life of Herbert Hastings. The reader will wish to hear of the consequences of this gentleman's liberation from Bangor Lodge, as regards the recovery of his patrimonial rights and property, and the fate of those daring miscreants who had combined against his freedom and his actual existence as an intelligent being. Nay, that the meditated and savage cruelties to which his person as well as his noble and tender mind were subjected, had not sent him to an untimely grave, came, early in the course of his confinement, to be a matter of deepest vexation, and the bitterest disappointment on the part of his step-mother and half brother, who had installed themselves, with a remarkable alertness, at Howarth House, the moment they were assured that he had been got within the gates of Mr. Hughes' establishment.

Every new day which opened upon the stepdame and her son was one of trembling hope that it would not close without tidings reaching them of the victim of their conspiracy being no more; and never did the sun go down without some fearful anticipations mingling with these hopes, and gloomy terrors sending their lucid anticipations mingling with these hopes, and gloomy terrors sending their lucid flashes to scath their souls. Soon, too, did the surgeon Roberts give intimation that he would rise, and constantly grow more avaricious and merciless in his demands, and, in the nature even of his exactions, utterly regardless, as the mo-

ther and son felt, of the direful consequences which could overtake them, for whom he had at one time professed such unbounded regard, or for the disgrace and infamy which would attach to himself, on account of his share in the villany.

"Had it not been for Roberts,"—the step-mother would at length say, when the terrors of coming disclosure and of the law's vengeance began to take hold of her, because of the surgeon's threatenings that he would divulge the whole of their infamous conduct towards the proper heir to, and rightful owner of Howarth House,—*"we never would have run ourselves into such danger."*

"He is the guiltiest of any," her son would observe; and why should he be allowed to escape? Why not be in advance of him, and take the business of impeachment into our own hands? Indeed, I soon found, on returning to Howarth House, that we had stepped from comparative comfort into misery and all the fears which attend wickedness in its conception, but much more in its perpetration and actual results."

"What!" the mother would then exclaim; "you counsel that we denounce ourselves, which must be the issue, if we inform against Roberts, and accuse him of being the originator of the plot? You would advise that we, with our own deliberate voices and manifest acts, should abandon all hopes of possessing this fair domain, for the recovery and keeping of which I have thrown away from me the hopes of heaven? This would, indeed amount to what the canting people call being punished before the time. No, never,—I would venture upon a bolder measure than I have yet put my hand to, ere yielding to such a self-accusing course, and one fraught with such certain disaster.

The son, not yet so habituated to malignant feelings and fell designs as was this woman—one of the same race, doubtless with Lady Macbeth—would be silenced by her, avoiding all audible expression of his fears and convictions, until she again brought forward the terrifying theme.

Truly, the ways of the wicked are hard; they are beset with worse than assassins in ambush; for conscience, with all its stings and arrows, is ever within them, not to be eluded or mastered. This, at least, came to the sore experience of the brother of Herbert Hastings, so that he would consider by what means the ceaseless accuser might be silenced, or its sharp whisperings be softened.

"I shall drown my terrors, and stupify the thing that knells my breast," he would

cry to himself, "by swallowing intoxicating draughts."

And he was as good as his word; for day after day he would be seen staggering from room to room of the mansion where he had drawn his first breath, dull and hesotted as an idiot, and regardless of his mother's rage; or, as at other times, when not so deeply steeped in strong drinks, maddened to fury, and declaring that he would be her death, for having tempted him into crime, so as to alarm her exceedingly, not only lest the servants might overhear the threatenings and the alleged ground of them, but lest he should actually put them into force. From Roberts these exhibitions could not be concealed; for he was not only a frequent visitor, *looking in upon them*, as he called it, at all hours, no matter how unwelcome; but his profession lent him considerable insight into the diseases of the mind, whether constitutional or induced by desperate circumstances. Yes, the villain—the cowardly plotter—was cognisant of the miseries of parent and son, and it was joy to his heart to witness their terror and agonies.

"All these things are for me," he would say to himself. "I shall turn them to my profit, trust me."

"Such was the triumph of the diabolical miscreant—such his inhuman sources of satisfaction. But where the real happiness of either of the three conspirators, distrustful one of another, and constantly wrong? Surely the condition of Herbert Hastings was preferable to theirs, even when subjected to the cruellest treatment of Hughes and his agents. Far better to be the outraged victim, than those who had to dread the decision of the public and the laws, together with the writhings of the accuser within them, as well as the judgment of the day of final and everlasting reckoning.

It was in the unavoidable nature of things that the condition, feelings, and tumults now indicated as belonging to the arch-conspirators against Herbert Hastings, should advance to greater and greater lengths.

"The monster Roberts," said the step-dame to her son, one morning, immediately after having been closeted for some time with the tormentor, "will accept nothing of promise or of gift short of five thousand pounds paid down to him, and this within a short given period. Advance him this, and he swears we shall neither hear of him nor be tormented by him hereafter, for that he will cross the seas never to return."

"What said you to that?" inquired the son, ignorantly, half-expecting that she had agreed to the terms. "It would certainly



he better to close with him," continued the young gentleman, "than live the life of misery, doubt, and fear, which we do. Besides, if we do not accede to his terms now, he will next time add another five hundred pounds to his demand; for such, I have been calculating, is about the ratio of the speed with which he advances."

"Are you my son who counsel thus?" cried the dame, scornfully, and aware that, unless that son were maddened with strong drink, she could make him tremble. "He will make rapid advances in his exorbitant claim, you think, if I accede not now! He will, let me tell you, repeat the demand in a week, were he to cajole me to it to-day."

"Then to what a terrible and desperate extremity have we brought ourselves!" exclaimed the young gentleman; "far better at once to throw ourselves upon the clemency of my forgiving brother, quit the scenes of my childhood, and hide our heads to the end of our days, in some obscure corner. Far better at once to die!"

"To throw ourselves upon your brother's generosity—to relinquish this splendid seat of your ancestors—to hide ourselves from the knowledge of the world—ay, even to put hands on our very lives, would be far better, you think, than to longer endure what we are enduring!" exclaimed the fiendish mother; "and you would so counsel, would you? Quit my presence, you silly boy!" added she, regarding him contemptuously. "It seems to me that thou art as deficient in mental resources as thou art in manly action. Manly action, indeed! Had I been a man of thy years, and had I had a mother of mine, that fellow Roberts should not at this day have troubled the neighbourhood with his nostrums."

The lady had been aroused to one of her highest flights of resolution. The son knew that something more desperate than ever was meditated by her, and although he had not the least conception of its nature, it made him involuntarily shudder.

"It is a deed which she intends," thought he, "of more daring and dreaded nature than she has ever before contemplated, and therefore the more dangerous, the more fatal, if the attempt fails;" and to the bottle the young gentleman once more hurried.

The stepdame was speeding into crime with a judicial infatuation.

"Roberts," she said to herself, "is greediness and extortion personified. It matters not what he can drag out of you, so that it be towards satisfying his inordinate passion. Be it drink, food, or furniture of a superior

kind, he clutches at it. Nothing more flattering to his vanity and cormorant spirit than luscious wine. Wine, yes, wine! well seasoned and drugged, he shall have. I have been studying the matter, and, with all his apothecary skill, I shall dose him, and he unconscious all the time what it is he swallows. Could it be so managed, that he should fall asleep on his way homeward, after nightfall, and by the road-side—asleep, never more to wake, my ends would be gained—that of revenge, and that of getting him out of the way."

The desperate purpose which had for several weeks been working in the fiendish woman's brain, was ripened to its maturity at the very period to which the reader has been brought by the last conversation between her and her son. Her refusal to accede to the surgeon's demand of five thousand pounds, she was well aware, would exasperate him perhaps to divulge, as he had often threatened, the whole particulars of the conspiracy and perpetrated outrage against Mr. Hastings.

"If he do so, the moment that I ascertain the fact," she resolved, "will be the time for the execution of my fellest purpose, the same being put in force with my most skillful art of deception."

Roberts did set about divulging the particulars of the conspiracy; the dame was instantly advertised of his treachery to her, and as instantly determined on her fell course. He was invited to her table, with a great show of courtesy, without the slightest hint that she had been made aware of his disclosing efforts. He accepted of the invitation, and was received with every mark of confidence, as well as of assurance that she had come to think well of his last proposed terms.

"My dear Mr. Roberts, you shall have the five thousand," she cried; "for my main difficulty has been got over—that of being sure how soon I could get command of the money. A fortnight hence, and you shall be so far enriched, and in a condition to pursue your course through life according to your wishes. Meantime, let us think of dinner, during which we shall talk at greater length of the matter. My son is to leave us the moment the cloth is removed, having business of his own to attend to elsewhere. It is a fortunate circumstance, for he has lately become a great obstacle in our way."

While the lady thus endeavoured to cajole the surgeon, and lay all suspicion asleep, he, in his turn, affected a perfect credence and a pleasurable experience. It



was, however, only affected and sinister; for, like all selfish and cunningly-disposed persons, he was extremely suspicious, having, from the closest observation of her character that he could exercise, come to a firm conclusion that she hated as well as feared him to the uttermost; and that there was no one imaginable evil to which she could have recourse that would not be tried to his ruin and destruction, if she thought it could with any prospect of success be done. Besides, he was aware that she had been advertised of his most recent steps towards the divulgence of the particulars of the conspiracy, before she had written the note which invited him to dinner.

"If she affects friendship, after all this," thought he, "then the most direful evil is intended. I should not wonder at her endeavouring to poison me. I will not taste of any one thing of which she does not partake. Yes, my lady, I shall be upstides with you, and, if I can, shall send you to the gallows. Trust me, it shall be done, if man can do it."

Roberts conducted himself at the dinner-table with great artfulness. It was hypocrite against hypocrite, and so far well met. He affected to drink greedily of the liquors of which the young gentleman beside him partook, and so as intimate that his head would reel ere long. He could observe that the dame was delighted to see him enjoy himself, not seldom pressing him to the bottle, and declaring it was high time that they should be reconciled. This she repeated with unusual ardour of manner, as soon as her son took leave, declaring that it was a proud occasion for her, when she could not only, treat Mr. Roberts to a bottle of her lamented husband's best claret, but at a time so propitious and exhilarating.

"I have brought a supply from the cellar," observed she, "with my own hand, and do hope that you will, my dear friend, do it ample justice."

"That I shall," cried the surgeon, with great apparent glee, as the lady rose to take a bottle from the sideboard.

The liquor is set down, the lady excusing herself from partaking of it, alleging that she never could relish wine of the sort, although it was so much prized by gentlemen. Roberts, in reply, declared it would always be his favourite among all the kinds that came from the grape. He uncorked the bottle, affected to examine every thing with the eye of a connoisseur, taking particular notice of the lady, who, he could

perceive grew more and more uneasy, the longer he continued the critical process.

"This," said Roberts, after the lapse of a protracted examination before doing more than keep smelling the contents of the bottle, and more than once spitting out the small portion of it which he had ventured to taste—"this is a very peculiar wine. Why, madam, it is drugged, poisoned—the very thing I expected, prepared by all I had heard before coming here, and by all I have seen and noted since sitting down to your table. Trust me, lady, I shall take care of the bottle and its contents, until a searching chemical examination be made of the liquid."

The stepdame's answer was that of a scream, or shriek, as if a death-blow had reached her heart, which brought the servants to the scene. Roberts repeated his opinion, concerning the bottle, and his resolute intentions relative to it, in presence of these parties, which sent the lady into convulsions. The possessor of it took his speedy departure, and that night she was a maniac.

Sudden, rapid and devastating were the catastrophes which now overtook those who had so flagitiously combined against Herbert Hastings; for one after another of the conspirators met with some signal visitation. It has just been told what was the dreadful stroke which was dealt to the step-mother; and when her son returned, in a state of great excitement, as was usual with him, when he far exceeded the rules of temperance, and found that his parent was a furious maniac, he quickly disappeared, and was found next morning a corpse, having laid violent hands upon himself. Roberts was sorely vexed on hearing all this, because vengeance had been taken out of his hands; while the bribe for him to hold his tongue could no longer be dreamt of. He fled in disgrace from the neighbourhood, became a broken man, and died in a work-house. Such measures were adopted by Mr. Hastings and his friends, as ruined the reputation of the doctors who, for a reward, had given the certificate which seemed to authorize the outrage upon his person and liberty. Hughes experienced no better fate; for, having been shown to have been cognisant of the wrongs done to such an estimable gentleman, and by parliamentary inquiry to have been guilty of many other shocking cruelties, his establishment was denounced, and he himself driven into obscurity.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## THE MISSION OF THE RESTORED.

MR. HASTINGS was now in a condition to pursue with all his ardour and means the amelioration in regard to the economy and management of madhouses and the treatment of the insane; one of his first philanthropic acts being to have his step-mother placed, not only in one of the best institutions of the kind in the kingdom, but where his own personal influence and care promised to insure her that attendance and care, which he thought were most likely to restore her to calm and reflective intelligence.

"It will be an awful thing for me to contemplate the widow of my father," he would say, "the inmate of a lunatic asylum, without the prospect of recovery, without time to repent, and with all the sins upon her head that have accumulated, until she has become a maniac; the very thought of her monstrous offences and purposes scaring her nature into frantic madness."

To the care of his step-mother, therefore, this most estimable, enlightened, and industrious young gentleman, in the walks of benevolence, addressed much of his attention; the entire field to which his mission directed him, received his ardent and humane observation. In the House of Commons, where he ere long obtained a seat and was an ornament; at public meetings, by private and personal influence, he effected much in behalf of the insane, and also of those who might be unmercifully or falsely treated as insane, by being instrumental towards obtaining protective measures from the legislature, of practical and proved value. To certain general points he addressed himself with extraordinary energy.

"The chances of life," he would say, "do not offer any condition more dreadful than that of a man who, in a state of sound mind, is condemned to herd exclusively with lunatics. Once confined, the very confinement is admitted as the strongest of all proofs that a man must be mad. When, after suffering so much wrong, he has the opportunity of speaking to the appointed visitors of the house—supposing him to be confined where he can be visited—his entreaties, his anxious representations, his prayers for liberty, will avail him but little; for, 'Oh! this is the best of him'—'one of his good days'—'he is often dreadfully vio-

lent'—'if left to himself he will commit suicide.' Such a story from the keepers will prevail vastly more than any thing the wronged individual can utter in his excited or wo-worn condition."

Mr. Hastings, finding that no parliamentary provision could prevent the occurrence of such grievous hardships, unless opportunity were given of making medical men as familiar with the disorders of the mind as with other disorders; and of having the inmates of every lunatic asylum made the frequent subjects of such enlightened visitors, laboured strenuously for these ends.

"Many a harmless person has been cruelly incarcerated in a madhouse," Mr. Hastings would say; some eccentricity, weakness, or innocent delusion might affect him, which it would be great barbarity to treat as a dangerous or incurable insanity. An unfortunate gentleman fancies that a princess is in love with him; he wanders about the woods, or spends his romantic days on the bank of a river, and meditates on his passion. He carves the name of his beloved on trees; he indites moving letters to her in cherry juice; he fancies himself debarred from seeing the face he adores, and he thinks he is a prisoner in some high tower which overlooks the flood; he commits his letter to the guardianship of the river, and bids the water flow on, and ere they reach the sea, convey his ardent words to the bower of his mistress. The end is, that the foolish lover is deprived of his property and his liberty, and sent to a horrible imprisonment, when he might have been cured, or left in peace at home.

His latest promulgated doctrine is the following: "I wish to complete that which Pinel began," was his never failing sentiment. "I assert that, in a properly constructed building, with a sufficient number of suitable attendants, restraint is never necessary, never justifiable, and always injurious, in every case of insanity whatever."

Nothing was more gratifying to the soul of Mr. Hastings than to visit a lunatic asylum, of a soft summer's evening, where the gala-festival might be witnessed, which he himself, most probably, had in a great measure been instrumental in establishing, or getting up, in behalf of the patients,

It was for being a thorough disciple of Mr. Hastings, even to the extent of maintaining the possibility of urging the benefits of the total abolition and banishment of every restraint painful to the bodily frame,

and all other cruelties, in lunatic asylums, that the writer of these pages may be considered as one *Discharged* from a field of protracted service, accused of being a speculative philanthropist—one who had imbibed utopian and impracticable notions.

A sentence more, and it fraught with a painful lesson. The step-mother, who had rushed so deeply into crime, and for such unsatisfying ends, as have already been mentioned, never was so far convalescent as to obtain her liberty—never came out of that dreadful and melancholy malady of

the mind which had overtaken her before she was consigned to a lunatic asylum. Indeed, her case grew hopeless, at the same time that there was little doubt of her woful condition being the result of her extraordinary wickedness, with the stings of guilt, and the contemplation of eternal horrors, driving her to a deeper and deeper despair. She died, after a few years' confinement—died, blaspheming God, and attempting, so long as her muscular strength could serve her fiendish will, to devour her own flesh.

THE END.



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